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May 17, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Winston Churchill

Vincent Richards

Hugh MacNair Kahler

Frank Condon

Don Marquis

Hugh Wiley

May 17 193

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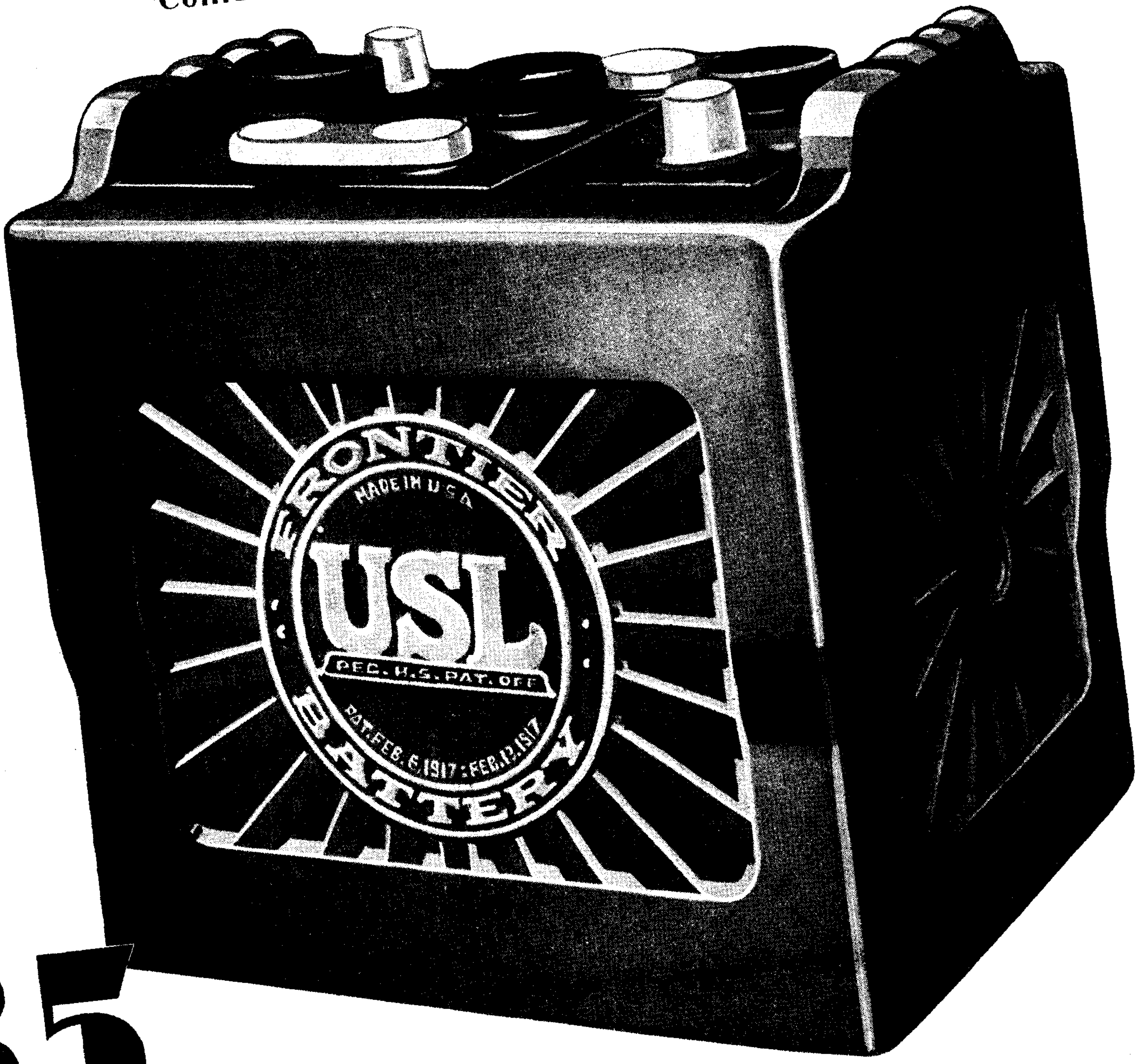

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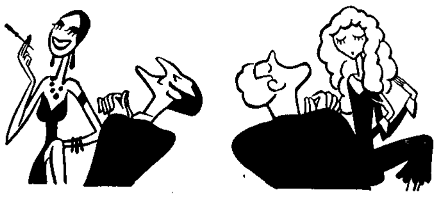
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE EXPECT letters about Louis Joseph Vance's new novel, "Speaking of Women." Some of our old friends will want to know whether the unscrupulous Lona has our unqualified approval. We might as well say right now that we regard Lona as a dangerous woman and the apparent ease with which her schemes succeed leave us aghast. We point out, also, that even though the wiles of an evil woman get results in everyday life, which is notoriously imperfect, their success in fiction is rarely permanent. We wanted you to know.



A GIRL of a completely different sort is Mary Ellen Whittaker, the heroine of Ruth Burr Sanborn's love story "Curves are Fashionable." Mary Ellen is invited out a lot. She looks after husbands and second-best suitors and is regarded as dependable. An unexciting way of life.

But then Roger Blaine comes to town and Mary Ellen revolts. In a long and busy life we have observed that a perfectly nice girl can cause more kinds of trouble than a carful of women like Lona. We like trouble—if it ends the right way.

—

HAVING read how Mary Ellen puts it over you'll be in the right condition to see what Dr. Wadsworth says about blood pressure—what it is and why you have it. "Right from the Heart" is the title.

—

WE'RE proud to know Henry K. Wiggins, the Hot Dog King. His latest exploit warms our heart whenever we think of it. Dorothy, his daughter, has taken up with that nice young man, Tommy Dent, who runs the Engledale movie theater. Mayor Dinwiddie, the old skinflint, is trying to ruin Tommy's business because he wants to replace the theater with a big apartment house. Well, that's all right and we wouldn't care one way or the other if the mayor were on the level.

What Catfish Wiggins does to old Dinwiddie is the kind of thing we cheer about. Of course he couldn't have done it at all without Mainmast Flanagan, the champion flagpole sitter, but it was Wiggins' idea. We're usually for the fellow who does the headwork—"Catfish Hangs a Horseshoe," by Jerome Beatty.

—

SPEAKING of headwork, which we were this very minute, the late Miller Huggins indulged in that exercise assiduously and because of his excellence in it brought the New York Yankees from the American League basement to a luxurious roof apartment. The inspiring story of his career is told by his sister, Myrtle Huggins, who was the little manager's housekeeper. Reported by John B. Kennedy.

—

WE MERELY mention, because there's room to do nothing else, John T. Flynn's article on the oil business, "War to the Last Drop"; Jeffery Farnol's Short Short Story, "Justly Due"; a sea story by Millard Ward; sports by Mr. Rice; romance, thrills and humor by Hugh MacNair Kahler and Sax Rohmer. All done with a turn of the wrist.

THIS WEEK

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How Would You Play It?

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Any Week

A FEW days ago we received a short story "by Heywood Broun." Mr. Broun is a stout writer from whom we are entitled to expect something rather good. Alas, it was a dazzling example of practically everything a short story shouldn't be. We returned it—a bit indignant.

On our desk next morning lay a telegram from Mr. Broun, demanding an explanation. Why had we returned the story? And why to him, who had never seen it before—had never written it? He went on to explain that he could write just as badly as the author of that manuscript but that he had been too busy lately to demonstrate.

This, therefore, is a call upon the writer of five thousand mismated words to send us his or her address.

—

MR. ALVIN T. MICKLEBACKER hastens to inform us that he writes from a hotel in Kansas City where "service" means something. On a metal sign in the bathrooms is the advice: "This bathroom is standardized and contains two bath towels, three face towels, one bath mat, one corkscrew, one bottle opener and two glasses."

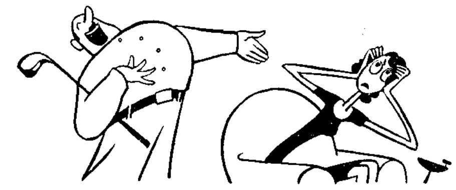
Mr. Micklebacker thereupon telephoned the clerk on duty and demanded to know why a bottle or two was not included in the standardization.

"Sorry, sir," said the clerk. "I'll speak to room service."

Mr. Micklebacker's letter concludes with the information that an elegant bootlegger was at his door within three minutes—with regrets for the delay.

—

IT'S a great pleasure to publish stories for people like Mr. Llewellyn A. Turnock, an architect of Indianapolis. Mr. Turnock informs us that he read Mr. H. I. Phillips' article, "How to Make a Hole in One," in Collier's recently and instantly reached for his golf clubs. Without speaking to anyone of his intentions, he hastened to the Avalon Country Club's course and wasted no time making a 135-yard hole in exactly one. But Mrs. Turnock is bored.



JUST as we decide to say no more about Miss Helen Z. Smith's "Stepdaughters of War" somebody changes our mind for us. Here, for example, is a woman who writes that she caught her mother-in-law and a married but childless neighbor hotly arguing the morals of Miss Smith's masterpiece.

"It's immoral," snapped Mother-in-law, "because no moral girl would discuss baby carriages with her husband-to-be."

"Nonsense," retorted the other lady. "It's *not* immoral. Only an immoral girl would dodge the discussion of baby carriages with her husband-to-be."

—

EVERY few weeks Miss Beulah Allred of Pampa, Texas, an official of the W. C. T. U., advises us of her current social condition. It's always startling. A month ago Miss Allred notified us that the organized bootleggers of her county were threatening her. Now we receive word from her that she is in jail for "transporting whisky evidence to the grand jury."

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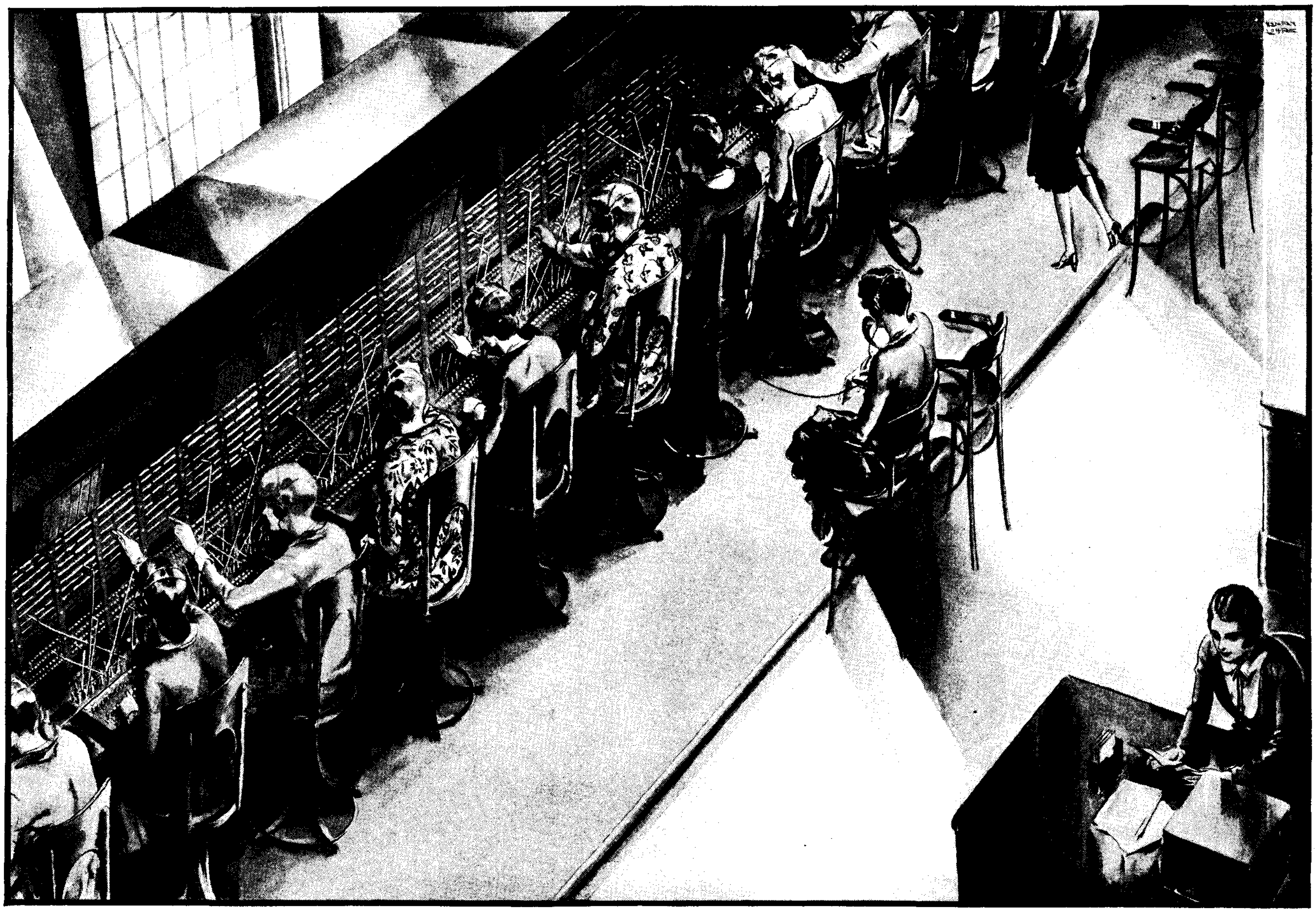

EACH CALL MUST BE HANDLED SEPARATELY, EACH FITTED TO THE NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO MAKES IT

65 million calls a day . . . each one made to order

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

When you pick up your telephone, you may use $10,000 worth of equipment to talk to your neighbor three blocks away, or $10,000,000 worth of equipment to talk 3000 miles across the continent. Each call must be handled separately, each made to order.

To render this service in a way that fits the needs of the American people, the operation of the System is conducted by 24 different companies, each adapted to the area it serves.

These Associated Companies have the benefit of study and analysis by the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, leading to progressive improvements in service.

Each of the Bell Companies takes advantage of the research findings of the Bell Laboratories, commanding scientific talent unsurpassed in any industry.

The quality and precision manufacture of the telephone equipment and apparatus used by the entire System are assured by the specialized production methods of the Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System.

Today the Bell System is building ahead of the requirements of the public—to the end that the people of this nation may have the greater telephone facilities which they will need tomorrow.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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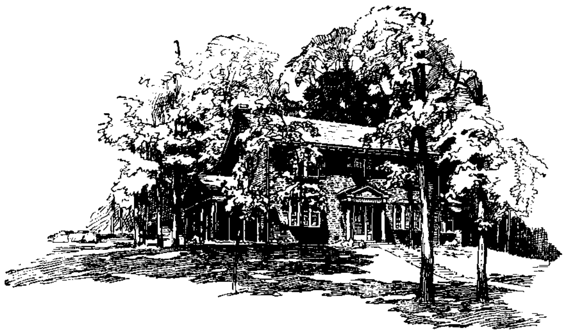

RECENTLY COMPLETED HOME *of Carl Kresl, Hinsdale, Ill. Floors throughout are Armstrong's Linoleum. Walls insulated with Armstrong's Corkboard.*

This is one of the homes we were telling you about

Let's take a
quick camera trip
through it
and see how
Armstrong Floors
really look
in fine rooms

MUCH OF THE APPEAL *of this spacious living-room can be credited to the floor treatment—a Hand-made Marble Inlaid Design, No. 89, with a two-tone border of black and gray. A rich foil for fine Orientals.*

EVEN ON DULL DAYS, *this breakfast room captures sunshine and good cheer with its brightly-colored floor of Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum, Design No. 6062. It's a good-housekeeping floor, too, made spot-proof and easy-to-clean by the Accolac-Processed surface.*

SOFTER GRAY COLORINGS, *delightfully marbled, form the foundation for one of the bedrooms. This floor, like all the others in Mr. Kresl's new home, is trimly cemented over linoleum lining felt. That means warmth, as well as foot comfort.*

YEARS ago you accepted linoleum for your kitchen and bath—perhaps even introduced it to your sun porch—because it was such a clean, comfortable, long-wearing surface underfoot. Even so, you want to be pretty sure that "it *is* being done" before you decide to accept the suggestion of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house.

You wonder what kind of homes... You'd like to see the rooms . . . even talk to the owners if you could. To help you, we offer these camera studies of the home of Carl Kresl, Hinsdale, Ill.

It is well built, finely appointed homes such as this that demonstrate such statements as, "Good home decoration begins with the floor," "Armstrong Floors are part of each room picture in the country's better homes," "Decorators and architects approve Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for living-rooms, bedrooms, dining-rooms, entrance halls."

Please carry your query one step further. Call on some local linoleum, department, or furniture store. Ask the merchant to let you see an actual installation he has made. (People whose homes boast Armstrong Floors are usually proud to show them.)

And permit us to send you a whole bookful of different types of rooms, all floored with Armstrong's Linoleum.

"New Ideas in Home Decoration" is the name of this latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. This book itself is an inspiration to all those who are a bit puzzled about how to dress up their homes. It brings you, too, a practical offer of Mrs. Brown's personal help in decorating your home. May we send this book? Just enclose 10¢ with your letter to cover mailing. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 931 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Ⓐ *Product*

Armstrong's *Linoleum Floors for every room in the house*

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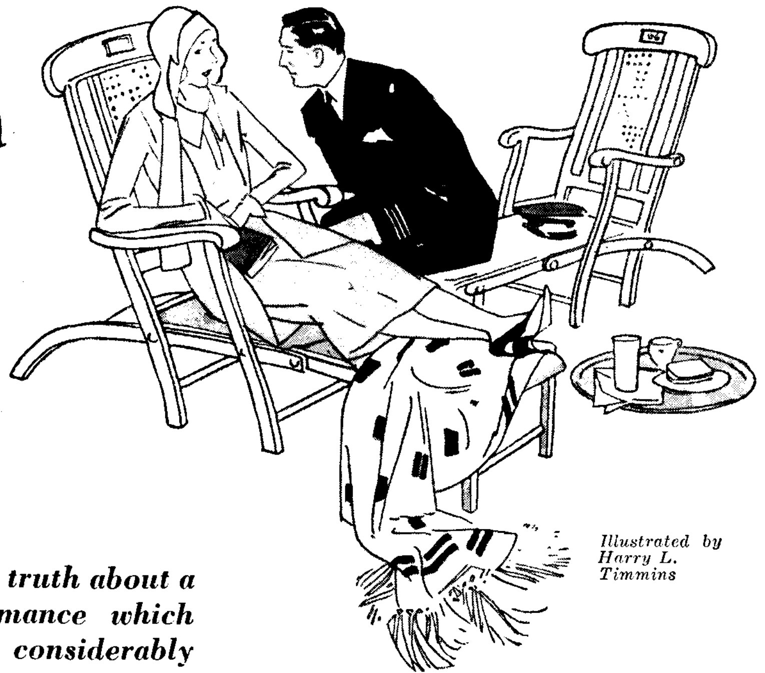
Collier's
The National Weekly for May 17, 1930

Getting off at Manila

By Frank Condon



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

The quaint truth about a certain romance which has been considerably garbled by two hundred gabby ladies

STORIES of a slightly romantic nature have returned to America concerning my recent trip abroad and you would be surprised at how little good they have done me. Many of these humorous anecdotes have come to the ears of Miss Moody, who lives in Pelham and is an old friend, though we are not actually engaged. As I informed her, upon my return to Pelham, the whole business is too laughable for words. She has so far seen nothing to laugh at and so I feel a grave injustice has been done me by a lot of giddy female tourists.

In the first place, I never had any truck with the Ford girl and was never wild over her, as broadcast by a Mrs. Canfield of Seattle, who is not a liar if there is no rice in Japan. I knew Miss Ford. To be sure, I knew her, and often chatted with her on the port deck, as did many other gentlemen, but the assertion that I mooned around with the lady is ridiculous and untrue. I never sat by her side in darkened crannies and nooks, did not fall in love or indulge in romantic passages, and always conducted myself as a gentleman should who is merely interested in a young girl in a strictly humanitarian way. Anything otherwise said about me while I was on the Admiral is plain hooey out of the hooey cruet.

In truth, I am not the kind that falls in love with a girl—zip—like that, as Miss Moody should be well aware, seeing we have kept company now for three years. Neither am I a mushy Lothario, always thinking of skirts. Regarding Miss Ford, it is true I met her quite early in the voyage and by the merest whim of Fate. We were still up against the dock in San Francisco and a square-headed steward tossed my bags into a cabin and lingered with his right hand in plain view, palm to the sky.

Gazing about the limited space, I perceived a strikingly pretty young woman in the act of shaking out a wedding gown, and the thought flashed into my mind that maybe a mistake was being made, as my ticket called for nothing but a cabin.

"One of us is in the wrong dormitory," I said politely, removing my hat and smiling.

"I believe you are," she replied and I immediately bowed and departed, as further argument would only be embarrassing. I moved away, not knowing I had just met Helen Ford. Neither did the Swede steward who was stewarding me, and, in addition, he did *not* know any other facts, animal, mineral or vegetable.

Picking out at random another cabin farther down the aisle, he opened a door, which action revealed nothing but a fat man in partial undress. He was in bed, though the hour was two of a sunny afternoon, and there was about him the general air of a citizen who contemplates slumber.

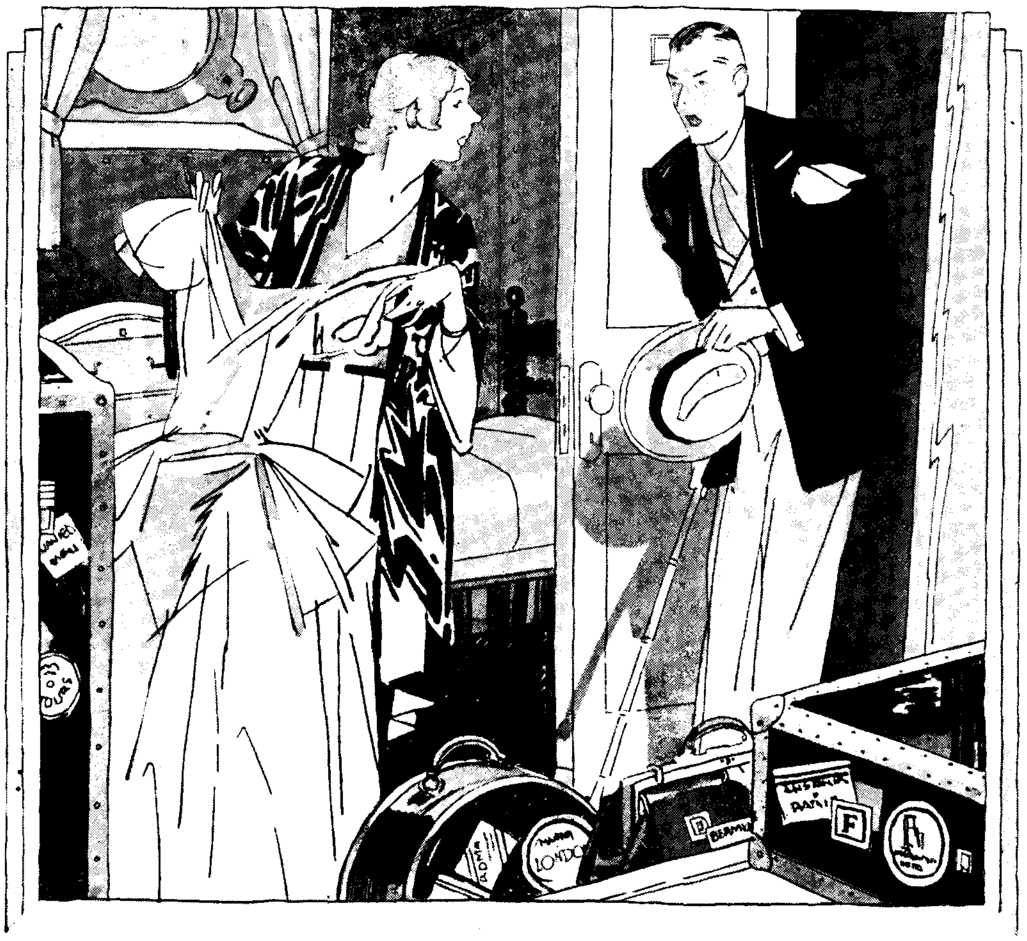
"My name is Davis," I said. "Are you sick?"

"Never felt better in my life," he replied, and I realized mistake number two was being made, for this obese fellow was my cabin-mate, and a fat one who lolls about in the daytime is certain to snore high, hard, and all night long. He sat up with an effort and said people called him Tomilson.

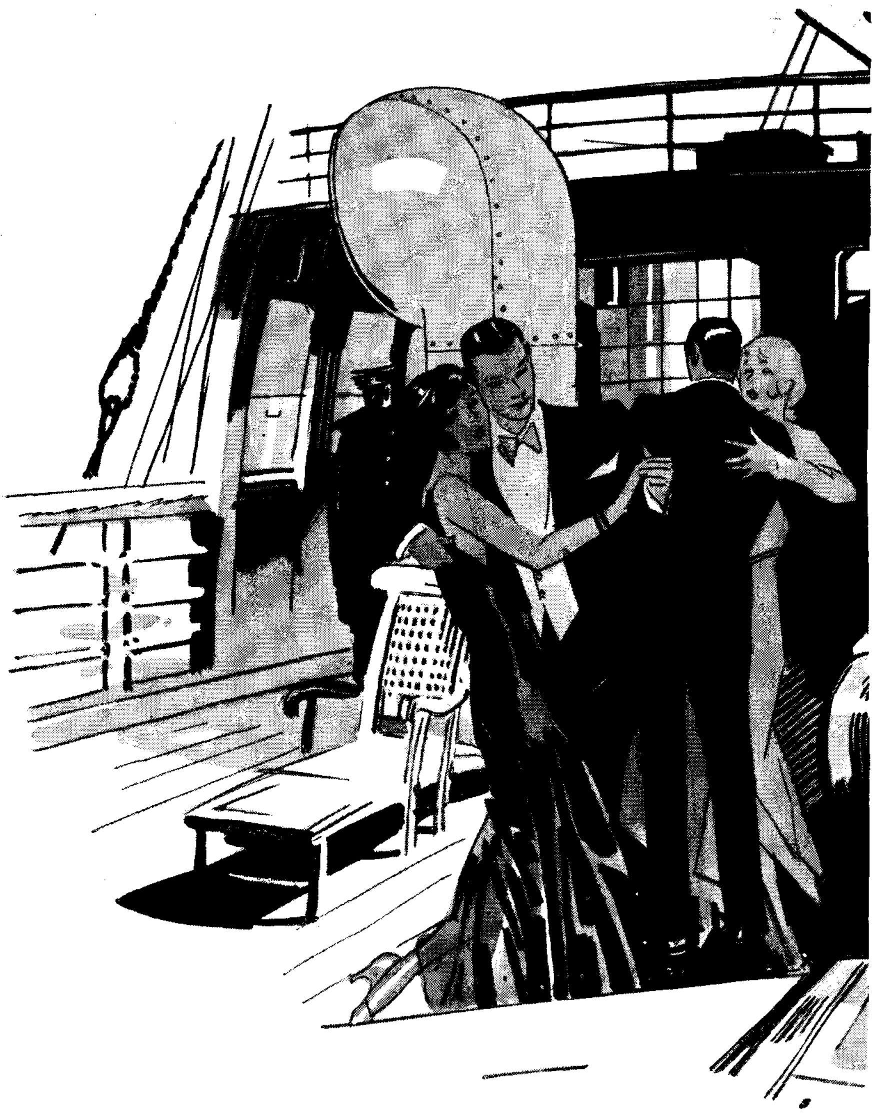
"My home is Melbourne, Australia," he volunteered. "Know anybody in Australia?"

I replied I did not know anybody west of Cincinnati, and Mr. Tomilson explained he was a veteran globe-trotter, and knew people in all countries and climes. I retired from the scene, having thus encountered Mr. Tomilson and Miss Ford in the first ten minutes on board the Admiral, which was departing presently for Bombay, Calcutta, Java and other fascinating places.

Mr. Tomilson, being my roommate, immediately attached himself to me. He had gray hair and a fox-hunting complexion, and nobody had ever told him about prohibition, either on land or



"One of us is in the wrong dormitory," I said politely, removing my hat. "I believe you are," she replied. I moved away, bowing



sea. Second day out, I sauntered along B Deck and encountered the pretty young woman. She smiled.

"You were correct," I said. "That was the wrong cabin."

She laughed and in five minutes we were friends, for I am the kind that gets along famously with ladies, in a friendly way. She said she was from Harrisburg, that this was her first shot at ocean travel, and that she was outbound to the Malay Peninsula.

"Know anybody on board?" I inquired.

"Not a soul," said she. "I am a friendless waif."

"Oh, no. From now on you have a stalwart friend in Homer Davis, and not only that, but I shall meet all the nice people on this ship and introduce them to you. It's lucky you met me, Miss Ford."

I GAVE her plenty of sound advice concerning travel in foreign parts, told her not to eat vegetables in China, to brush her teeth with distilled water, to keep away from jade merchants and not to believe anything told her by travelers. She was pleasantly grateful, very young, and knew practically nothing.

"You will meet all sorts of persons," I continued, "and have a splendid time. Probably you'll come across some nice young lad who will want to marry you, for there is no place for courting like a ship, especially on moonlight nights in the tropic seas."

At this, she laughed gaily and replied that such a thing could never happen.

"And why? Dozens of young ladies sail out of San Francisco and return happily married."

"But I am already engaged. I am going to Kuala Lumpur to be married. Do you know where Kuala Lumpur is, Mr. Davis?"

"I do, indeed. You're going there to be married?"

"And to live for the next five years."

I was astonished. She told me facts about her young man, a go-getter called Freddy, who had been sent out to the Malay States by a New York tin company; and what a wonder Freddy was, with his blue eyes and rollicking ways. She had not seen him in two years and was happily excited over the prospect of marriage and life among the Malays.

"Tell me about Kuala Lumpur," she implored. "Is it anything like Harrisburg?"

"Not even in a fog," I replied. "Kuala Lumpur is not like anything you ever saw in Pennsylvania."

I gave her a general idea of what was ahead, and she spoke feelingly of Freddy. There was only one Freddy. She had his picture in a gold locket, a round-faced youth with a nice smile, and her bag was choked with his letters. I began to like Freddy and this fact alone proves that I did not make a fool of myself over Helen Ford, as was insinuated on board the Admiral and all over the rest of the civilized world by traveling Americans of either greatly retarded or no intellect.

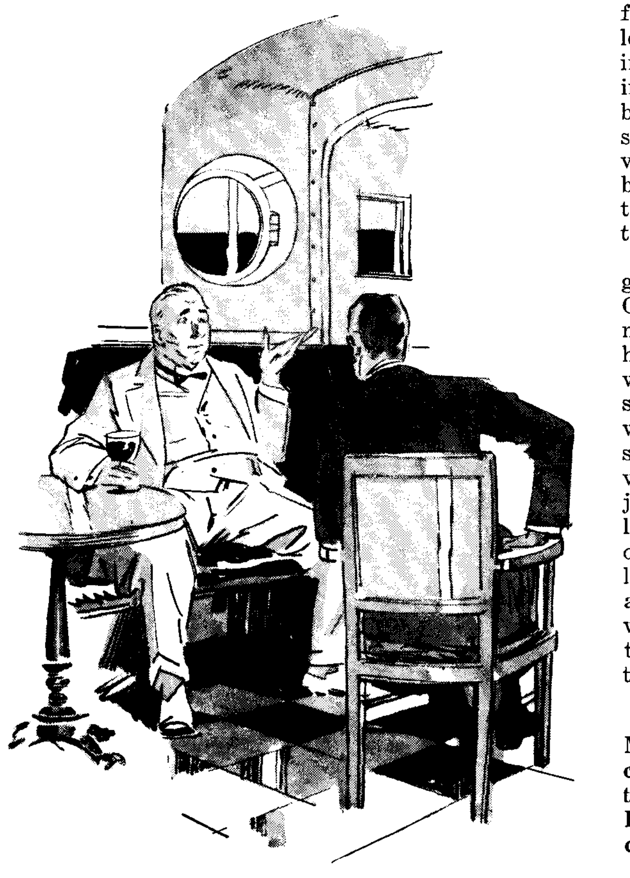
A person quite easily could have fallen into sentimental reveries, for the girl was really lovely and her manner was eager. She had some interesting and inoffensive freckles, faint ones, and her hair was red; not too red, but rather a lovely golden bronze red and if you think it didn't look nice in the sunshine, you need to take a trip. She was slim, far prettier than any other damsel on board, and was likewise intelligent. There was nothing of the flirt in her manner and it was a genuine pleasure to watch her eyes sparkle when she laughed, as she often did. We became good friends, and that is all, despite the rumors that have come bounding back from Asia and exploding all over Pelham.

Late in the second day, I received a radio from the home office, asking me to cable certain uninteresting items from Honolulu. I happened to be sitting, by mere chance, next to Miss Ford, occupying Deck Chair 36, which belonged to a sea-sick spinster named Saunders, who had decided to cross the Pacific and all other oceans in bed. The wireless man came by, inquired if I was Homer Davis and handed me the envelope.

"Oh," cried Helen, "I believe I shall send a radio myself. How does one do it?"

The wireless man said he would be glad to help out and Helen trotted along with him, and that was the way Helen Ford met John O'Rorke, chief radio man on the Admiral. I thought nothing of it at the time, except that Helen meant to send a friendly word out to the waiting Freddy in Kuala Lumpur. People are forever meeting wireless operators and sending radios. Next morning, when I sauntered by, Mr. O'Rorke was sitting in Chair 36, conversing with the future bride, and I still attached no great importance to the scene.

He was a strange, gaunt, quiet fellow, this O'Rorke, and in two months at sea I never heard him laugh. It was not that he was a sour-face or a cynic; he was just a grave, soft-spoken man who said very little and did his job efficiently. He was lanky and awkward, over six feet, and homely. He had large hands and feet and when he walked he shuffled along the decks with no grace to him and little concern with what anyone thought. His square, seamy face was slit with a large mouth that had a twist to it and he gave the impression of talking out of one corner. He was a fine fellow, but not a dude, a somber, serious hombre, and I often wondered how he came to wind up in a wireless coop at sea. There was a dash of the poet in him, though he never recited poetry to me, and neither will anyone else while I have my legs.



Mr. Tomilson declared that for twenty-five dollars Rose would burn down the city hall

AFTER the second day, O'Rorke frequently occupied Chair 36, and, though I am no dumber than the next, I failed to see a serious aspect to the acquaintance, until one night after dinner when I chanced to catch him looking steadfastly at the Ford girl. I can tell that look anywhere. She was chatting with our purser, Mr. Harry Baker, and O'Rorke idled in the doorway to the sheltered deck, with his eyes upon the red-haired girl from Harrisburg.

Being a natural bloodhound, I followed the course of that hopeless affair and watched it simmer and die away like smoke in the wind. I doubt if big John ever said a word about what was going on in his mind. He was around a great deal, like a friendly police dog. He brought maps and sandwiches and books. He sprawled in Chair 36 and the two hundred female broadcasters on board began to tune up. Women talk a lot anywhere, but place two hundred of them on a ship and you've got something in the way of conversation.

I felt only real sympathy for John O'Rorke, for here he was, with a shipload of women, selecting a girl already on her way to the altar. It was too bad. We splashed into some weather, slowed up to half speed, and took six days to reach Honolulu, and all of a sudden Mr. O'Rorke ceased to sit beside Helen Ford. . . . Mr. Tomilson apprised me of this event. . . . In those six days, Mr. Tomilson became acquainted with all on board, having had a free cocktail in every cabin between the propellers and the captain's private coop.

"That's all over," he announced, walking into our mutual cabin, and smelling like New York City in 1896. I looked up from a report.

"What's all over?"

"The big love affair."

"What big love affair?"

"Why, the romance of our wireless operator and the red-headed vampire. The singer has put his nose out of joint."

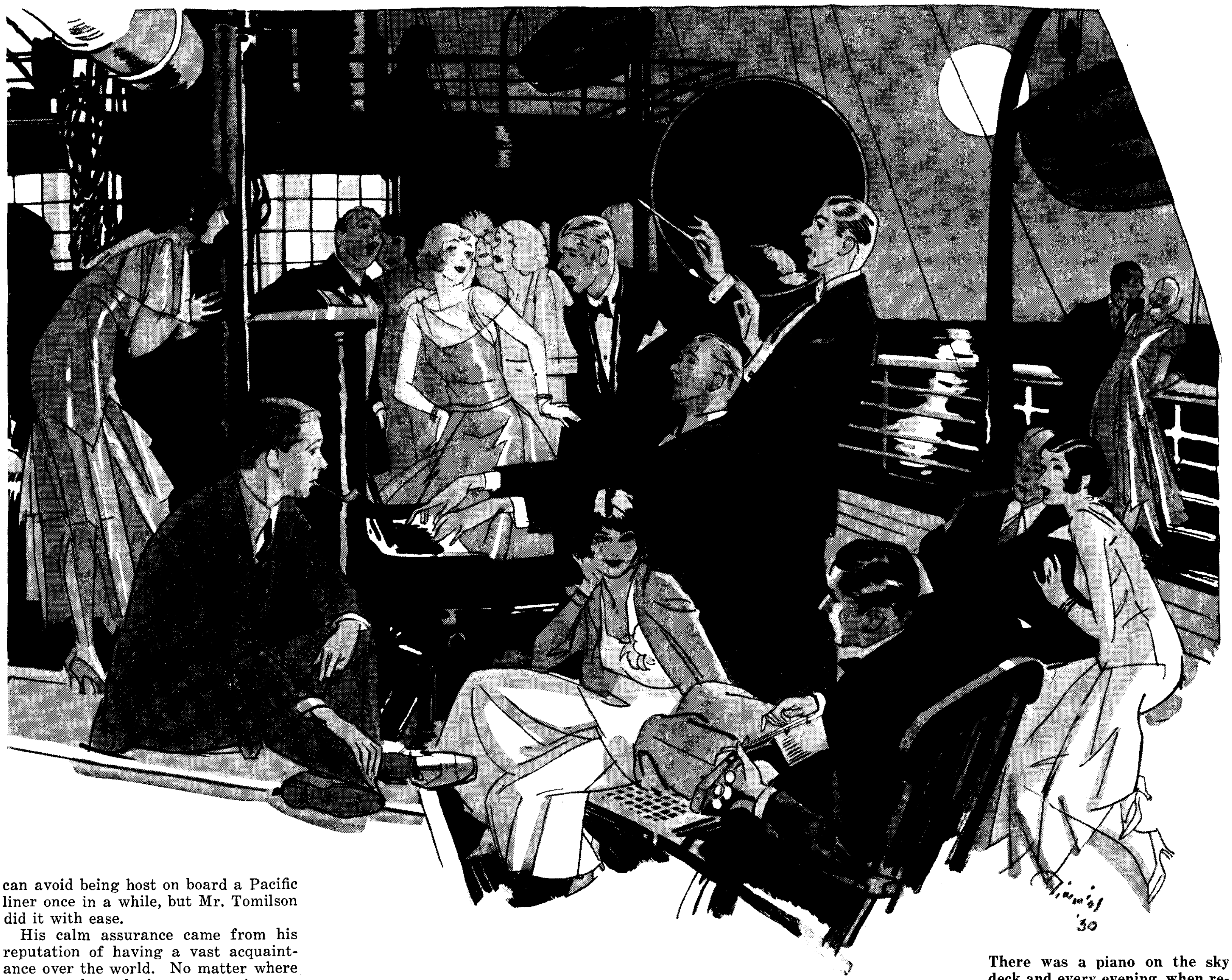
"What singer?"

"Didn't you know we had a radio station singer on board? You didn't? Well, we have and he has warbled his way into the lady's heart. If you will step up on Deck B, you will see a handsome fellow looking into Miss Ford's eyes and talking low."

My roommate disappeared presently, as it was about the afternoon hour when passengers began pouring cocktails, and Mr. Tomilson could detect a free cocktail through three iron decks. His news concerning O'Rorke was correct.

For the first days out of America, Helen Ford spent most of her time reading in her deck chair, leading a quiet life, and the wireless man visited when he had a free half hour. Then Helen began to meet people, and was immediately popular. There was a dance every night, and young gentlemen crowded about the Harrisburg bride, beseeching for the next waltz. In no time Helen was the undisputed belle of the boat and Mr. O'Rorke faded before the competition, and gave over his peculiar courting, if it was courting, without a word.

In the meantime Mr. Tomilson and myself managed to muddle along amiably, despite his ferocious snoring and the fact that, although a rich Australian from Melbourne, he never bought anybody a drink, he never gave a party, and with almost superhuman skill he avoided being host. Scarcely anyone



There was a piano on the sky deck and every evening, when respectable people were in their little bunks, the night owls gathered under the stars

can avoid being host on board a Pacific liner once in a while, but Mr. Tomilson did it with ease.

His calm assurance came from his reputation of having a vast acquaintance over the world. No matter where you came from, he knew a man in your home town. He knew Bernard Shaw and Mahatma Gandhi. He knew Mussolini, King Fuad of Egypt, Lloyd George, Lindbergh, George Ade, Will Rogers and a girl named Millie in Savannah, Georgia. Sometimes I wondered if he was telling the truth.

"Didn't you meet the radio singer?" he asked, reverting to the Ford situation.

"I WOULDN'T meet a radio singer if I could," I answered. "I have to listen to them in Pelham, but I don't have to meet them."

"The fellow's name is Joe Cherry and he's going to Australia to sing for one of our stations."

"That's fine. You haven't got jobs for two million more of them, have you?"

"He's a tenor, is Mr. Cherry, and I shall wager on him to win."

"You mean you think the Ford girl is going to throw herself into the arms of a tenor radio singer?"

"She has already thrown herself."

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Tomilson. This young lady is virtually a bride right now. She has her trousseau down in her trunks and the bridegroom is waiting in Kuala Lumpur."

"Maybe so, but have a look at them tonight after dinner," he said, chuckling. "If I were the young gentleman in Kuala Lumpur, I should begin to worry."

As usual on a transpacific voyage, there was on board a specially gay crowd, a little bevy of young, middle-aged, single and married persons with hoydenish ideas and a theory that nobody should ever go to bed, inasmuch as ninety-eight per cent of all deaths occur there. There was a piano on the sky deck and every evening, when respectable people were in their little bunks, the night owls gathered under the stars and sang such ballads as Annie Laurie and Just a Song at Twilight.

The one who led and took charge of this nocturnal harmony was Mr. Joe Cherry, and as Mr. Tomilson had it he was a radio tenor from KHLB, bound for Sydney to warble for some antipodean KHLB. He was a lad with slick black hair, large, dazzling teeth, a plump countenance and the confident bearing of a male adult who spends his waking hours singing and wisecracking into an electrified frying pan. I did not meet him, and after I heard the news about him and Helen Ford, I did not care to meet him. He might have been nice enough. I couldn't like him, for I knew he was poaching on the preserves of poor old Freddy, who was in Kuala Lumpur and couldn't protect himself. Never for a moment did I believe the lovely, sensible girl would lose her head over the tenor, which shows you how much I know of the feminine mind.

"Maybe it's only a passing infatuation," I remarked to Mrs. Dan Jones of the Chicago soap family. "At sea anybody falls in love and falls right out again the moment the ship docks."

"Possibly," replied the matron, "but I think the girl's conduct is disgraceful."

"What's she done?"

"Done! Doesn't she spend all her time with that man? She's utterly shameless about it. After all, she's engaged to be married and everyone knows it."

"Well, she's a nice girl, anyhow, and will soon forget the tenor. You must remember that young people at sea crave a little innocent amusement, Mrs. Jones."

She sniffed a Lake Shore sniff and walked away, and time proved I was all wrong. Miss Ford did not forget Mr. Cherry, the singing expert with the raven-black hair and pearly teeth. On the contrary, she grew day by day more attached to him. They paraded the decks, arm in arm, looking rapturously into each other's eyes, oblivious of the fact that people were staring at them, that they were on board an ocean liner, and that rolling beneath them was the grim Pacific.

WHEN we pulled into Kobe, Japan, after a fine, stormy trip, it was seen that Freddy, waiting in Kuala Lumpur for his bride, might as well throw his wedding garments into the nearest closet and reconcile himself to a life of Malay celibacy. Helen and Mr. Cherry were frantic about each other in a wild, tempestuous way. They were actually proud of their imbecilic condition and walked about for all to see. The Ladies' Talking Sodality blew out a gasket trying to cover the situation. And not only that, but the two laid formal plans for themselves and the news was that when Cherry left the Admiral at Manila to take a British ship for Australia, Helen Ford would accompany him.

In other words, they intended to be married in Manila. I wouldn't believe it for two days. It seemed incredible that such a lovely, high-minded girl would put aside her waiting Freddy and pick up with a radio singer, but as the days fled, there was no doubt of it.

A dozen times I stopped myself on the way to take Helen Ford into a corner and give her some much-needed advice. Tomilson, the snore king, shared my feelings.

"Don't say anything to her," he advised. "When you're as old as I am, you'll know better than to direct a young woman in her affairs of the heart."

"I know that much now," I said. "But I will bet you this Cherry fellow is no

(Continued on page 66)

Be Your Own Business Prophet

Here's the way, in one short lesson, to make a business statistician of yourself, and know far in advance what the business weather is going to be. It's new, moreover, almost as new as the aviator's radio fog compass. Big business men are following this method; there is no reason why anyone who reads the business pages of a good newspaper cannot do the same. It's only a matter of putting the right facts together—as this article shows

By William G. Shepherd

MYSTERY & GUESSWORK

THERE'S nothing more restless than the needle that records earthquakes. The earth is always shaking, more or less, somewhere, so that the line which this needle draws on its chart is an uncertain, wavering mark, never straight or level.

When its mark climbs so high or dips so low that it shows something abnormal is happening somewhere within the earth's crust, the scientists announce an earthquake.

If science could devise a needle for tracing the "Ups" and "Downs" of business—and it promises to do this before many more years have gone by—we would see that the line is never level. You and I hear of "good times" or "bad times," not realizing that cycles are always occurring in the business world, and that someone is always doing better in a business way than he did the year before while some business man next to him is failing.

"Good times" and "hard times" are actually a *personal* matter with the individual, depending upon whether or not he's benefited or hurt by them.

"What shall *I* do to ride out this big wind?" This is a question that a man who feels hard times always asks himself.

There have been times in our history when, for the average individual, it was a foolish and an unanswerable question. But we have had something this time that we have never had in a business storm before and that is:

A business storm guide. Its tests in its first storm are proving very successful.

The New Business Guide

It's a new thing; only ten or a dozen years old. We haven't got full control of it yet and twenty years from now we'll understand all its readings better than we do today. But so far it promises to be as much help to financiers, manufacturers, sellers and buyers as was the famous compass that guided Byrd through the deep fog that covered the Atlantic when he flew to France.

Byrd could see only the wings of his plane, but his compass showed him the way through. To the business man who, because of business fog, cannot see much farther than his front window, we Americans shall have a business "fog compass," sooner or later (and probably not much later, thanks to very effective present-day tests), that will *show him not the stormy landscapes*—which he doesn't want to see, anyhow—but how to steer over them, in safety.

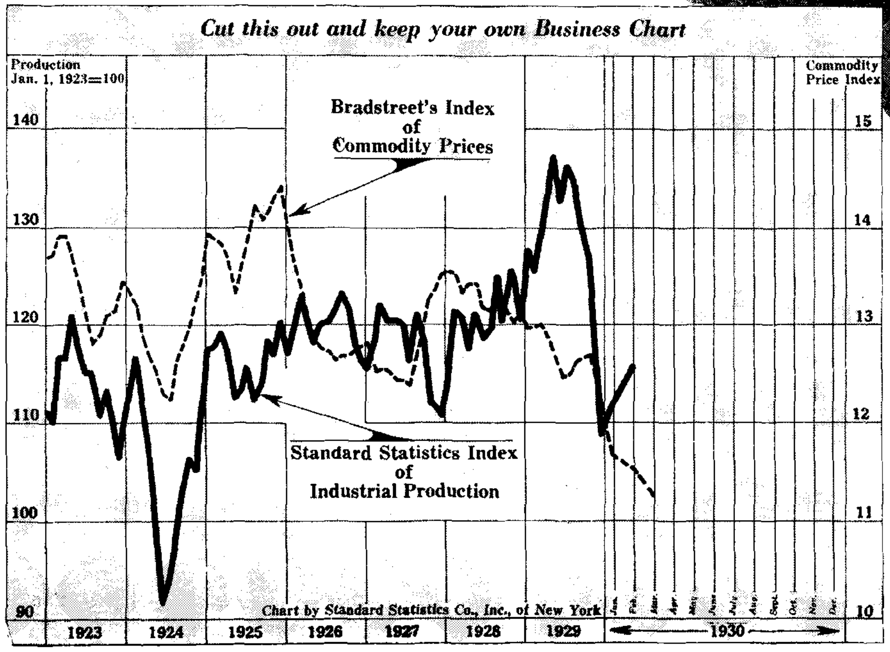
It began as a very complicated mass of gadgets—this new business compass. But it is becoming more and more simple with use. As proof of its growing simplicity, right here, at the outset of this article, please direct your attention to two charts which are published with it. (The second chart is on page 80.)

Complicated things, you say? Not at all. Remember during the war how we stuck pins in war maps in our homes, at school or on the factory or office wall, to show how the war was going? These charts, if you look at them a minute, are far simpler than the old war maps.

You watched the daily reports in the newspapers during the war and moved your pins accordingly. All you have to do with these charts is to watch for four special items in the pages of your newspaper, which appear at frequent intervals; and then make your marks on the charts, leading up or down. "Up"—that means better times ahead; "down"—well, that means the opposite.

In no business depression that we have ever before had has it been possible to present such charts as these. It is true, that, with our compass still not entirely perfected, it might not be safe for a merchant to start out on a tremendous stocking-up campaign or for a manufacturer to start all his machinery to whirling on the first upturn of the four lines which he carries out on these charts, but he may be sure that the time has come for him to get on his toes, ready for a spring into new and bigger business.

"Statistics"—that's the name of our new business compass. It sounds dull enough. We've always had "statistics," you say. But the story of how we are learning to use them is just as romantic as the amazing story of how our weather bureau in Washington learned to trail tornadoes. Here's the tornado story:



For "Commodity Prices" watch the financial pages, second to fourth of every month. "'Industrial Production" figures appear the tenth to twelfth

Twice a day every ship captain must sit down and write in his log book the temperature, the height of the barometer and the direction and force of the wind and the position of his ship. What a mountain of useless information a solid year of that sort of recording seems to be!—to the man who doesn't know.

At some port in due time, and in no hurry, the captain mails a copy of his weather records back to some bureau of his government. If he's an American the oceanographers in Washington get his dull missives. They're filed away among musty records.

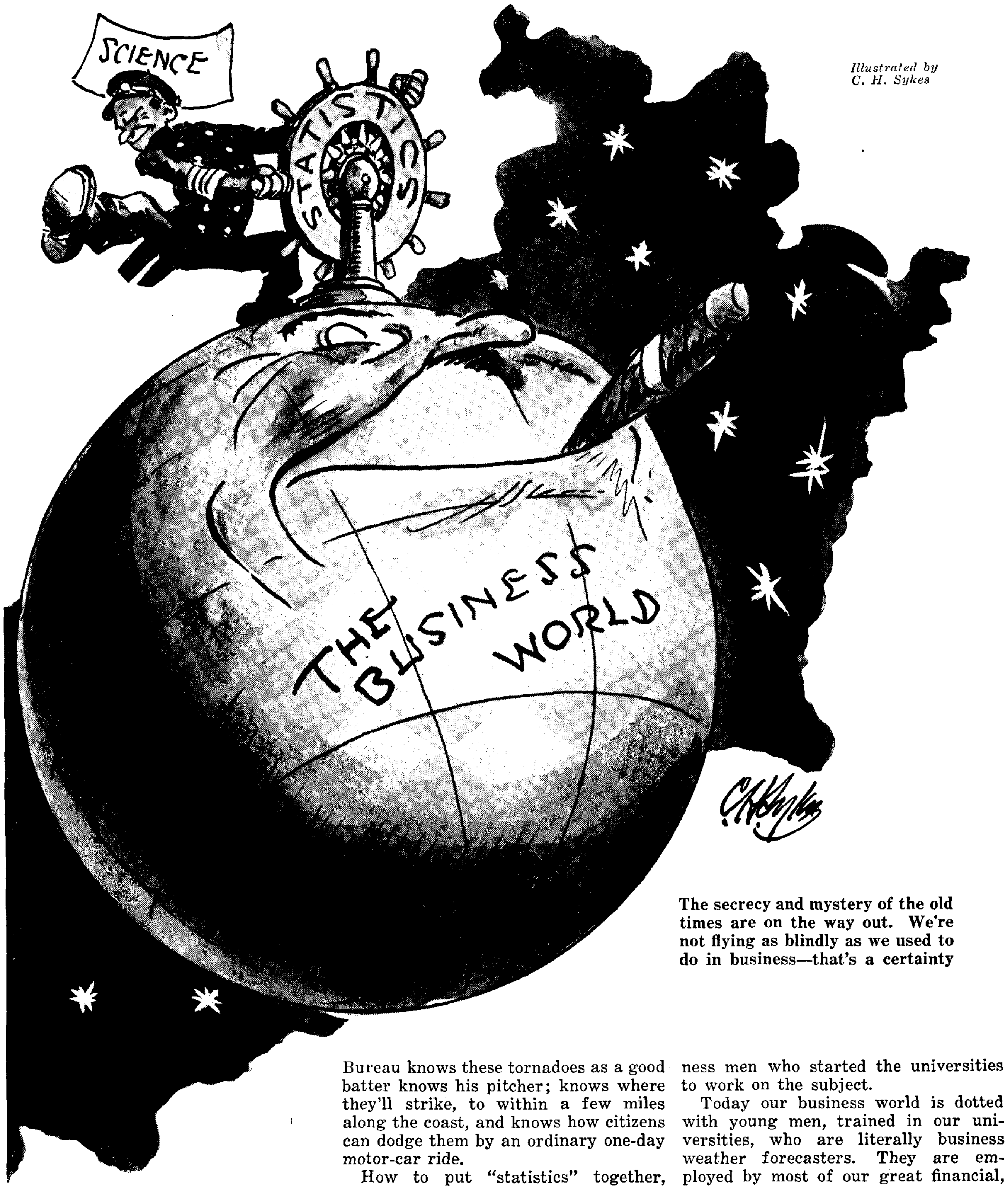
This has been going on for over one hundred years. Every now and then, during this century, the scythe of some gigantic tornado, unheralded, would cut down ships in the Caribbean and destroy man and his works along our lower southeastern coasts.

How could anyone tell when a storm was coming, so that he could get out of its way?

The whole life story of every storm was in those musty, piled-up records of the sea captains. All someone had to do was to put the records together, in the right way.

Someone did it. It took years of incredible work. Here, on a certain day half a century before, some sailing ship captain, laboriously, with his tongue between his teeth, set down the weather facts. On that same day, one hundred miles away, another captain had put down other records. All the records of all the ships between Florida and Africa, with their positions, were set down on a map.

Finally, after weeks of work, the map



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

The secrecy and mystery of the old times are on the way out. We're not flying as blindly as we used to do in business—that's a certainty

would show the weather conditions on the Atlantic Ocean on that day, the temperature here and there, the direction of the wind and how the barometer stood in various spots.

One day, ten days, one hundred days—their winds, their rains, their weather were all brought to sight again. And then order and sense began to appear in the map pictures. The expert could see what nature had been doing and how she had done it.

Those big storms that had been slapping Florida had not been born, suddenly, right on the Florida coast, or a little way out in the Atlantic. Neither had they come as huge, thrashing, slaying giants from the womb of nature. They had been born as little storms that would hardly kick up a sea, thousands of miles off the coast of Africa or Spain. There were the combined records of the old sea captains; there were the lines on the charts, plain as a picture for anyone to see, of the falling barometers, the thickening rains, the wilder-growing winds—lines stretching across the ocean showing that the storms had been days and perhaps even weeks a-growing.

That's statistics; figures brought to life and put to work. Today our Weather Bureau knows these tornadoes as a good batter knows his pitcher; knows where they'll strike, to within a few miles along the coast, and knows how citizens can dodge them by an ordinary one-day motor-car ride.

How to put "statistics" together, after they had been found—that has been the problem of the makers of our new business compass. And lately, they have had astonishing success in doing this.

"It is only in our own time," says Carl Snyder, famous statistician of the Federal Reserve bank, "and almost with the latest decade, that the statistical method has fairly reached the dignity of a true science."

Daily jig-saw puzzles of the actual Atlantic Ocean with its rough places and its smooth, its variously pointing winds and its doldrums, its coolness here and its heat there, had to be put together before our Weather Bureau could understand southern tornadoes. The weather map of a day that had seen its dawn and sunset fifty years before had to be redrawn, with work and study so infinitely detailed that it makes you tired to think of it.

The More Data, the Better

It would also make you tired to hear of all the putting together of minute grains and gargantuan chunks of business facts to give us our new, present-day science of business analysis. We may thank our great universities for it, though it was certain far-sighted business men who started the universities to work on the subject.

Today our business world is dotted with young men, trained in our universities, who are literally business weather forecasters. They are employed by most of our great financial, industrial and commercial corporations.

There is not a country in the world with great business aspirations that has not sent men to the United States to study this new science of ours, the science of business statistics, and business forecasting. Our advances therein have amazed European economists.

One reason is, we have a growing amount of facts to work with. Business men of other nations too frequently, with a sense of business jealousy, keep facts from one another and from the government. All factories in Europe are practically closed to visitors, as tightly as convents. In America, our great trade organizations, with their thousands of annual conventions and other means of internal communication and exchange of trade information, create great pools of facts, from which all may draw assistance.

"It is true," Carl Snyder, statistician of the Federal Reserve bank, told the Academy of Political Science not long ago, "that this country, *alone among all the nations*, has a nearly perfect register of the total of business transactions." (Data, you note, like those the ship captains must turn in.) "This is simply saying that, in the United States, upwards of ninety per cent, probably, of all business transactions are now effected by means of checks; and that we now have . . . weekly reports as to something like eighty to ninety per cent of the total of all check transactions."

Incidentally, one thing that puzzles Europeans has been the fact that, in our land, Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Mr. and Mrs. Harry, to say nothing of their children, down to the baby, as well as all the neighbors, are being trained to do business at the nearest bank, no matter how small their accounts may be. In most lands Mr. Tom, if some extraordinary upheaval in his life draws him there, is literally expected to take off his hat in a bank, as he would in church. Indeed, this writer, like many other travelers, has entered banks in Europe, where he was rather summarily urged, by a uniformed attendant, to uncover his head.

Charting the Storms

Other nations, like ourselves, want to quit this blind-flying by business, if possible, though the changes they will be forced to make in their systems to achieve this end will be far more drastic than those we will have to make.

"You Americans haven't learned how to control your business weather," said a German financier in a New York bank, not long ago, "but you are learning how to see a storm, far in advance, and how to ride through it. You remind me of the wonderful aviation weather bureau we have in Germany."

"Yes," said the banker, "and what's more, the time will come when we'll be able to kill the storms before they start—and that's more than the wisest weather bureau can do."

Maybe so. You'll hunt far these days to find a business man who's old-fashioned enough to say that this can't be done. Here's why they believe, ultimately, it can be accomplished:

Weather forecasting and business forecasting are, after all, two very different things. The weather can't do anything about itself; it doesn't seem to want to. Our weather prophets don't issue a warning to the *weather;* they issue a warning to *you* and *me* about the weather and the coming storm. You and I can't do anything about it, except get out of the way. And our getting out of the way doesn't make the storm any different, except perhaps in its total damage results. But, in the forecasting of business weather, the weather man is talking to the very makers of the business weather. God makes the weather bureau's storms, but the time has passed when we blindly believe that He makes our business storms.

Clear Skies to Order

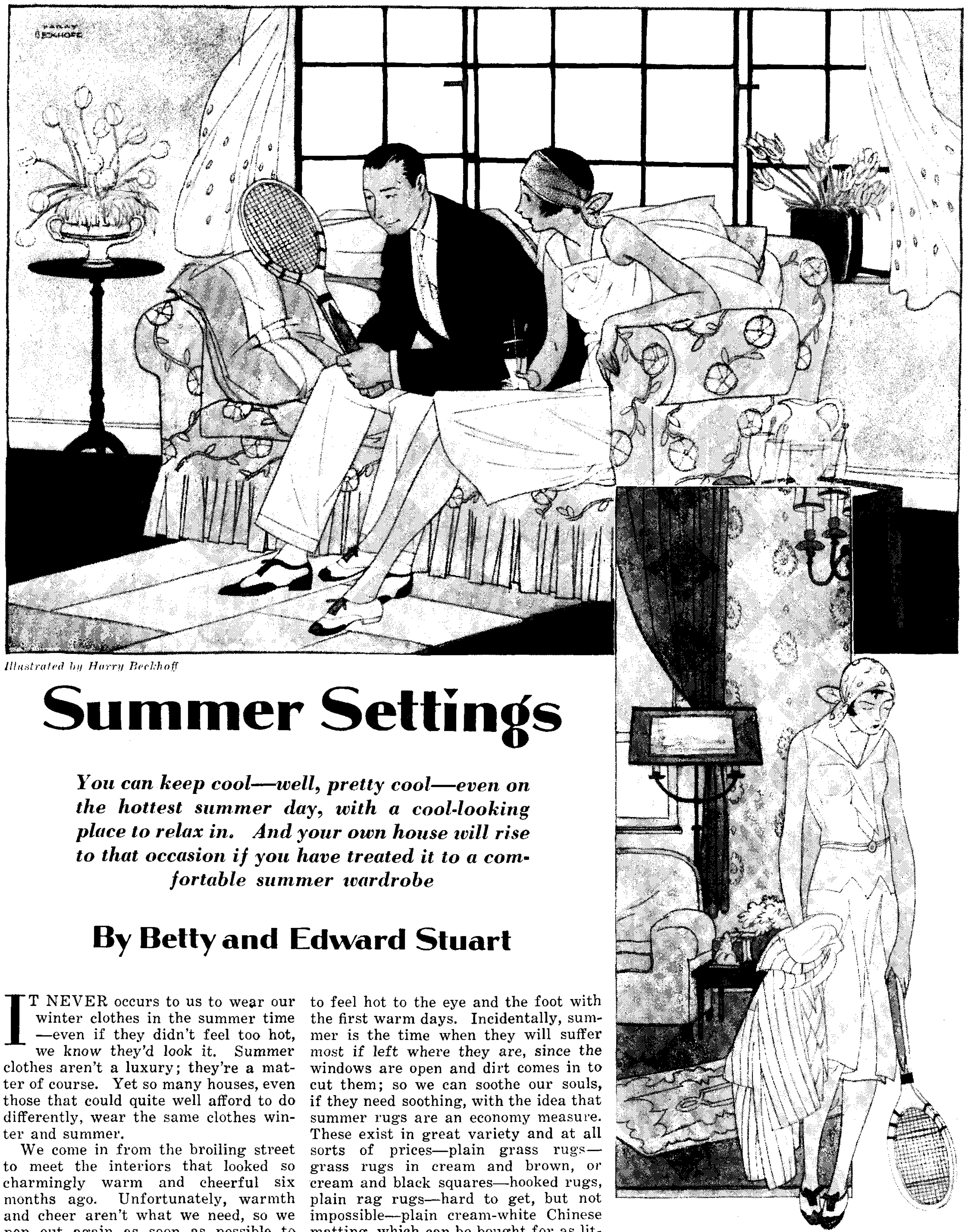
To put it simply, if a business prophet, backed by sound facts, says that a certain lot of business men, by the law of averages and by past business history, are likely to do this or that certain thing at a certain time—say, overproduce or cut prices, raise them or perform some other harmful business act, the chances are they will perhaps, even unconsciously, work together and not take the action. A change like this would make a fool of a weather man. But it would turn a business weather prophet into a business weather controller; a business weather maker.

We're not flying as blindly as we used to do in business; that's one outstanding fact. It's safe to say that we're at least keeping up with the new science of aviation in the discovery of facts, and of how to put facts together.

The science of business, like the science of transportation, had its horse-and-buggy days.

Already there are men who look back and laugh at them. Some months ago

(*Continued on page 77*)



What a difference a cool-looking room makes after tennis on a hot day! The warm, heavy furnishings below are, as you can see, overpowering to the point of prostration

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Summer Settings

You can keep cool—well, pretty cool—even on the hottest summer day, with a cool-looking place to relax in. And your own house will rise to that occasion if you have treated it to a comfortable summer wardrobe

By Betty and Edward Stuart

IT NEVER occurs to us to wear our winter clothes in the summer time—even if they didn't feel too hot, we know they'd look it. Summer clothes aren't a luxury; they're a matter of course. Yet so many houses, even those that could quite well afford to do differently, wear the same clothes winter and summer.

We come in from the broiling street to meet the interiors that looked so charmingly warm and cheerful six months ago. Unfortunately, warmth and cheer aren't what we need, so we pop out again as soon as possible to join the stream of cars rushing through tepid air, eating each other's dust, and carrying their exhausted occupants to places where they dance to make themselves hotter. If we could have relaxed indoors we'd have been much better off in mind and body, but those color schemes and this temperature have it in for each other, and we can't.

The business of redressing the house or the city apartment for summer isn't necessarily expensive—except in brainwork. The ideal hot-weather materials are cheap and, given proper care, most of them can come out again at the same time next year looking as fresh as ever. The two keynotes in creating the summer interior are low color values and elimination of unnecessary ornament.

Possibly the first and most important step is taking up the winter rugs. No matter how lovely they are, they begin to feel hot to the eye and the foot with the first warm days. Incidentally, summer is the time when they will suffer most if left where they are, since the windows are open and dirt comes in to cut them; so we can soothe our souls, if they need soothing, with the idea that summer rugs are an economy measure. These exist in great variety and at all sorts of prices—plain grass rugs—grass rugs in cream and brown, or cream and black squares—hooked rugs, plain rag rugs—hard to get, but not impossible—plain cream-white Chinese matting, which can be bought for as little as thirty-three cents a yard. If we're among the opulent, we can have plain carpeting made into a rug, choosing cool colors like beige, cream or pinky-gray. Of course if we have truly lovely floors, dark and well polished, nothing would be better for at least some of the rooms than to have no rugs at all.

Simple Curtains

So let's begin by taking out the winter rugs and sending them away to be thoroughly cleaned, repaired if necessary and stored till cool weather comes again. To say that we'll be amazed at their beauty when they return is no exaggeration; they'll have the charm of all new things because we've given our eyes a rest from them.

After the rugs come the curtains, and here again we're saving money if we clean or merely brush the elaborate winter affairs and put them away in favor of those that can be tubbed as often as they need it. Glazed chintzes, in cool plain colors or in designs where the ground is white, lightly sprinkled with big bunches of flowers and green leaves; sunfast fabrics; sateens; book muslin; heavy white pongee, even the dotted swisses, dimities and voiles for bedrooms—all these look cool and are to be found everywhere. If glass curtains can be dispensed with, so much the better; they blow against the screens, keep out the air and get to look sorry for themselves almost as soon as hung.

All summer curtains should be made simply. In being elaborate, they only become copies of the winter ones and defeat their own object. Besides, elaborate curtains won't wash satisfactorily. The heavier materials may hang straight from a pole, with or without a valance, or they may be looped back. Some of them, like the heavy white pongee, look well with a simple ball fringe, though these are admittedly an extravagance because they have to be dry-cleaned. Book muslin is the freshest, crispest thing in a languid world, made very full, edged with a deep ruffle, crossed at the top and hung to the floor.

No Warm Lights

Now, having put a cool rug on the floor and having hung cool curtains, we're ready for the furniture. Here, instead of buying new things, we merely put pinafores on the old ones, slip-covering the upholstered pieces in an easy, loose fashion that carries out the meaning of the word. We mustn't choose too cheap a material; this soon loses its body and looks baggy. Besides, cheap fabrics rarely wash well, and our slip covers are to last for years. White-grounded chintzes are good, and, if we tell the laundry to use plenty of starch, they come back with quite sufficient glaze to satisfy the most critical. Some of the striped chintzes, particularly one in candy pink and white, are ideally cool looking, and of course the plain colors, if well chosen, are always good. Plain white sateen is lovely where dirt isn't too great a problem, and one venturesome soul of our acquaintance has revived the old and very practical Victorian slip cover of unbleached linen bound in red which has a prim, fresh look all its own. If any of the wooden chairs have slip seats, it's a simple matter to recover them also; those that have upholstered seats may be given covers finished with pleated or gathered ruffles.

Passing from the furniture to the smaller things, our eyes first fall on the lamps. Whether the winter shades are parchment, silk, tin or even pleated linen, let's put them away if we can possibly find the storage space and substitute those of white or pale-colored paper, or of white buckram, which is very smart. This, too, is an economy, for the original shades were a considerable item in our budget; having carefully dusted and parked them for their most trying season, we save a whole lot in depreciation besides adding immeasurably to the coolness of our rooms on those evenings when "a warm light," so desirable in the winter, is the last thing we want.

Finally, let's take out every single thing that can be classified as an ornament. Possibly the room looks too orphaned—we'll have to put some of them back. But let's do as little of this as we can. So much less to dust. So much less to make confusion for the eyes when we're too tired to stand it.

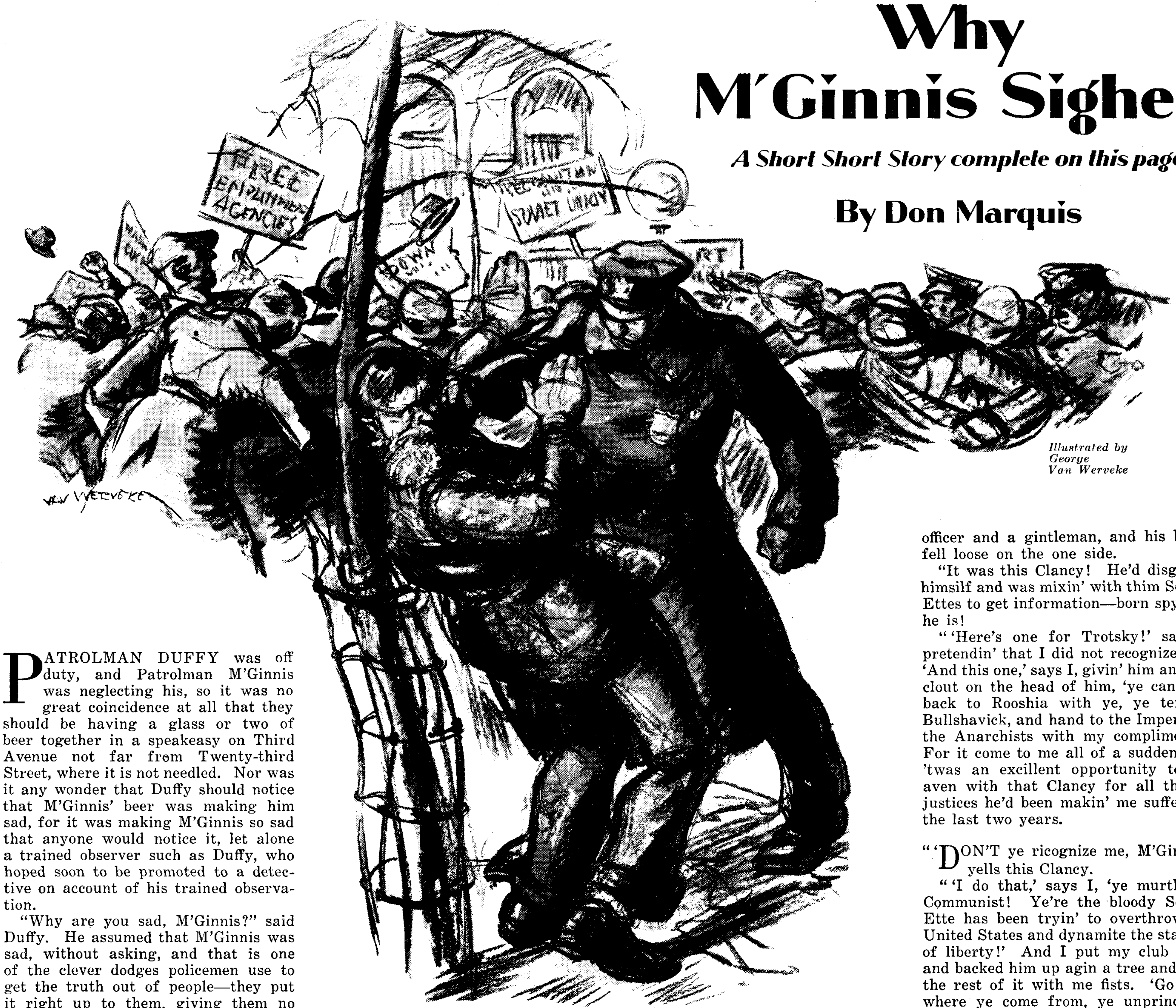
So far we've been talking generally, for summer clothes are needed all over

(*Continued on page 46*)

Why M'Ginnis Sighed

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Don Marquis



"I put my club away and backed him up agin a tree and done the rest of it with me fists"

Illustrated by George Van Werveke

PATROLMAN DUFFY was off duty, and Patrolman M'Ginnis was neglecting his, so it was no great coincidence at all that they should be having a glass or two of beer together in a speakeasy on Third Avenue not far from Twenty-third Street, where it is not needled. Nor was it any wonder that Duffy should notice that M'Ginnis' beer was making him sad, for it was making M'Ginnis so sad that anyone would notice it, let alone a trained observer such as Duffy, who hoped soon to be promoted to a detective on account of his trained observation.

"Why are you sad, M'Ginnis?" said Duffy. He assumed that M'Ginnis was sad, without asking, and that is one of the clever dodges policemen use to get the truth out of people—they put it right up to them, giving them no chance to deny it.

"It's these Sophy-Ettes," said M'Ginnis, with a sigh, "or whatever they are—you know the ones I mean; these Bullshavicks and Rooshians and anarchists that calls themselves Communists or something and goes to Union Square or down by the City Hall every day or two so as to get themselves clubbed some more. My melancholy is all on account of them Sophy-Ettes."

"You told me but a week ago you liked taking a wallop at them Sophy-Ettes," said Duffy. "What's happened?"

M'Ginnis sighed again, and buried part of his countenance in a long, wide-mouthed glass. When he emerged he said:

"Ye know Clancy?"

"A good officer," said Duffy.

"He is not," said M'Ginnis. "He's a born spy, and there's all the difference in the world between a good policeman and a born spy. Ye mind the time I was pulled onto the carpet and disciplined and lost two weeks' pay on a charge of not bein' where I should 'a' been at a time when I should 'a' been there? 'Twas Clancy was back of that!"

"So ye told me," said Duffy, "at the time."

"'Twas the work of a born spy," said M'Ginnis, "and the worst of it was me and Clancy was coortin' the same lady at that time, and that's the reason he reported against me."

Duffy made a sympathetic noise, and M'Ginnis expelled another prodigious sigh, and imbibed more beer.

"Ye know the lady—Mrs. Rafferty, that has no aquel ayther for beauty nor for virtue nor for bein' a good cook. And from the first minute this Clancy started to callin' on Mrs. Rafferty I had me suspicions of him. When ould Rafferty died three or four years ago he left her well fixed with life insurance money, and knowin' this Clancy's character as I did, I saw at once 'twas after her money he was.

"MESELF, I was offerin' her me honest affections, out of an honorable heart; for ye know, Duffy, I am not the man would marry merely for money. As an honorable man, there was nothin' I could do excipt warn her agin this man Clancy and his intentions; it was me duty, and I done it.

"After that, for two years, this Clancy done every trick he knowed to get me in bad—to get me in bad on the force, and to get me in bad with Mrs. Rafferty. A terrible two years it has been, in some ways, with its uncertainties and its hopes, its disappointmints and its expictations. No less than three times have I had Mrs. Rafferty within a week of the altar, Duffy; and twice did this Clancy, bad luck to him, almost persuade her to marry himsilf. Nayther one of us, the last year, has known which one the widow was engaged to for two weeks at a time, and I doubt if she has known hersilf. I will not go into details with all the tricks and deciptions this Clancy has practiced agin me, but the divil himsilf has no more tricks than that Clancy, and I do not blame Mrs. Rafferty for her confusion.

"'Twas about two months ago thim Rooshian Sophy-Ettes got the feelin' they wouldn't be happy unless they was clubbed two or three times a week; and I welcomed the divarsion, for it took me mind off me own troubles. 'Twas not that I had anny personal grudges agin them, but if a man insists he wants to be clubbed 'tis a mean spirit will not accommodate him.

"One day, about a week ago, as we was breakin' up a meetin' in Union Square, a big spalpeen of a Sophy-Ette with a white beard onto him that didn't fit him at all resisted me as I was hustlin' him away, and I gave him a good clout on the head for resistin' an officer and a gintleman, and his beard fell loose on the one side.

"It was this Clancy! He'd disguised himsilf and was mixin' with thim Sophy-Ettes to get information—born spy that he is!

"'Here's one for Trotsky!' says I, pretendin' that I did not recognize him. 'And this one,' says I, givin' him another clout on the head of him, 'ye can take back to Rooshia with ye, ye terrible Bullshavick, and hand to the Imperor of the Anarchists with my compliments!' For it come to me all of a sudden that 'twas an excillent opportunity to get aven with that Clancy for all the injustices he'd been makin' me suffer for the last two years.

"'DON'T ye ricognize me, M'Ginnis?' yells this Clancy.

"'I do that,' says I, 'ye murtherin' Communist! Ye're the bloody Sophy-Ette has been tryin' to overthrow the United States and dynamite the statutes of liberty!' And I put my club away and backed him up agin a tree and done the rest of it with me fists. 'Go back where ye come from, ye unprincipled furriner,' says I. And what was left of Clancy we throwed into a patrol wagon afther a while and took to the station."

Mr. M'Ginnis paused in his narrative and looked sadder than ever. Said Mr. Duffy, presently: "What is there in all that to be so sad about?"

"Two days later," said M'Ginnis, "he was promoted to the detective force, on account of the excillence of his disguise—'twas so perfect aven a brother officer who knew him well did not ricognize him! 'Twas me that had kicked him up the ladder!

"Nor is that the worst of it. Yisterday, on the strength of his promotion, he married the Widow Rafferty."

Officer M'Ginnis lifted a fresh glass of beer towards his lips. But he did not drink. For just then the door opened, and a man in civilian clothes entered. The man was somewhat patched and bandaged about the head, and one arm was in a sling. But one eye was still open and alert, and as it caught Patrolman M'Ginnis' eye a peculiar pleased smile appeared on the newcomer's lips.

"Always gettin' yoursilf in trouble, M'Ginnis!" said Detective Clancy, genially, coming a step or two nearer the table.

M'Ginnis lowered the beer untasted, and Duffy, the trained observer, observed that M'Ginnis sighed yet again.

Once a Bridge Man

Or the story of two Irishmen, called Pat and Mike for the sake of variety. A handsome reward to any person who has heard this one before

By Hugh Wiley

ONCE there was a couple of Stanford men by the name of Pat and Mike. They thought they were going to be civil engineers, but their professors didn't think so.

"What about this vacation?" asked Bill Hudson, whose name was Pat.

"I hear they need a couple of rodmen on the S. P.," said Mike, whose name was Jim Blake.

"They would."

"Seventy dollars a month is a lot of money when you haven't got it."

"I had a letter from a man in Dutch Flat last week. He says there's a bridge to be built across Bear River. You know what bridge men get."

"You've got to be a union man."

"This isn't a union job. They get big money." Pat pointed his finger at Mike. "Be a bridge man; earn big money; surprise your friends. I will make you a rivet-juggling high-climber in ten easy lessons."

"What's the railroad fare up there?"

"Never mind about that. Think of the vast tide of immigration that walked it with oxen."

"We haven't any oxen."

"My old man will be in San Francisco next week."

"He ain't an oxen."

"I mean I could borrow a stake from him."

"By the time he gets to San Francisco we will be at work on the bridge job. You forget about the rattling flivver that Shorty has to find a new home for since he got peevish with the speed cop."

"Right. We will do him a favor."

"Go ahead and do him the favor and I'll pack our junk. Hurry up. It makes me lonesome stickin' around here with everybody else moving out."

On the way out Pat stopped suddenly. "How much is three months and a half times eight dollars a day for thirty days each month?"

"Nobody pays us eight dollars a day. That's union money."

"Union money is from twelve dollars a day up."

"On your way. There's a catch in it some place."

Eight dollars a day times thirty days, minus living expenses, multiplied by three and a half months. . . . The estimate of the net income was revised several times within twenty-four hours, and then:

"We'd like to get a couple of jobs on the bridge you're building," Pat said to old Sundown Walker, who had been field superintendent for the Corporate Construction Company since the panic of '83.

"You mean each one of you would like to git a couple of jobs?" Heel-and-Toe, alias Sundown, alias Lucas, Walker inquired. "One job for each man is all we're handin' out on this bridge. What can you do?"

"I'm a veteran bridge man with thirty years' experience," Pat replied.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three years old."

"How old is your partner?"

"Twenty-three years old."

"How much bridge experience has he had?"

"Fifty-four years."

"We pay pretty high for you old-timers," Sundown Walker announced. "Find yourself a boardin' house. The pay is five dollars a day. Show up in the mornin'."

"The first great mistake I made in a long and sinful life was following the bridge game," Sundown Walker reported to his wife by mail, a week after Pat and Mike started to work on the Bear River bridge.

"The second great mistake was to hire a couple of lads from Stanford by the name of Pat and Mike. They do everything too fast. I have raised their wages, but I intend to fire them as soon as possible. It is not possible to fire them right now because the rest of the gang would kill me if I let them go. One of them plays a horn and the other can jig with his feet and play a banjo at the same time. They make a fool out of me from three to five times a day, but the job is going faster than any bridge job I ever saw. They have everybody working bare-headed on account of violet rays and a lot of fool things like that. They call me Hattie now because I wear my hat. I will work the pants off of them when we begin raising steel if they last that long."

ANOTHER week of it, and, "It's a hard life," said Pat at breakfast. Breakfast consisted of bacon and eggs and coffee and hot cakes, trimmed with a covey of trout and a quart of strawberries.

"It'd be a hard life if you had to get up at five o'clock like I did to knock these trout on the head."

"Who picked the strawberries? . . . Hurry up with breakfast and let's run off a stress sheet for that little temporary truss that Hattie wants to throw across from the bank to the front pier. He was talking twelve-by-twelves in his sleep last night. It's only a sixty-foot span. Get your slip-stick and let's go."

To the boss of the job, before they went to work that morning, "Here's a picture of what you need," Pat announced, handing Sundown Walker a sketch of the sixty-foot span that was contemplated for bridging the gap between the south bank of Bear River and the south pier. "Dead loads, live loads, impact—we know that stuff. It's figured to a gnat's eyebrow, and everything doubled for luck."

Sundown Walker looked at the drawing. "You lads know that book stuff, do you?"

"If it falls down it's a sign we're wrong," Mike answered.

"I'll take a chance."

That night, as an annex to his weekly report to headquarters, "The temporary approach to the south pier will cost less than half of what I figured," the superintendent wrote. "I inclose a field sketch of the proposed temporary span."

"Sundown has got some highbrow workin' for him on the job," Wallace Hardy, who was president of the Corporate Construction Company, surmised when one of his engineers handed him the drawing that Pat and Mike had made. "How is it? Good work?"

"Not only good work, but good design back of it."

"I'm making an inspection trip next month. If Sundown's carryin' an engineering staff in the field I'll break his neck," Wallace Hardy threatened.

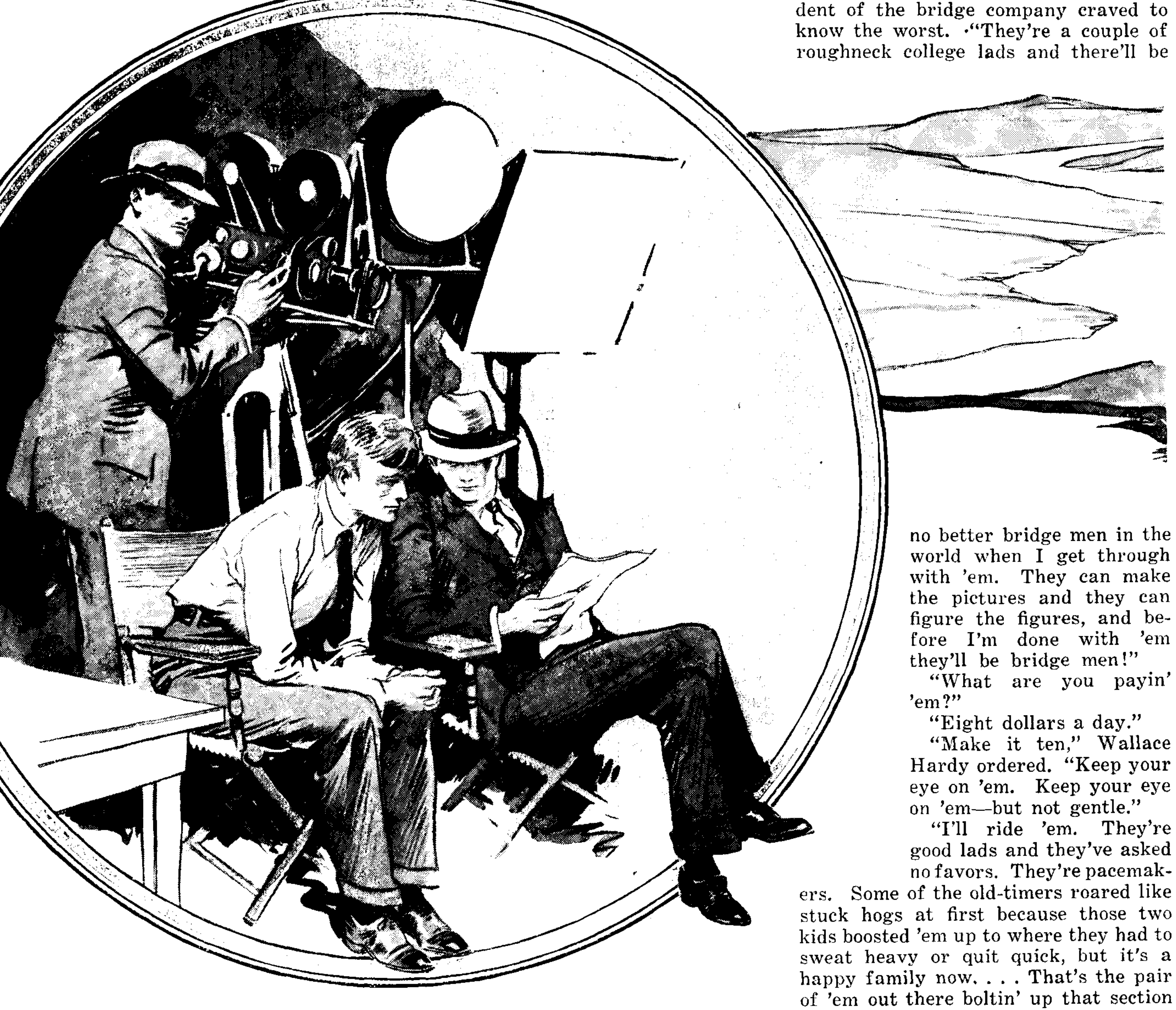
"Engineers? Sure they're engineers, and damn' good ones," Sundown answered when, a month later, the president of the bridge company craved to know the worst. "They're a couple of roughneck college lads and there'll be no better bridge men in the world when I get through with 'em. They can make the pictures and they can figure the figures, and before I'm done with 'em they'll be bridge men!"

"What are you payin' 'em?"

"Eight dollars a day."

"Make it ten," Wallace Hardy ordered. "Keep your eye on 'em. Keep your eye on 'em—but not gentle."

"I'll ride 'em. They're good lads and they've asked no favors. They're pacemakers. Some of the old-timers roared like stuck hogs at first because those two kids boosted 'em up to where they had to sweat heavy or quit quick, but it's a happy family now. . . . That's the pair of 'em out there boltin' up that section of top cord that's goin' in. They're as good up high as they are down low. They're good riggers. They're good men, and I've told 'em to come back to me next vacation. They're quittin'



Pat and Mike enjoyed a hurried consultation with Mason Wasp. "We've got to change the lines in that scene" cold next month. They got to get back to school by the first of October."

To Pat and Mike, the day they left the job, "Find out where I am next year," Sundown Walker suggested. "I'll have a job for you."

"We'll be back," the pair promised.

En route to Palo Alto, "Six hundred net," Mike announced after he had bought his railroad ticket. "Not so bad, Patsy, for vacation wages! How much have you got left?"

"Something over five hundred. I owed some debts."

"SHOW me a rodman's job where you could clean up as much as we've got!"

"Nobility of labor; sweat of your brow—got the white-collar stuff beat a mile. Boy, we're rich, and old Sundown wants us with him again next year."

"Keep it under your hat. What the campus don't know won't hurt 'em any."

"That's the good old Stanford spirit. 'What I've got is yours'—if it's trouble. If it's luck, 'What was the name again?' . . . Gosh, it feels funny to be wearing a hat!"

"Where did you get that hat?"

"Sundown gave it to me for a present. I had to wear it."

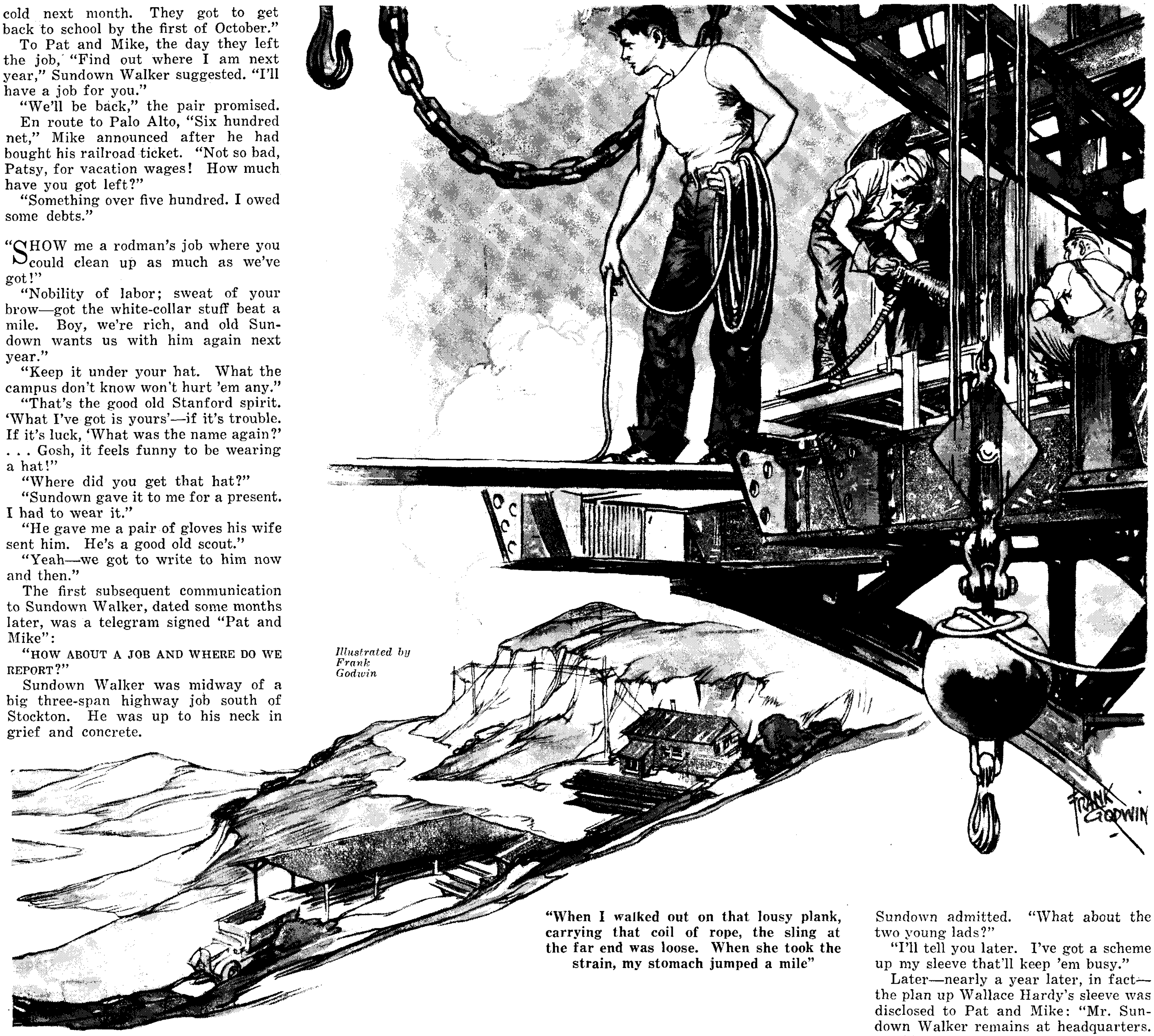
"He gave me a pair of gloves his wife sent him. He's a good old scout."

"Yeah—we got to write to him now and then."

The first subsequent communication to Sundown Walker, dated some months later, was a telegram signed "Pat and Mike":

"HOW ABOUT A JOB AND WHERE DO WE REPORT?"

Sundown Walker was midway of a big three-span highway job south of Stockton. He was up to his neck in grief and concrete.



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"When I walked out on that lousy plank, carrying that coil of rope, the sling at the far end was loose. When she took the strain, my stomach jumped a mile"

"It's a concrete job," he apologized when Pat and Mike showed up. "It won't do you any harm to lay off the steel for a while. There's a lot of new things happened in concrete since I began the game. Keep your hats on this time or you'll get sunstroke. Did you bring that horn and that banjo?"

"We got 'em."

"Use 'em on the inspectors. Your main job is to charm them lads. I never skinned a concrete job in my life, but there's no need of putting a piano finish on a pier foundation. The company got this job at a good figure and there's money in it, so we can afford to treat it right, but from the way the inspectors act you'd think we were tryin' to burgle a bank instead of buildin' a bridge. They're college lads, and maybe you speak the same language. Try it and see what you can do. In the meantime the Mike half of you goes on as pusher runnin' the form carpenters, and the Pat half of you amuses himself ridin' herd on the reinforcin' steel. It's too deep for me. Maybe you can untangle the blueprints."

"The two college lads showed up Thursday," Sundown Walker noted in his weekly report to headquarters. "The engineers that designed the job made half a dozen mistakes in the reinforcing steel. The forms are up to the spring line on the two abutments and the two piers. The job is ahead of the time estimate. The inspectors have quieted down."

WRITING to his wife a couple of weeks after Pat and Mike landed on the new job:

"Everything is going fair enough for a change. No more grief. Pat and Mike are here with me and they are a couple of fine boys. They hit the ball eight hours a day and raise the devil another eight hours, and between one thing and another the job is more like a mess of what they call whoopee than a three-span concrete arch in the hottest climate north of Yuma."

"Enjoy your luck," the president of the Corporate Construction Company advised Sundown Walker after the latter had made a verbal report of affairs. "Make your hay while the sun shines—you'll not have Pat and Mike with you next year. I've got other plans for 'em."

"How would it be to make some more plans so I could keep 'em? I raised those lads and they're mine," Sundown protested.

"You'll be at a desk in the headquarters office next year," Wallace Hardy announced. "I'm gittin' lonesome. You've had enough rough stuff in the field as it is—thirty years of it. That lets you out. After this job is in the clear, as far as you're concerned it's the cushions, and if you don't like it, get your time!"

"It sounds like I don't like it."

"Never mind. You will," Wallace Hardy assured his stubborn companion. "We'll take a run around the country now and then. We're spread out with so much work along the Coast that we can be travelin' all the time if we feel like it. We'll cover a lot of country and have a lot of trout fishing and play enough poker to keep you from gittin' rich."

"Maybe it isn't as bad as I thought," Sundown admitted. "What about the two young lads?"

"I'll tell you later. I've got a scheme up my sleeve that'll keep 'em busy."

Later—nearly a year later, in fact—the plan up Wallace Hardy's sleeve was disclosed to Pat and Mike: "Mr. Sundown Walker remains at headquarters. You'll go out in the field this year with Blackjack Flint. We're going to build the Canyon Bridge for the Pacific Central, and Blackjack runs the job."

Confidentially, to Sundown Walker, "Who is this Blackjack Flint that we're going to work for?" Pat asked.

"I'LL make no incriminating statements—and I couldn't make any other kind about that man-killer. You two lads take care of yourself. And if it comes to a showdown with Blackjack, don't try to handle him barehanded. Use a monkey-wrench or a sliver bar or an ax or whatever else is handy."

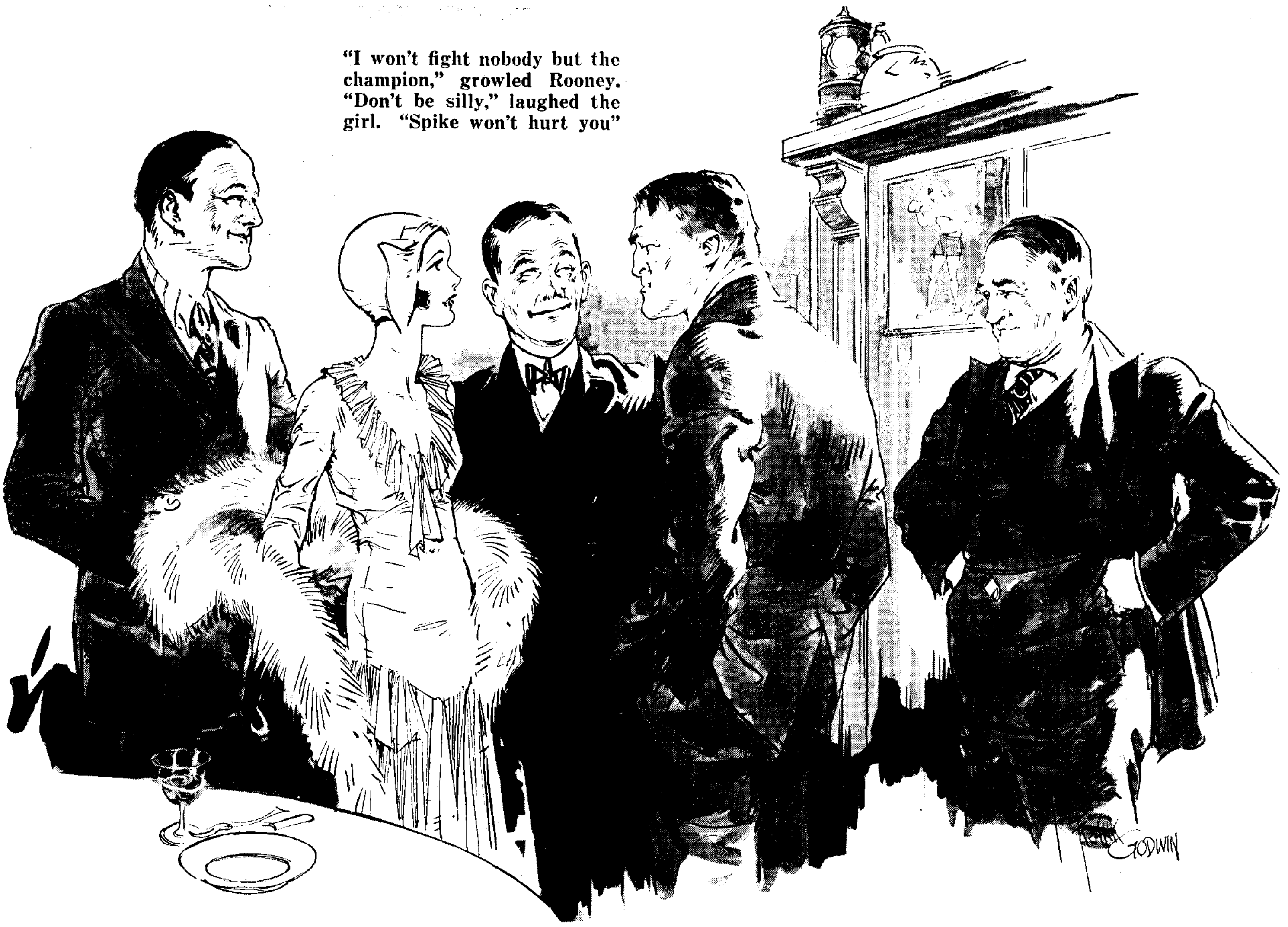
In conference, the two children of destiny discussed their future: "Maybe Sundown was joking."

"He wouldn't joke about hitting a man in the head with an ax."

"Well, what do you want to do? Shall we go ahead with it or retreat now with full equipment of health and strength?"

"Blackjack can't be as bad as Sundown said. He's been in the bridge game nearly as long as Sundown, and somebody would have spiked him by this time. Man-killers are old-fashioned stuff. The iron heel of yesterday is

(*Continued on page 34*)



"I won't fight nobody but the champion," growled Rooney. "Don't be silly," laughed the girl. "Spike won't hurt you"

Grudge Fight

By John B. Kennedy

Most fight stories end with a knock-out. This one ends with two knock-outs—the morning after the fracas

"SO," I said, "you won't take this shot!"

"I ain't goin' to fight Spike Hammond," said Rooney.

"Well," I said, "how d'you expect to get the champion if you won't push Hammond out of the way?"

"There's forty grand, Jim, for your end," put in Moran. We were eating in Moran's chophouse.

"I ain't goin' to fight Spike Hammond," said Rooney, mouth full of steak.

I signaled Moran with a look to keep his trap shut.

"If I sign the papers you'll have to fight him," I said.

Rooney glared. "If you sign the papers you do the fightin'," he said.

"What's Hammond got that you ain't got?" I said. "He's no Dempsey."

"I don't want nothin' to do with the horse-faced dude," growled Rooney.

That was hot. Rooney talking about faces when his own map would make Mussolini keep the light on in bed. He figured anybody was a dude who wore two shoes at once.

"They'll call you yellow," I said. "And they'll be right."

Rooney knifed another slice of steak and chewed it like a bear. I gave Mike Moran the office and he sauntered away.

"What you leavin' for, Mike?" said Rooney. Rooney liked Moran. It was the first and only chophouse he'd eat in since he'd learned to sign checks. Moran's smart. He's kept young by sidestepping other people's squabbles.

"Got customers to watch," he said, and sauntered to where two lads were mumbling a waiter for drinks.

"Jim," I said to Rooney when Moran was out of earshot, "you've got to go through with this Hammond fight. It's the next spot to the title and we can't sidestep. The public wants it."

"T'ell with the public," said Rooney.

"You mean that?" I said.

"I mean I won't fight Hammond," said Rooney.

"That means you and me split," I said.

Rooney chewed more steak. His eyes slid under mine and angled for Moran. He liked Moran.

"Think it over," I said. "See you in the morning."

I left him there and phoned Moran from my office to buzz the fathead and find out what he had against Hammond.

THERE was nothing I could think of. Get this bird Rooney's biography. I picked him up because he was the only guy I ever heard of who killed another guy by hitting him with a piano. As the piano wasn't hurt much, Rooney was charged with an error and turned loose by the police. I pulled him off a moving van and staked him at the farm. He gave Billy Myers, my trainer, a load of trouble. He even ate off a revolving stool, having been weaned on lunch wagons.

I stuck him under a punching bag for six months with his right hand strapped to his ribs. That gave him a left like a ramrod. Picked soft spots to start him and worked him up to semi-finals in the Garden. Then this Herzegovinian steps off a cattle boat for a one-man invasion of America. I fixed it that Rooney was the man. It was his first star spot on a card and he came through. The guy from Herzegovina sprained his knees taking counts. Home cooking and more set-ups nursed Rooney along to a battle with a Norwegian, who had lasted five rounds against the champ when the champ was ducking more process servers than punches.

Rooney was beginning to mean money. But during a parade through the boxing states, smacking over local hopes, this Spike Hammond quits the amateur racket and breaks into the limelight with a string of eleven knock-outs. The last was a one-rounder against a smoke that Rooney had only shaded in ten rounds.

That's how it stood. The fight writers, having nothing else to do between drinks, started talk about a Rooney-Hammond fight as a natural. I agreed, and the Garden was all set to hire a ball park and make it unanimous. Rooney couldn't get the champ in a ring without taking Hammond first, and forty or fifty grand besides. Then he throws a brake-beam into the works.

Get me right. You've heard of these tests to discover a successor to Edison? They're soft compared with picking a successor to Dempsey. My candidate had examiners tossing dynamite at his chin. And after three years' labor, tons of food, with a pot of gold tickling the rainbow's feet, he takes a run-out.

Rooney wasn't yellow. He'd have crashed the lions' den and thrown out the lions and Daniel with them. A crude guy, yes. I'd taught him not to wear sweaters to the movies and to have his hair clipped with shears instead of lawn mowers. He had also been trained to say "you" instead of "youse."

But— "I ain't goin' to fight Hammond." He'd said it—and meant it. I couldn't figure it out. Rooney was tied to me by contract for more years than he'd use gloves. He couldn't dish me. Besides, he was just about as subtle as a box car.

Mike Moran came to my office, where I was waiting for Rooney. You'd never have known Mike owned the best hang-out in the forties to look at him. He had all his hair and none of it gray. He knew how to buy good booze, good food and serve plenty of both.

"I've got the low-down," said Moran. "Rooney hates Spike Hammond."

"That's a new reason for not fighting a guy," I said.

"They both come from the same gas-house district," said Moran.

"He never told me that," I said.

"He told me last night," said Moran. "There's a gal in it."

"How much?"

"A kid that liked Hammond because he was an athlete and didn't like Rooney because he was a roughneck."

"And still is," I said, sore. Tough to have the star of your stable give a chop-house keeper his undershirt and hold out on his manager.

"Is that all he told you?" I asked.

"That's all," he said.

"And he won't fight Hammond?"

"I don't know about that," said Moran. "I might be able to fix it."

"How?"

"I know the girl."

"Who is she?"

"Mabel Dwyer."

"How much does that weigh?" I said.

"She's in a show," said Moran.

"How will that help you fix it?" I asked.

"He hasn't seen her for five years," said Moran.

"Don't be mysterious," I said.

"He'll see her tonight," said Moran. "Come around."

THAT seemed on the up and up. I went around and there was Rooney, sitting at his table in a corner, eating a steak. No sign of a girl. I joined him.

"Where you been all day?" I asked. "You're in training."

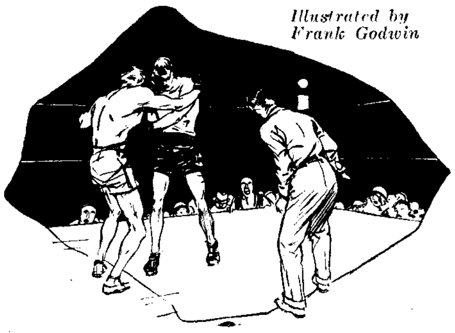
"For what?" he said, shifting his eyes from mine to where Moran stood in the doorway.

"Never mind for what," I said. "You're in training."

"Not tonight," he said, chewing steak.

Moran bowed to a couple trooping in from a taxi. The man was Spike Hammond—big and handsome, with oiled hair and spats.

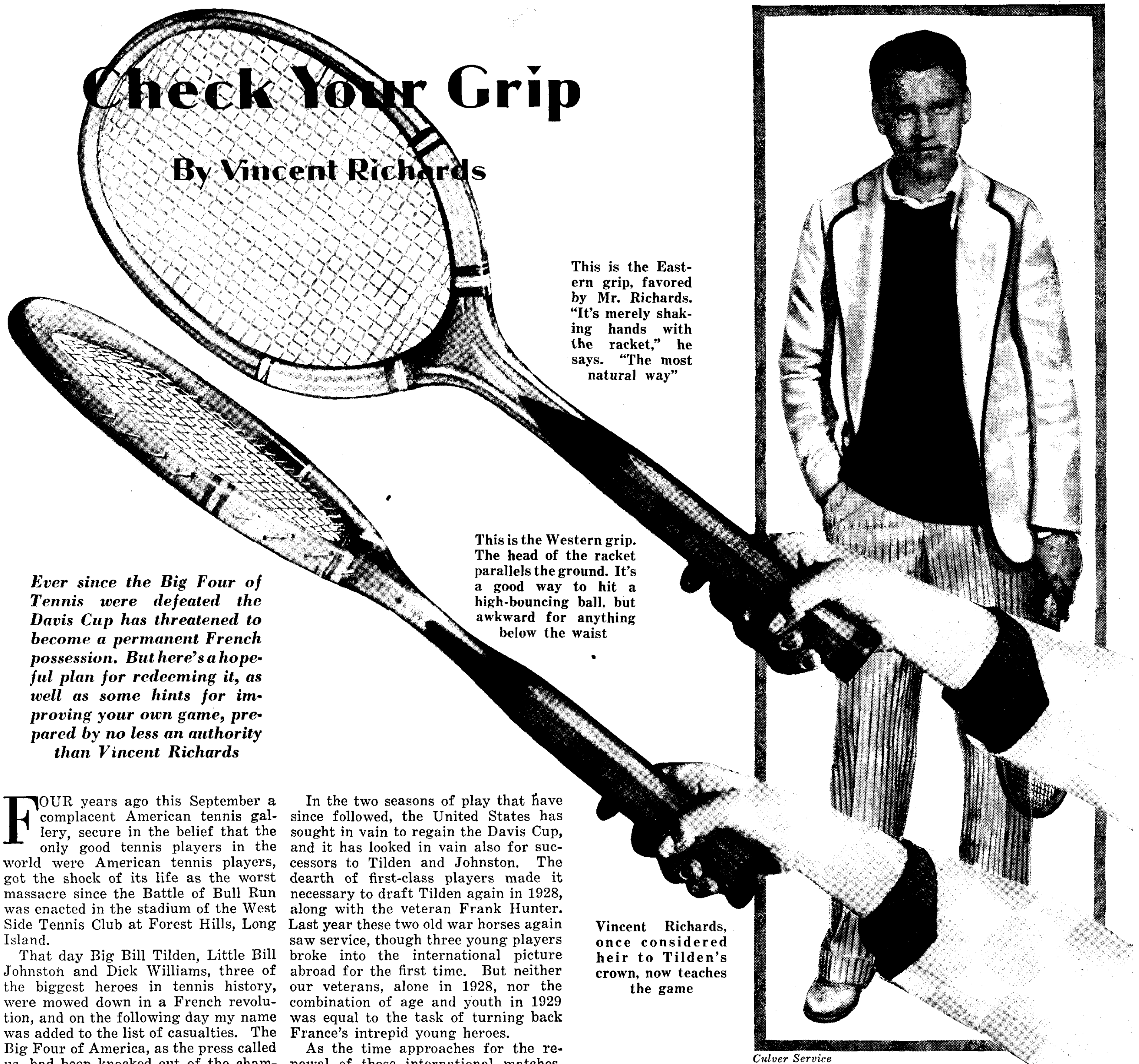
The gal could ride through town on Coolidge's tin horse and stop more traffic than Lady (*Continued on page 54*)



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Check Your Grip

By Vincent Richards



This is the Eastern grip, favored by Mr. Richards. "It's merely shaking hands with the racket," he says. "The most natural way"

This is the Western grip. The head of the racket parallels the ground. It's a good way to hit a high-bouncing ball, but awkward for anything below the waist

Vincent Richards, once considered heir to Tilden's crown, now teaches the game

Culver Service

Ever since the Big Four of Tennis were defeated the Davis Cup has threatened to become a permanent French possession. But here's a hopeful plan for redeeming it, as well as some hints for improving your own game, prepared by no less an authority than Vincent Richards

FOUR years ago this September a complacent American tennis gallery, secure in the belief that the only good tennis players in the world were American tennis players, got the shock of its life as the worst massacre since the Battle of Bull Run was enacted in the stadium of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, Long Island.

That day Big Bill Tilden, Little Bill Johnston and Dick Williams, three of the biggest heroes in tennis history, were mowed down in a French revolution, and on the following day my name was added to the list of casualties. The Big Four of America, as the press called us, had been knocked out of the championship, leaving two foreigners to contest for our national title for the first time in the history of the tournament.

That memorable exit of Tilden and Johnston told the sporting world that the day had finally come when the supremacy of America on the lawn tennis courts was at an end, and heralded the rise of a new nation as the brightest star in the tennis firmament. The following year, the longest reign in the history of the Davis Cup came to an end at the Germantown Cricket Club in Philadelphia, where France's four musketeers, René Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra and Jacques Brugnon, wrested the historic international trophy from the aging heroes, Tilden and Johnston.

That year, 1927, marked the retirement from tournament play of Little Bill, one of the most glorious figures of all time in tennis. Dick Williams also had served for the last time in harness, while Tilden, beaten both by Cochet in the cup matches and by Lacoste in the national championship, was seen definitely to have passed his prime.

In the two seasons of play that have since followed, the United States has sought in vain to regain the Davis Cup, and it has looked in vain also for successors to Tilden and Johnston. The dearth of first-class players made it necessary to draft Tilden again in 1928, along with the veteran Frank Hunter. Last year these two old war horses again saw service, though three young players broke into the international picture abroad for the first time. But neither our veterans, alone in 1928, nor the combination of age and youth in 1929 was equal to the task of turning back France's intrepid young heroes.

As the time approaches for the renewal of these international matches, the Solons of the United States Lawn Tennis Association again are scanning the tennis horizon in search of new young blood with which to throw down the gauntlet to France. But though there are more persons playing tennis in America than in any other country, though the general standard of play is as high here as it is in any other land, there is no player in the offing who measures up to a Tilden or a Johnston.

Who'll Fill Tilden's Shoes?

We have our Doegs, Lotts, Shields, Coens, Van Ryns, Allisons, Hennesseys and Bells, but while all these young men are excellent players and can make a pretty good showing in any company, none of them right now can fill the shoes of our two former giants of the courts.

Year in and year out new young stars come into prominence and each may be heralded as "another Tilden," but the tennis public has waited in vain for one of them to fulfill all the wonderful promises that have been made for him. Certainly, there is none among them today who rates with Cochet, and even the thirty-seven-year-old Tilden, who finds it difficult now to take even a set from the Frenchman, stands above all of them as our national champion.

There are various reasons why these young players of America have not measured up to the standard set by Big Bill and Little Bill. Individually they have their shortcomings, but the one big reason is that our young players are not giving the necessary time and thoroughness to the fundamentals of the game.

Tennis has grown so popular in the last decade, owing in a large degree to the personality and play of Tilden, that success has become a fetish with young players all over the country. The fame that goes with success—the headline spreads in the papers, the honors received from royalty, and the financial rewards that come to the amateur in a legitimate way—have so dazzled these young men that they want to reach the top and share in the spoils. As a result, we see them playing in tournament after tournament, bending every effort to beat the other fellow and so improve their national ranking and their chance of making a place on the Davis Cup team.

There is no criticism to be made of a player trying to win victories. There would be something wrong with him if he didn't want to win. But he pays too big a price for them. He is out to win, and in his zeal for winning he neglects to correct the faults in his game.

For instance, Smith has a weak backhand. If he uses this backhand a great deal he will lose the match, whereas if he runs around the ball and plays it on the forehand he will win it. So he sacrifices his backhand for the sake of victory and when he has won the match he is no better a player than he was before it was played.

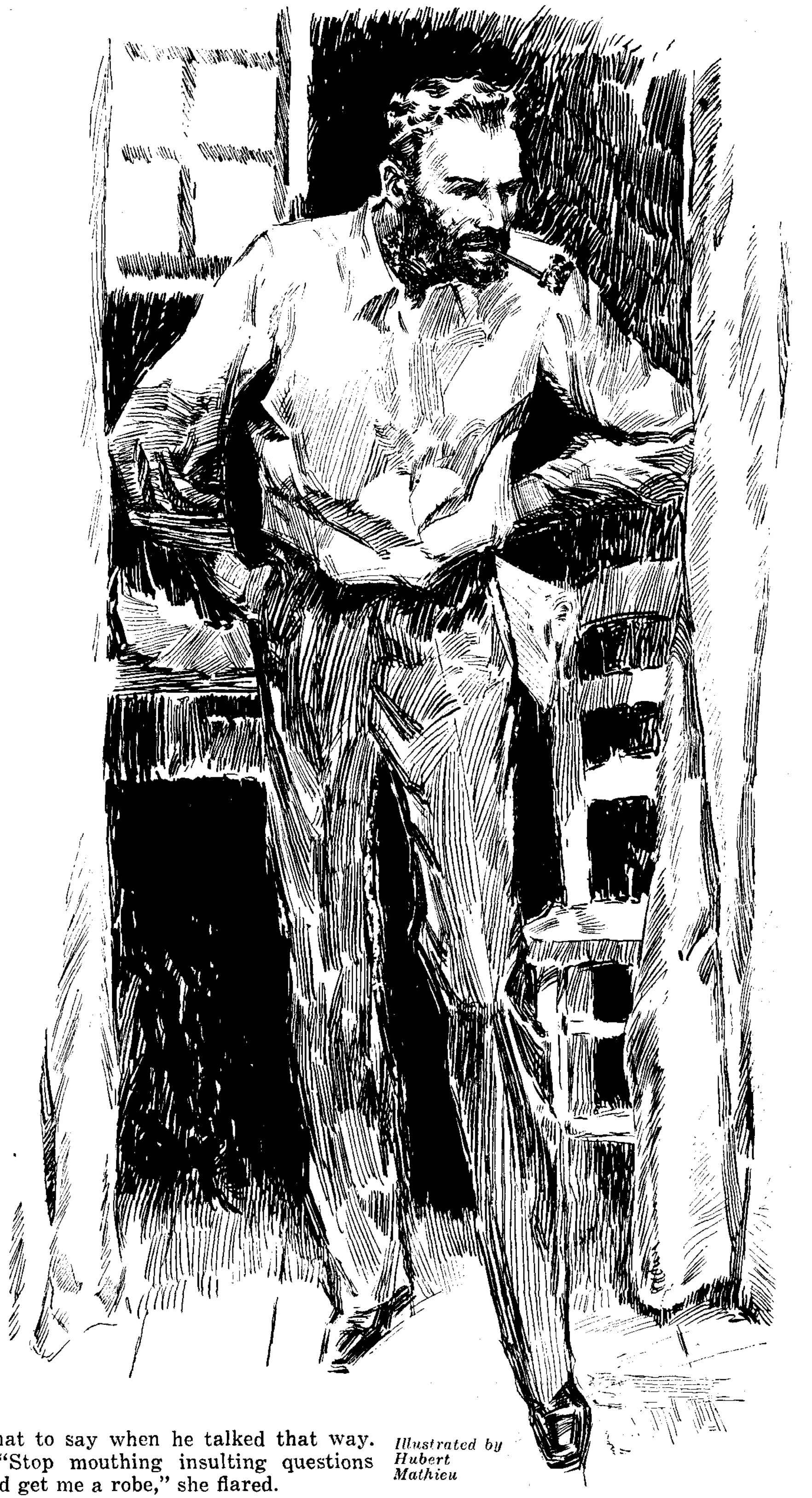
Such players may gain higher rankings and win recognition as Davis Cup material, but they are leaving uncorrected fatal weaknesses which show up

(*Continued on page 82*)

The King Decides

A question of love, which a young American finds difficult to answer

By Odgers T. Gurnee



Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

IF a man named Shakespeare had never written a play called Romeo and Juliet and if the star's wife hadn't run a temperature, and if the skylight hadn't stuck—

But let's start at the beginning:

Ginevra Lacy stretched her very lithe and very young body luxuriously and peeled off her clinging bathrobe. Drops of water from the shower still clung beadlike to her hair, which was the color of polished ashwood. Then she put on a bathing suit which was none too ample, and gripped firmly the dog-eared sheaf of her "part."

Ginevra had to be a Juliet Wednesday afternoon and night, not to say Thursday and Friday night and twice on Saturday—all (thank goodness for the chance) because the great Valentine's wife was running to bursts of temperature that seemed nine parts temperament.

But when a girl's been brought up on the Bard of Avon and had him for breakfast, dinner and supper all her years, one does get a bit fed up, and the lines do have a tendency to shuffle themselves and pop up in the wrong places.

And if you happen to be Ginevra Lacy, daughter of the once great Lacy, and you are playing opposite the now great Valentine—you simply can't ad lib. Shakespeare.

So Ginevra had to know her Juliet.

She cast an appraising eye upward and began to climb the splashy pile of her modernistic bookcase. By standing on the top deck, so to speak, she could unlatch and push up the half skylight which centered the ceiling of her top-floor nest.

She knew just how it was done because she'd utilized it before as a route to and from the saggy roof where, thanks to the plateau-like structure of Greenwich Village housetops, one could have a sunbath in almost utter privacy.

The ancient glass frame creaked protestingly upward. Through the gap she pushed a canvas deck chair, neatly collapsed, her Juliet part, and a stick—to keep the glass from falling back and trapping her aloft.

Before she pulled herself upward she ducked and peered at the clock on her mantel. It was ten o'clock.

For two hours she toasted in the late summer sun and took young Miss Capulet straight from balcony to bier. Then she sighed with relief, gathered up her paraphernalia and prepared to exit laughingly.

But there wasn't any exit. The stick had fallen out and the skylight stuck fast and there wasn't anything to get hold of to pull it up.

She was a little annoyed, of course, because now she'd have to walk down the stairs by way of the trapdoor at the other end of the roof and probably meet that bearded person who had the rear apartment, or a butcher's boy or someone else who'd stare at her practically undraped form—which is no way for a Shakespearean actress to be stared at.

She pulled at the trapdoor. Then she tugged. Then she struggled with it. It was latched from below.

By that time she was mad enough to play Ophelia without a make-up. But there was still a chance. The other half of her skylight folded over and ran across the rear apartment. She could see that the end was raised.

If that mysterious-looking person with the beard was out—she could drop down and get out in the hallway and yell for the janitor to bring his spare keys to let her in. It was all pretty terrible but she couldn't stay on the roof forever.

Ginevra approached the rear skylight cautiously and squinted through the opening. She could see a plain oak table, a typewriter, a sheaf of scattered papers, some books, a pipe. But no man.

She heaved at the glassed frame, it rose—and she swung herself over the edge, looking for a soft place on the stained floor.

"WELL," said a very masculine voice from out of nowhere and she gasped, let go, and fell in a heap.

It seemed the bearded person was at home.

He materialized out of the shadows of the dressing alcove and, thank Heaven, he, at least, was fully clothed. Ginevra made futile motions of gathering a non-existent robe about her but there was simply nothing but bare floor and that skimpy little silk sunbath suit to cover her confusion.

And he was probably staring his eyes out—

She looked up to see.

Two astonishingly sharp and icily blue dots were squinting with what certainly looked like anger straight into her own eyes.

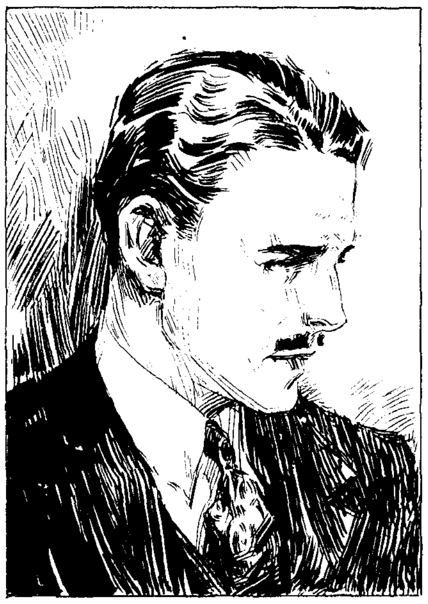
An unruly hedge of whiskers that grew from ear to ear and nose to Adam's apple failed utterly to mask the grim tightness of his lips.

"What," he demanded brusquely, "are you doing?"

For an instant Ginevra was too dumfounded to answer at all. Then she thought of any number of snappy comebacks such as "Picking strawberries," or "Hunting for edelweiss"—but why, she thought, dignify this oaf with wisecracks?

"Can't I have any privacy?" he went on.

Of course she decided immediately what to say when he talked that way.



"Stop mouthing insulting questions and get me a robe," she flared.

It was ludicrous the way his mouth fell open at that. He stopped talking as though he'd been shot and one of the arms he'd been flinging crazily aloft stuck there in the most absurd posture.

But he didn't move and it made her furious because now he really did seem to be staring.

"Will you do as I tell you or shall I scream?" she demanded.

Which was easily as silly as anything he'd said but she was pretty cross about things by that time. And it certainly produced action.

"God forbid," he said huskily and dived into the dressing-room, to reappear a split second later with a Turkish-toweling creation that unquestionably had seen better days.

"Take this," he said, "and for Heaven's sake get out quietly."

For answer Ginevra wrapped the oversized robe primly about her, walked out of his door to the hall balustrade and yelled at the top of her lungs:

"Jackson," she called. "Ooooh, Jackson!"

Behind her she heard a not-so-muffled curse and the door to the rear flat slammed mightily.

She almost laughed. "Jackson," she called again, but not nearly so loud, "please bring your keys; I'm locked out."

Twenty minutes later, home, clothed and in her right mind, she began to experience a strange stirring of curiosity. Obviously the young man had acted very badly. It was not at all the thing one would have expected. And that made her laugh. She had been all prepared to be insulted by his too familiar gaze or whatnot and instead he'd been perfectly boorish about her dropping in, so to speak.

BUT why? She wondered vaguely if he'd been disappointed in love and gone misogynist, or if he was a criminal or just plain bugs. That latter seemed rather to cover the case.

A rap on the door interrupted her. "Come in," she called.

It was the bearded man.

"I'm frightfully sorry," he began diffidently, "I didn't know—"

So she hadn't been mistaken after all—he would be the kind that try to take advantage.

"Can't I have any privacy?" she demanded haughtily. She picked up the Turkish-toweling dressing gown and tossed it at him.

"Take this," she said sweetly, "and for Heaven's sake get out quietly."

IT WAS after midnight before she got back from the theater and the hallways were dark, so she almost stepped on him before she saw him. He wakened with a start and she could see in the pale glow from the bulb above that he was smiling.

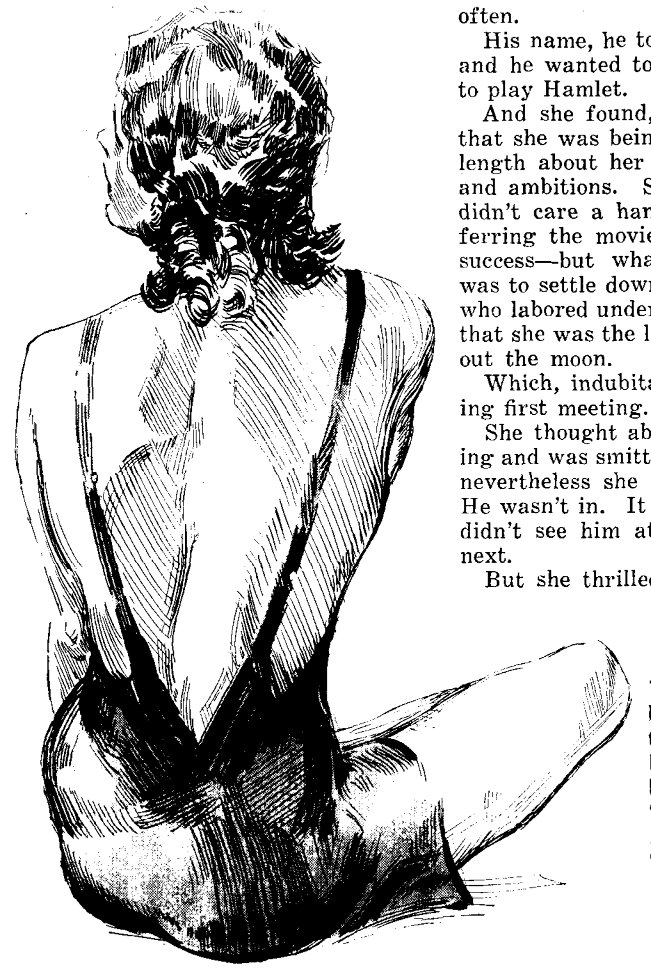
But he sat stock still on the top step of the top flight—and there was no way to detour in ladylike fashion.

"Please don't scream," he said pleasantly (his voice, she realized, had a very fine quality)—"but I must apologize. You see I didn't know you lived here or that you'd had an accident. I thought—"

He waved his arms expressively and stopped.

Well, what on earth had he thought? She waited resignedly but he still seemed to be floundering for words.

"I've been worried a lot lately," he began again, lamely, and stopped once more. The sad little light threw an eerie beam across his upturned face and she could see that he did look worn and ill.



There was nothing but bare floor and that skimpy sunbath suit to cover her confusion. "What," he demanded brusquely, "are you doing here?"

Her mind flashed back to the bare room and the typewriter. A starving writer in his garret. Perhaps he was hungry. She felt suddenly very sorry for him.

"It's quite all right," she assured him, "but this isn't a very comfortable place to talk. I'm famished, so let's go into my place and toast some muffins and have tea."

WITH a start like that she fell in love with him, of course. Not at once. It didn't pop up and smite her suddenly. Rather it infiltrated, or, speaking in the manner of battle, enfiladed her marshaled defenses and came on from the blind side—and then quite suddenly it was there—and that's all there was to it.

But even that first evening over tea and toast and jam and scrambled eggs something did happen. Ginevra discovered with a strange fillip of the heart that he was undeniably handsome in spite of the whisker hedge, and that his voice was really fine, particularly in his naïve moments, which occurred often.

His name, he told her, was Bill King and he wanted to write a drama—and to play Hamlet.

And she found, without realizing it, that she was being drawn out at great length about her own hopes and fears and ambitions. She even told him she didn't care a hang for the Bard, preferring the movies if that way led to success—but what she really wanted was to settle down with some good soul who labored under the undying delusion that she was the little woman who hung out the moon.

Which, indubitably, was a fast-moving first meeting.

She thought about it the next morning and was smitten with remorse. But nevertheless she thumped on his door. He wasn't in. It worried her when she didn't see him at all that day or the next.

But she thrilled with pleasure when the whiskers bobbed up in the audience the third night—and the fourth and fifth.

The morning of the sixth day he awakened her by beating a tattoo on the wall and shouting: "Breakfast's ready—come and get it."

After that they were practically inseparable—for ten days. Then he announced out of a clear sky that he had to go away over the week-end. And that Saturday night the great Valentine decided Broadway couldn't appreciate Shakespeare—and posted two-weeks notices.

Which left Ginevra dissolved in tears by Monday night. Bewhiskered Bill King found her sitting in a disconsolate heap when he came back from his week-end.

"I'm lower than a snake," she admitted in answer to his question.

Surprisingly it seemed to make him glad. At any rate he smiled broadly.

"About ready to settle down to the love of a good man and forget Broadway?" he suggested.

"There aren't any good men," she snapped, and then swallowed a sob abruptly—"besides I'm not going to settle down until I've seen the Lacy name in lights again."

"In lights?"

"You know what I mean. I want people to hear about me, talk about me. I want to be a success at something."

He grinned at that. "And then?"

She couldn't help smiling a little. "And then," she sighed, "I'd be perfectly willing to rest on my laurels."

He walked quickly across the floor and lifted her to her feet.

"Good," he said matter-of-factly, "because I came in to ask you to marry me."

He sat her down carefully in a big chair while she struggled for speech.

"But I just said—" she began.

He waved an arm deprecatingly.

"I know—the lights. Well, you can still use the name Lacy—and there's the lead in my play—"

He stopped and looked at her quizzically over the hedge-beard ends.

"—which I'm saving for my wife."

"The play's not even finished," she countered. He nodded.

"And you haven't got a producer," she continued.

He nodded again. "No," he said airily, "but I will."

She felt herself slipping. Something had to be done. She reached for the biggest straw and clung.

"And, Bill—I don't know a thing about you. I don't even know who you are."

"That's funny," he said quickly, "I'm the fellow who thinks you hung out the moon."

"You're impossible," she laughed.

"You're wonderful," he answered, and that clinched things.

But she refused to be hurried into an out-and-out "Yes."

"Go home," she said, "and let me think it over. I'll tell you tomorrow morning."

Then she undressed ever so slowly, pausing after each discard to gaze (slightly misty of eye) at herself in the pier glass and make faces at the flushed image that laughed back at her and repeated over and over again: "I'm in love. I'm in love."

She went to bed, and to sleep, knowing perfectly well that there wasn't any necessity for thinking it over. It was all settled—as sure as fate. The answer was yes, capital Y—*I—love—you*—e—s.

It must have been hours later that she awakened with a start. There were voices in the other room—in Bill King's—and they were angry voices.

She sat bolt upright. His voice rose above the others.

"No," he was saying, "no, I won't go back. I'm sick of it."

Another voice interposed.

"You must. We've traveled halfway around the world hunting you. Everything's waiting. You've got to see it through."

GINEVRA slipped out of bed and kneeled with her ear against the partition. What on earth did they mean? If she could hear more, piece the thing together.

She picked out a third voice, now, placating:

"But it's your duty. You owe it to millions of people. They expect to see you, hear you again. You can't drop everything, run away, leave them in the lurch—"

That voice trailed off and the heavier one broke in again.

"The coronation's all set—everything's set. They've even picked the little Swedish countess for your queen—"

Ginevra Lacy, kneeling on the board floor beyond the partition, bit her tongue and sat down abruptly on her hard little heels.

What could it mean? Duty? Coronation? Queen? The realization welled up and flooded her.

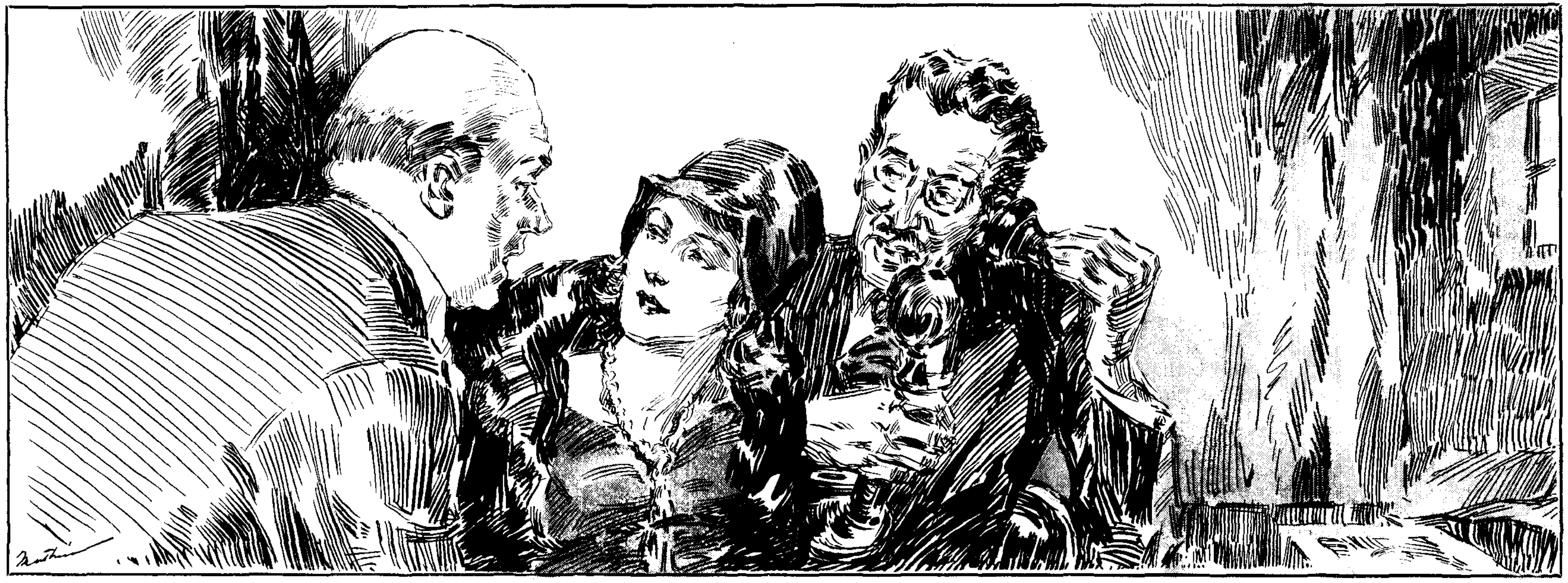
A runaway prince!

That was it. She could see now, so many things she hadn't seen before—his slight accent, his mannerisms, his evident fear of being pursued and caught.

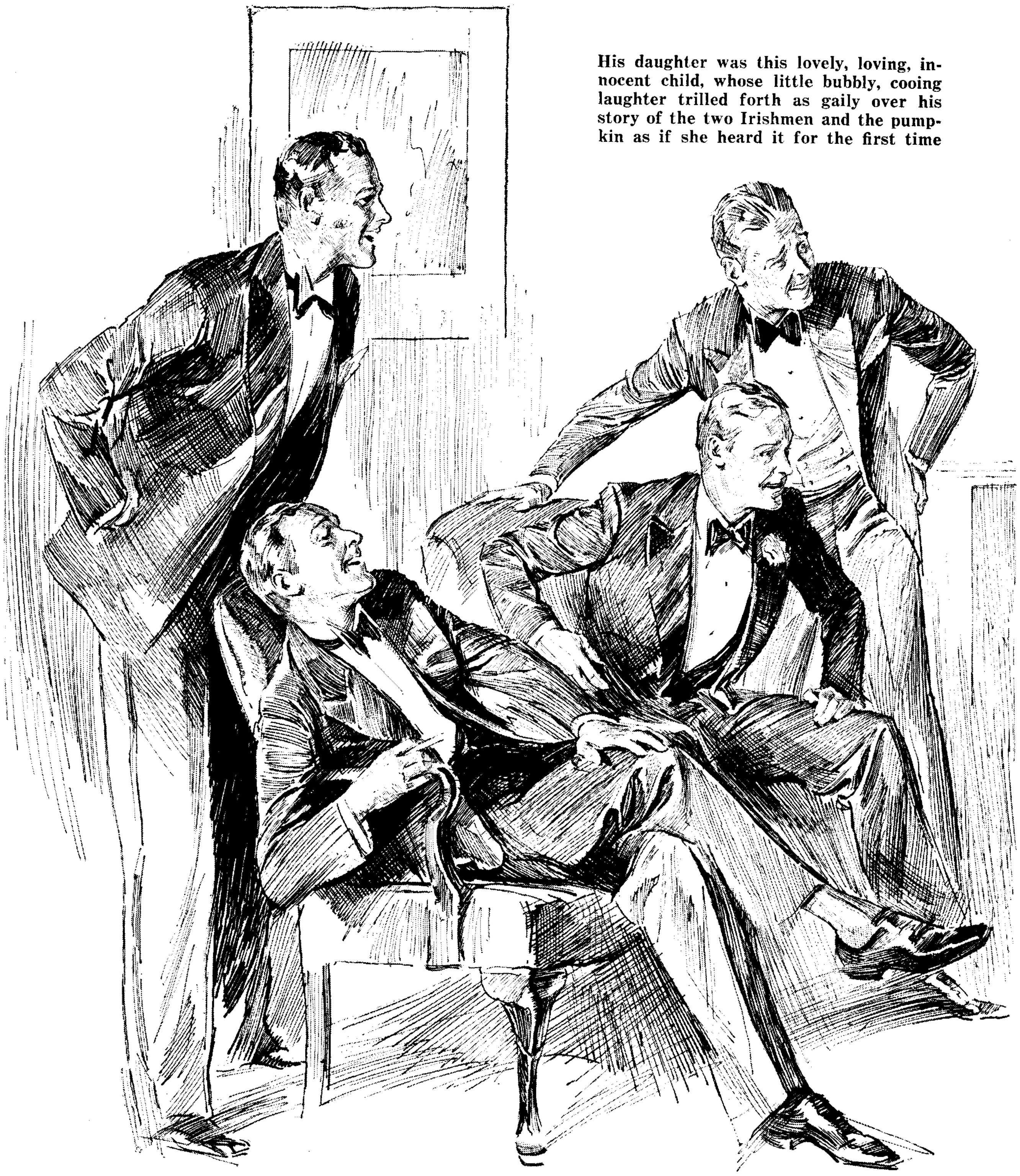
She heard his voice now quite plainly.

"All right," he said, "you win, and I'll go back."

(Continued on page 32)



"Ginevra Lacy, the Shakespearean star, has disappeared." "Well," said Ginevra, "what of it?"



His daughter was this lovely, loving, innocent child, whose little bubbly, cooing laughter trilled forth as gaily over his story of the two Irishmen and the pumpkin as if she heard it for the first time

Both Were Young

The Story Thus Far:

BELDEN PLIMSOLL, president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Company, plays the rôle of benevolent despot in the small city of Lakeport. To his recognized efficiency in running his business and the town he fondly believes that he joins efficiency in managing his home and his daughter, Lollie, whose incomprehensible desire to go to New York and study tap-dancing is now vaguely troubling his mind. Recognizing that Lollie is of marriageable age, he has painstakingly removed from Lakeport all possible undesirable candidates for her affection, by the simple expedient of giving them employment in the foreign offices of the Intercontinental—that is, all but one.

Gilly Dolliver—son of Pansy, an old flame of Plimsoll's—has steadfastly refused all inducements to quit Lakeport. His extreme laziness and lack of ambition are a constant affront to Plimsoll. But to his mother, whose habit of shopping among the religions of all lands has now brought her to Buddhism, they suggest that his soul is nearly free of its material bonds—that, in fact, he is the Reincarnated Buddha. The point is a sore one with Gilly.

To make good his depredations upon the young male population of Lakeport, Plimsoll has added to the home office a hand-picked contingent of graduates from the leading universities. Through the agency of Noonan, a private detective, he keeps himself intimately informed of their behavior and habits. Four of them—Class C men—are coming to dinner. The night before, Lollie had dined with another of their number, Marvin Hallowell.

Pansy Dolliver visits Plimsoll at his office and begs his help. She has a wonderful opportunity to take Gilly on a pilgrimage to India, under the direction of Swami Lal Chundra Dass, now in Lakeport. But the trustee of her funds won't advance the necessary money, and she is not on speaking terms with Gilly's Uncle Herbert, their only relative. Plimsoll (eager to provide the funds himself, but afraid to, because of his wife's jealousy of Pansy) promises to see what he can do.

Next morning Plimsoll is rudely and painfully unseated from his horse when Gilly, in evening dress and a delapidated car, essays a few notes on a recently acquired bassoon. Plimsoll expresses his opinion of young Dolliver loudly and at length to his wife, Albertine. Lollie, in the next room, listens meditatively. A few hours later she phones Gilly.

II

MR. PLIMSOLL glared forbiddingly at his visitor.

"What do you mean by disobeying orders this way, Noonan? It's thoroughly understood that you're to write out your reports and never show your face anywhere near the plant."

Mr. Noonan shook his head. He was a blunt, thick man, remarkably short of neck and blue as to jowl; his jaw protruded belligerently and his eyes were the color of lake ice, but his aspect, at this moment, was not formidable. He was worried.

"I got a daughter of my own," he said. His pale-blue glance shifted to the photograph at Mr. Plimsoll's elbow. "That's why I doped it out that I'd better handle this thing person'ly. Other people around here get a look at my reports and there's no telling who might be listening in if I telephoned."

Plimsoll's frown darkened. Noonan mopped his forehead.

"I was tailing Hallowell last night, Mr. Plimsoll."

Forgetting the cogent reasons for sitting lightly Plimsoll started unwarily in his chair. Noonan misunderstood the sudden anguish of his look.

"I guess, maybe, you know about it already," he suggested. Plimsoll, like most great men, had a fixed habit of never admitting ignorance if the confession could be avoided.

"I might as well hear what you've got to say, now that you're here."

"Well, I guess you know who Hallowell was with, anyhow."

Plimsoll nodded, his lips tight.

"Well, he and—and the young lady drove over to Sawneytown and had dinner at a joint they call the Buttright Inn."

He paused, as if disturbed by Plimsoll's countenance, but his employer nodded curtly, as if the information that Lollie had not dined, after all, at the Lakeport Country Club had no news interest for him.

"I was wondering whether you knew about that," said Noonan. "It's kind of rough, but they're all kind of rough, these days."

A very black mark went down against the name of Marvin Hallowell in Belden Plimsoll's mental ledger. Taking Lollie to a resort that even Noonan considered rough!

"Well, afterwards they drove around nowheres in p'ticular for a coupla hours and fin'ly they stopped in at a sort of dance-joint over at Rutter's Pond. It's—well, it's like all the rest of them."

A blacker mark, this time, for Hallowell. Rutter's Pond! Why, wasn't that where those rum-runners had adjusted a slight difference of opinion, last month, with automatic pistols?

"I got a table next to 'em. I could hear what they said—couldn't help hearing it. And I figured I better come in here and tell you person'ly. I got a daughter of my own."

"Well"—Plimsoll's voice creaked slightly—"what did you hear?"

Noonan visibly took a firmer grip on his courage.

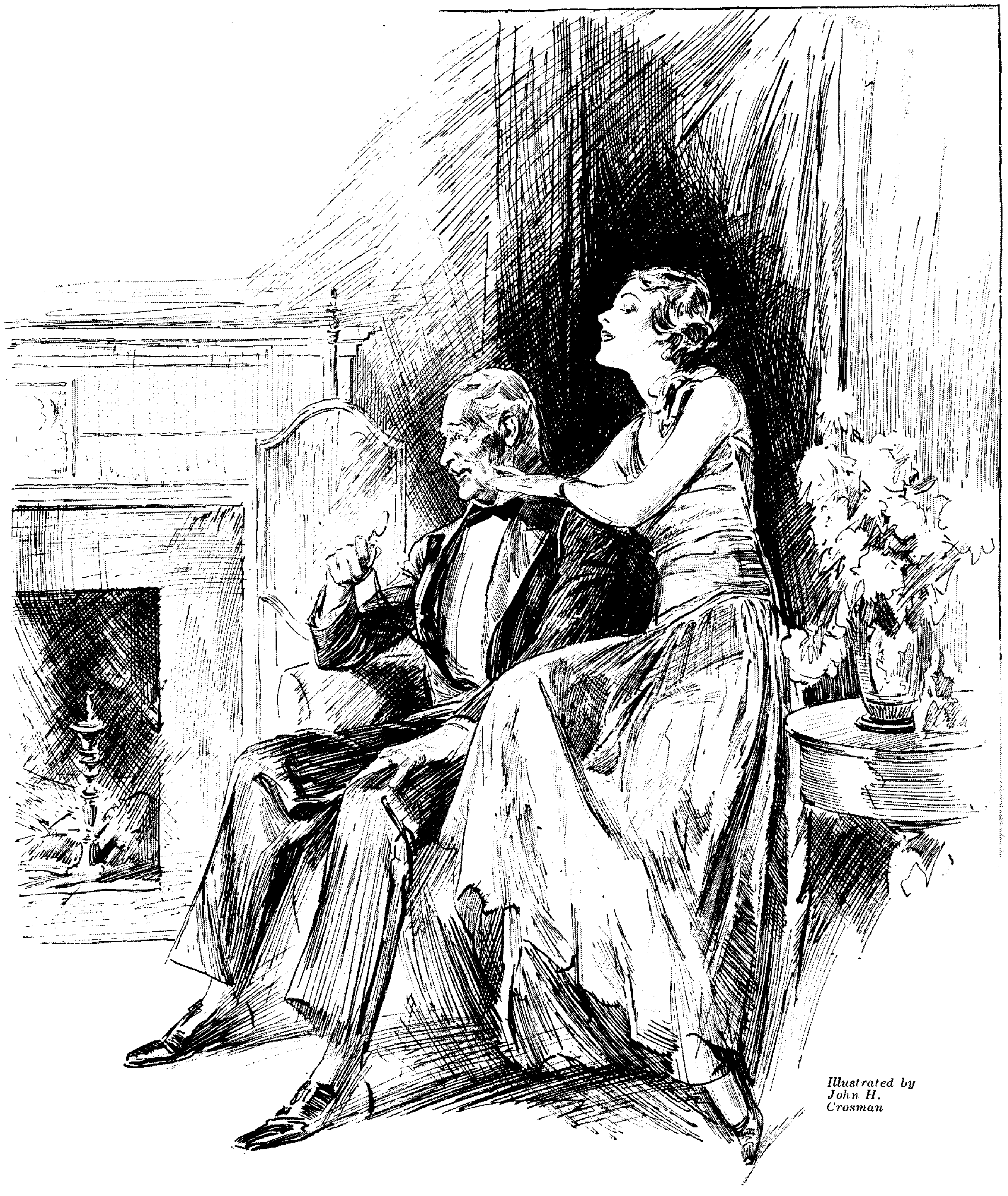
"She's all set to run out on you, Mr. Plimsoll. She's *going* to beat it to New York and get a job in some night club."

Plimsoll laughed. "Oh, that! I'm surprised you let that nonsense fool you, Noonan. It's just childish talk. All children are going to run away and join the circus. You ought to know that."

"It didn't listen to me like any pipe dream," said Noonan. "Miss—the young lady didn't strike me like she was kidding herself. No, sir. She meant it, and *you can write it on your cuff!* She had Hallowell worried as bad as I was—had him talking to her like a probation officer! Of course you know best, but if it'd been my daughter pulling that line I'd be sitting up and taking notice, I'm telling you—a whole lot of notice!"

PLIMSOLL shook his head. Of course Noonan's daughter was an altogether different problem. Noonan's daughter didn't live in a great, gracious manor house, with everything a girl's heart could desire: Noonan's daughter didn't have cars of her own and horses and clothes straight from Paris; Noonan's daughter wasn't surrounded by beautiful young men.

If Noonan's daughter took it into her head that she wanted to run away and



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

be a dancer in a New York night club, Noonan would have reason to be worried. Plimsoll was sorry for the fellow, no longer merely the hard-boiled ex-detective of his outward seeming, but a fellow man, a brother member of the Ancient Order of Parents.

"I know all about it," said Plimsoll. "It's just talk, Noonan. But I'm obliged to you for handling it this way. Cigar?"

Noonan bit the end from the perfecto.

"It's the way I'd want it handled if it was my girl," he said, between teeth clenched in the cigar. "I didn't suppose it was as bad as it sounded, but I thought you ought to know, anyhow."

"Quite right," said Plimsoll. "You couldn't be expected to know that I'm not like most fathers—the last people on earth to find out what their children are doing. I've always made it my business to be better acquainted with my daughter than anybody else is, and no matter what crazy idea she may get into her head, she'll talk it over with me quicker than with anyone else."

Noonan nodded. "That's the way. That's how I am with Eileen—just like a coupla buddies. But there ain't many fathers could say the same—no, nor mothers either." He frowned. "Last night, all the time I was watching that Dolliver pup, I kep' thinking about his mother. The way that lady's spent her whole life on that boy—and the way he's got her fooled, right now!"

Plimsoll's scowl bit deep. Very gingerly he changed his position.

"Oh. He was there too, was he?"

"FOR a while. Long enough to send one of the boys in the band to the cleaners with them trained dice—but that ain't fair, either, because it don't matter what bones he's shooting he's bad news in any man's crap game." Noonan wagged his head. "He had this jazz-shooter's roll in about six passes and after that he cleaned him for his —well, I don't know what you call it, but it's some kind of a dingus you play —five-six feet long and makes a grunt like a tugboat whistle, only lower down."

"A bassoon," suggested Plimsoll. His bruises of body and spirit were in no wise soothed by this light as to the origin of the instrument responsible for them.

"Maybe. I didn't hear the name, because the fight started pretty soon after he won it."

"There was a fight, eh?" Plimsoll found a grim satisfaction in the memory of Gilbert's ruffled plumage. Noonan clicked his tongue.

"Oh, sure. Any time you run into Gilly Dolliver you can bet on seeing a crap game or a scrap and generally both. Funny, too—he don't look much like a scrapper, with them nice pink cheeks, and his lazy grin and the way he always coughs before he talks, as if he kind of felt fussed, but he's a hell-devil when he starts, Mr. Plimsoll —a sweetheart in a rough-and-tumble if I ever seen one. You ought to've seen him slap Hallowell down and out in one sock—pretty, that's all—pretty!"

"Hallowell!" Plimsoll sat up quickly —and regretted it.

"It wasn't his fault. He behaved all right, and if he'd been looking for trouble he maybe wouldn't have got it on the button the way he did. Gilly was grinning when he socked him—just one slap, right on the button, and that was that."

"But what started it?"

"Well, it's funny, but I've seen it happen two-three times, just the same way. I don't get it, myself, but there's something it ain't safe to call Gilly Dolliver. Bootie—some kind of a pet name, sounds like. Call him that and you're all mixed up in war."

"Buddha?" suggested Plimsoll.

"That's it." Noonan's eye became respectful. "I can see you know a whole lot about it, Mr. Plimsoll. That's the way Eileen and me get along, too—just a coupla good pals."

Mr. Plimsoll nodded.

"Hallowell called *him* Buddha and Dolliver resented it. Go on."

"THAT'S all there was—there wasn't any more," said Noonan. "Gilly slaps Hallowell down and six-eight waiters give Gilly the air."

"I know that." Mr. Plimsoll spoke in the manner of one who listens patiently to a story already twice-told. "What I want to know is what started the trouble. Why did Hallowell refer to Dolliver, I mean, by this—this fighting term?"

Mr. Noonan's eye shifted to the pictured loveliness of Lollie. It was impossible for Mr. Plimsoll not to understand the innuendo of that glance. He drew in his breath quickly but otherwise contrived to preserve an outward calm.

"Three is about as much of a crowd as it used to be in my time, I guess," said Noonan. "Hallowell didn't seem to get much of a kick out of having Gilly Dolliver in his party and one thing sort of led up to another."

Still Mr. Plimsoll remained outwardly unmoved, except for a slight tightening of jaw and fist.

"Oh, so young Dolliver tried to force himself on—on the others?"

Noonan hesitated. "Well, I wouldn't call it that, exactly. Miss—the young lady didn't tell you Gilly tried to butt in, did she?"

"No," said Plimsoll truthfully.

"I didn't figure she would," said Noonan. "I figured she'd be the kind to own up if she started something. Eileen's the same way with me."

"You—you think that something my daughter said or did might have begun the bad feeling between the young men?" Belden Plimsoll held his voice to resolute calm. Noonan nodded.

"You see, Gilly Dolliver had just won this—this bassoon thing off the jazz-shooter, and he's sitting by himself, trying to get the hang of it and—and the other two go over to his table."

"You mean to say that Hallowell took my daughter over to talk to young Dolliver?"

"Well, he went along," said Noonan uneasily. "He was trying to get her away, though, when the riot started. He was talking to her when he pulled this crack about Boo—"

"I see." Plimsoll arrived at final judgment on the case of Marvin Hallowell. He was guilty on all counts. He'd taken Lollie to such a place as this

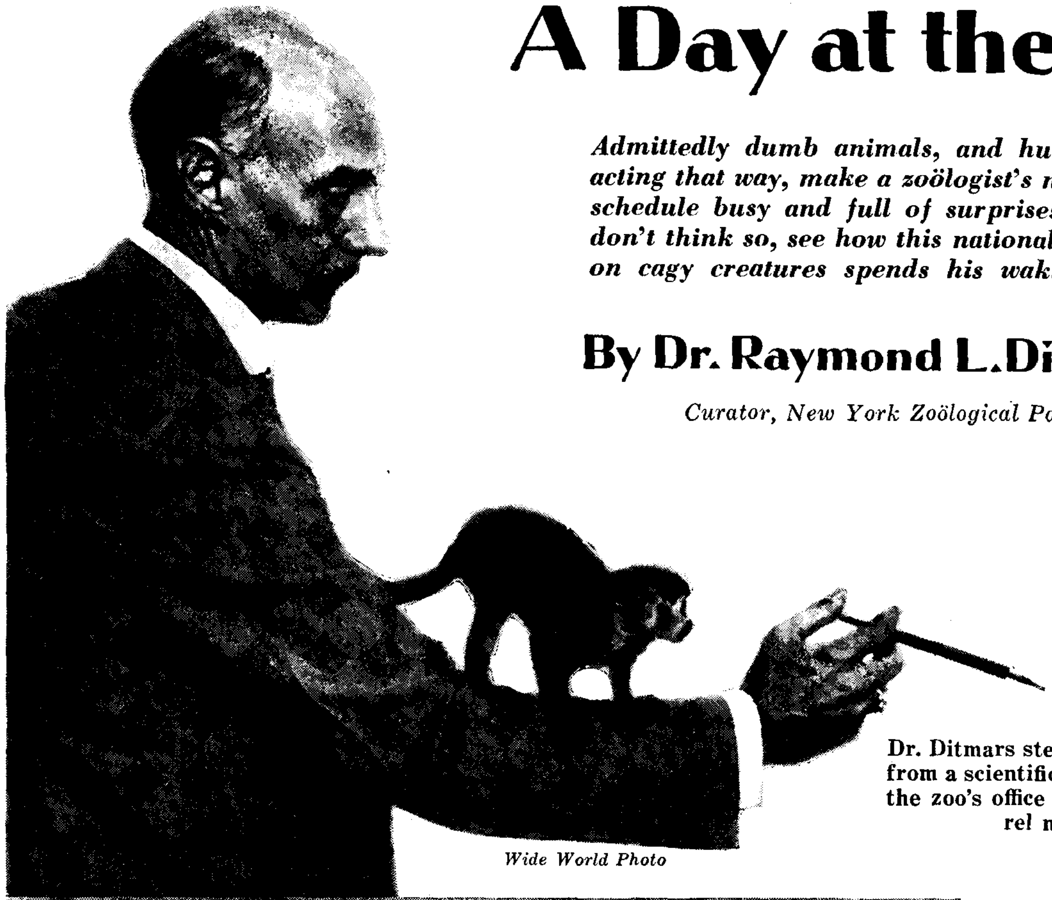
(*Continued on page 57*)

A Day at the Zoo

Admittedly dumb animals, and humans just acting that way, make a zoölogist's nine-to-five schedule busy and full of surprises. If you don't think so, see how this national authority on cagy creatures spends his waking hours

By Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars

Curator, New York Zoölogical Park

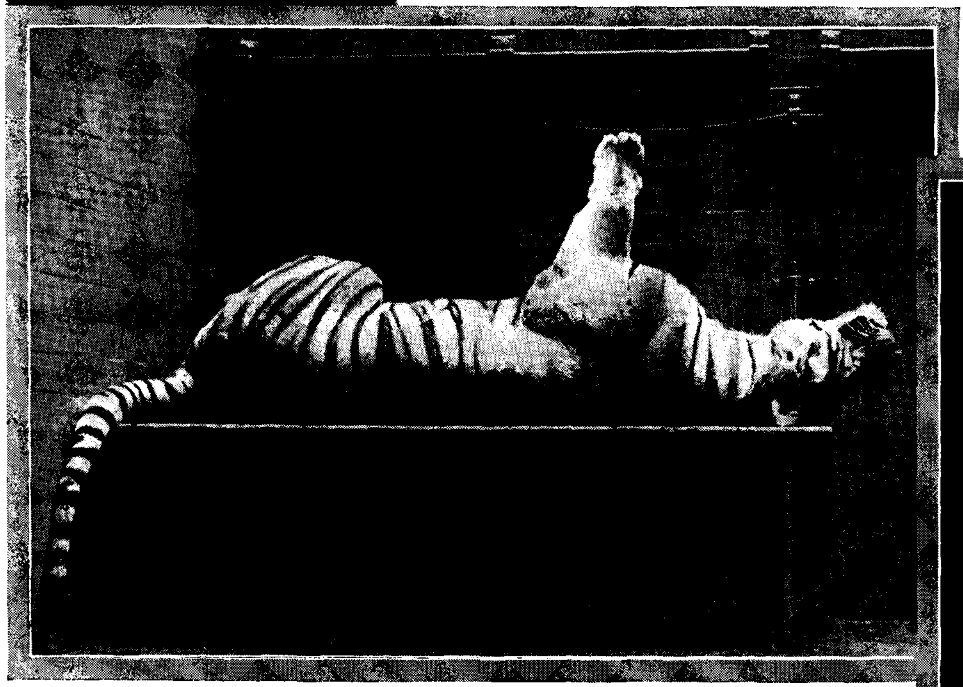


Dr. Ditmars steals a few minutes from a scientific report to placate the zoo's office pet, a tiny squirrel monkey

Wide World Photo

Photo by N. Y. Zoölogical Society

A resident of the bear cage ready to receive visitors



P. & A. Photo

The tiger hasn't begun to snore—his mouth is closed

Brown Bros.

The polar bear has a cinder in his eye. Send for Dr. Ditmars

MY SECRETARY put her hand over the telephone so that the party at the other end could not hear what she said.

"It's a lady, and she insists on speaking to you personally."

I glanced up wearily from the scientific report I was working on, and which was already overdue. "Is it important?" I asked.

"Must be, judging from her tone."

I took the receiver. Yes, the lady's voice was worried. Mental pictures of a pet monkey in hysterics, a dog with rabies, even a tame bear gone mad and terrifying a whole neighborhood, flashed across my mind.

"Please help me, Dr. Ditmars," entreated the voice in my ear. "I hate to bother you. But there is no one else in town—"

I thought rapidly. Must be snake bite. This happens to be one of my specialties. I glanced up at the shelf where the serums were kept. My eye swung to the clock. It was nearly noon. The traffic would be bad. I couldn't make a rush trip without a motorcycle escort.

"There is absolutely no one else I know," the unhappy voice went on, "who can tell me the name of an animal in five letters that is a reptile and is spelled something like *skunk*, but can't be, because skunk isn't a reptile, and—"

"Hello," I interrupted. "Hello. You mean a skink!"

With an involuntary growl of anger I hung up. But my secretary's smile of sympathy took the edge off my indignation. She knew as well as I that it was all in the day's work for the staff of the New York Zoölogical Park to be the court of last resort for baffled cross-word-puzzle workers.

However, there was some justice in my passing rancor. Our zoo is one of the finest things of the sort the world has ever seen. Millions of dollars have been expended on its growth and upkeep. More than two million people visit it every year. It is designed for a city of twenty-five million population.

The park consists of 524 acres of magnificently laid out wooded land. Our thousands of living specimens are housed in the finest homes and live in the greatest luxury that money and science can devise.

The institution is founded on the "New York Plan" of developing great public educational institutions on a basis which utilizes to the utmost philanthropy and the taxpayers' coöperation. And because it promulgates interest and sympathy in the rapidly vanishing wild life of the world it is one of the sound social activities of modern life.

Naturally, one supposes that the scientific staff of such an institution would follow a routine of strict and scholarly dignity. Most of the time we do, but the sky is the limit when we don't. An inquiry about a skink is only the mildest sort of irregularity that may turn up in one of our average days.

When I arrive at my office in the morning I face a pile of mail that resembles outwardly the mail of an average business man. There may be some work on an expedition or two, going into the field for new specimens. Perhaps a dull problem of upkeep for one or more of our big collections of wild animals has to be handled. Then, if not before, the real day's work begins.

The keeper of the giraffes comes in wearing a worried look and fumbling nervously with his cap. In hurried words he informs me that our finest reticulated specimen is going to die if we don't do something in a hurry. The keeper has done what he could.

Somewhat puzzled I permit myself to be led out to the giraffe den. Sure enough old Long Neck does look a little pale and droopy.

"It's that column," says the keeper, pointing to a piece of decorative iron-work far above our heads in the wall of the cage. "He keeps licking the paint off it and he's getting poisoned."

The Unwilling Visitor

Not being sure of the dietetic effect of paint on the stomach of a giraffe, I agree that we must put an end to the practice at once. We send for the carpenter. After a council of war we designed a special net that will gently but firmly prevent Mr. Giraffe from committing suicide.

Through a branch telephone I am hurriedly recalled to my office. I find there one of our men whom I have sent out a few hours before to pick up a raccoon which had been donated to us by some public-spirited citizen. At least that's what I understood from the cryptic message I had received.

From a fiber packing case on the floor of my office suddenly comes a startling series of snorts and snarls. The case trembles, jumps a few inches into the air, and presently falls on its side as if it were possessed by the devil. In fact, it is possessed by a devil of a wild beast which is protesting in no uncertain terms at its imprisonment.

"Well, I did what you said to do," the man tells me, glaring balefully first at the packing case, and then at me.

I feel guilty. But quick reflection convinces me that whatever has happened isn't my fault. It is our duty to respond to authentic public calls.

"You went to the address they gave us?" I begin tentatively.

"I sure did," explodes the man. "And what do you think it was?"

"A private house?" I murmured, remembering that a substantial proportion of our worst troubles came from the most innocent sources.

"Private nothing! It was an undertaker's shop!"

A fresh outburst of jumps and growls come from the packing case. Making sure that the unruly prisoner cannot break out, we push him through the door so that we can talk.

"And where do you think this wildcat was? I mean this 'coon with a wildcat's disposition." Before I can make any guesses my informant answers his own question. "He was in a coffin! A coffin, mind you. A *coffin!*"

It is a startling and unique case. My impulse is to take my pencil and make notes, heading the situation with a caption something like: "Raccoon found with dead body." But as the facts come out I begin to see light.

'Coon Hunting in Town

What really had happened was that when my man got to the undertaking parlors he was directed to the cellar. He entered in some trepidation. By a dim light he saw a lot of big boxes that were not coffins, but coffin "containers." Out of one of these was peeping the sly face of a terrified raccoon.

I inferred that the boxes had been cut and assembled at the sawmill. A nomadic 'coon chanced by, just before shipping time, and took up his residence in a box. Before he knew what happened he was nailed up and on his way to New York.

My man took quick measure of the situation and borrowed a pair of leather mittens from a hearse driver who was in the small audience behind him. He then approached, and courageously grabbed the 'coon by the scruff of his neck and finally got him as far as my office.

Scarcely had I got rid of the raccoon and his ruffled chaperon when I was visited by a delegation from the elephant house. Ever since the days of Gunda, I have felt a chill of apprehension whenever this particular group of keepers brings trouble to my door. This day was no exception.

Gunda, as many New Yorkers will remember, was our first Indian elephant. We got him direct from Assam in 1904. For some years he was a model pachyderm, cheerful and obedient, and seemed to enjoy his surroundings.

Suddenly he was seized with a homicidal mania. Whether it was purely a mental state, or whether some obscure elephant disease was torturing him within, we never found out. But there was no secret about his insane desire to kill men.

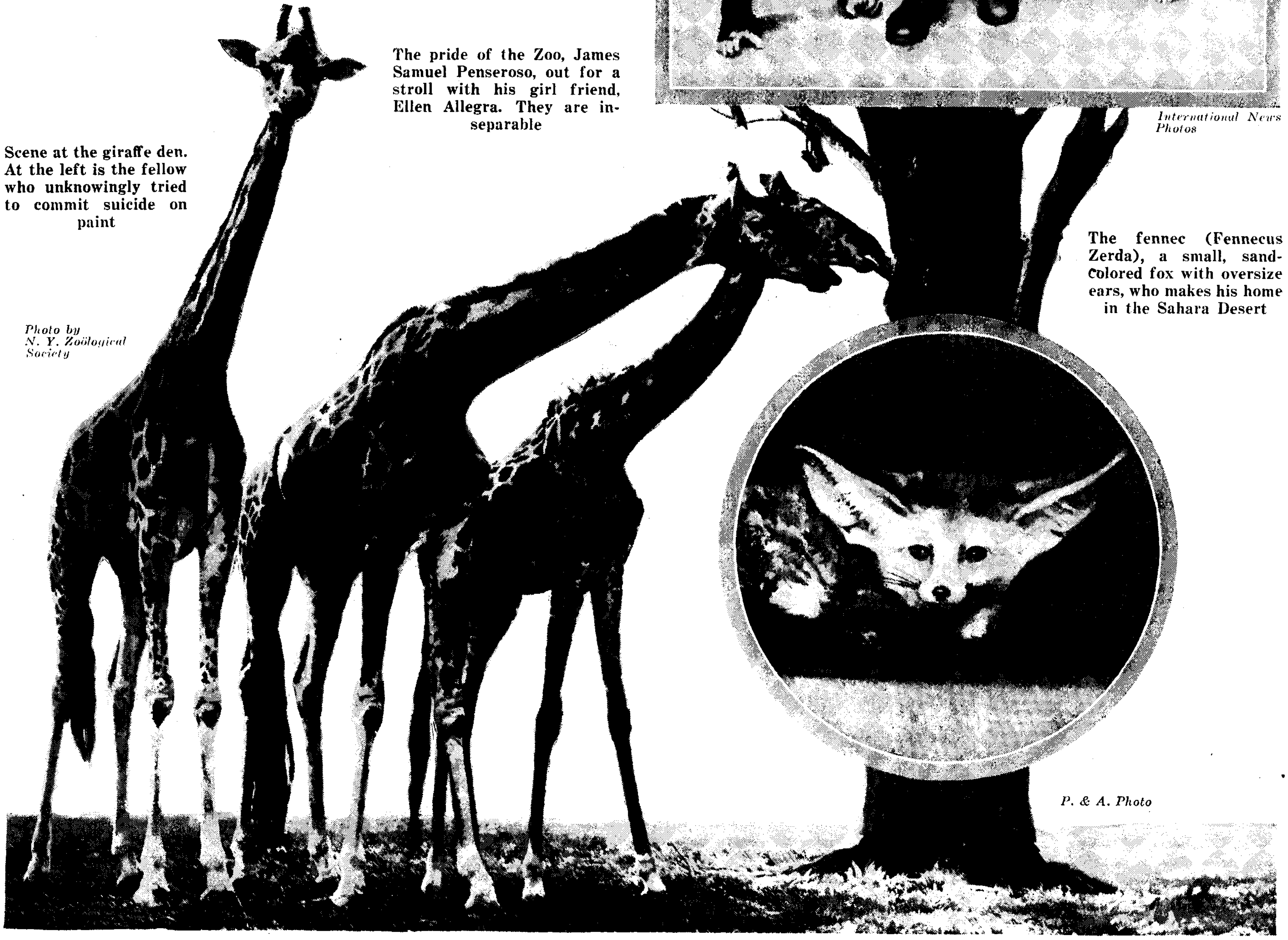
After several dramatic encounters with Gunda, we decided that it wasn't safe to keep him any longer. We sent for Carl Akeley, the great African explorer, and he so skillfully sent a steel-jacketed bullet into Gunda's brain that the unfortunate beast died instantly.

However, on the morning of which I write the case proved less pressing. It appeared that the elephants had made up their minds not to eat. Knowing the delicate sensibilities of these curious

(*Continued on page 40*)

The pride of the Zoo, James Samuel Penseroso, out for a stroll with his girl friend, Ellen Allegra. They are inseparable

International News Photos



Scene at the giraffe den. At the left is the fellow who unknowingly tried to commit suicide on paint

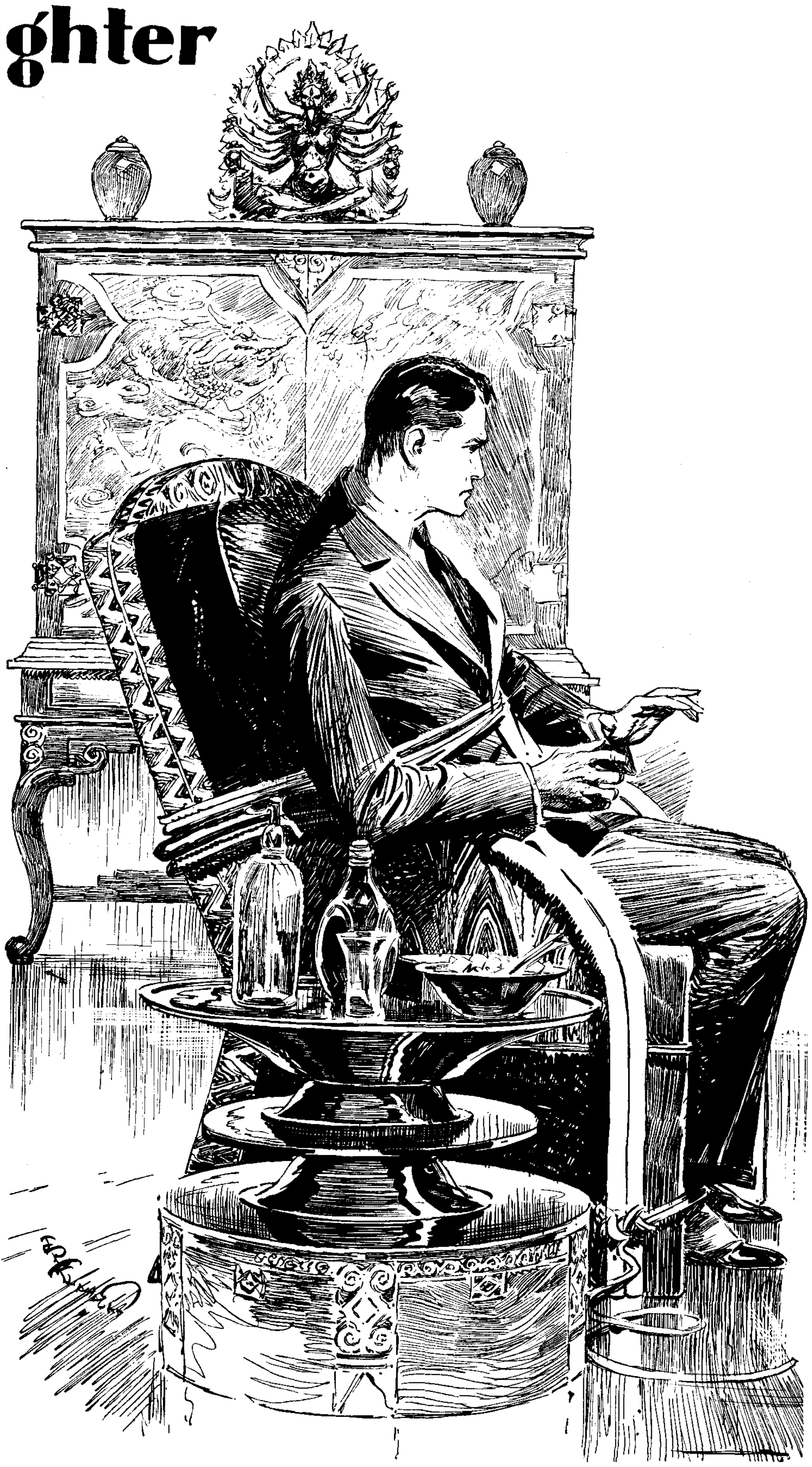
Photo by N. Y. Zoölogical Society

The fennec (Fennecus Zerda), a small, sand-colored fox with oversize ears, who makes his home in the Sahara Desert

P. & A. Photo

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer



The Story Thus Far:

SI FAN, a vast body of murderous fanatics, plans to gain control of the world. To ferret out the details of the gigantic plot, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant Scotland Yard operative, and Shan Greville, who tells the story, disguise themselves and attend a *meeting* of *Si Fan's mysterious* Council of Seven, in Egypt.

The two men are discovered, attacked. Greville, drugged, awakens weeks later—in London! There, while still a prisoner, he is visited by a member of the Council—the beautiful "Madame Ingomar." The woman tells him she loves him, has saved his life. And she, he well knows, is none other than Fah Lo Suee, daughter of the most dangerous *man the world has ever seen: Dr. Fu* Manchu, now believed to be dead. . . .

Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service, and Dr. Petrie—coöperating with Nayland Smith on the case—effect Greville's escape. And shortly thereafter Nayland Smith arrives with a thrilling story, revolving around the Tomb of the Black Ape, in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. For months evil-faced dacoits—professional murderers—and other members of Si Fan, under the leadership of Fah Lo Suee, had tried to enter the tomb. Finally, having thrown Sir Lionel Barton, engaged in excavating the tomb, into a cataleptic sleep, they had succeeded. What had they sought in that tomb? Nayland Smith now has the answer:

Dr. Fu Manchu (whom the world regards as *dead) had hidden all his malignant* secrets and murder lore there. The plotters now possess those terrible secrets—*and Fu Manchu is alive!* . . . Greville and Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's beautiful niece, with whom Greville is in love, go to Abbots Hold, Sir Lionel's country estate in Norfolk, The place is supposed to be haunted. The "ghost" appears—as does Nayland Smith.

Rima is acting strangely. On Nayland Smith's orders, Greville watches her room at night, and sees her tiptoe to Nayland Smith's room. He follows. The girl enters the room, and sprays Nayland Smith's face with eau de Cologne. She then returns to her room, and Nayland Smith explains her actions. She has been hypnotized. The eau de Cologne *had been* hashish, until Nayland Smith replaced it.

Near by, some gypsies are camped. "Three of them," says Nayland Smith, "are dacoits, and one posing as an old hag. The 'boy' of the party is—Fah Lo Suee!"

Truly the household is in deadly peril!

XI

"I CAN'T blame myself," said Weymouth, staring disconsolately out of the window. "She's slipped through our fingers again. A real chip off the old block," he added. "It took a load off my mind, after the Limehouse raid, to hear that Nayland Smith had seen *the Doctor*, in person, in Paris—and lost him! . . ."

The "gypsy" caravan behind the big plantation which formed a western boundary to Sir Lionel's Norfolk place had been seized by a party of constabulary under Weymouth's command—and had proved to be empty. This had happened three days before but it still rankled in the Superintendent's mind.

"I can't hang on here indefinitely," he explained. "I'm badly needed in Cairo at the moment. The disappearance of Sir Denis and yourself was the real excuse for my leave, but now—"

His point was clear enough. Weymouth was a staunch friend, but he loved his job. He had come to England in pursuit of a clue which suggested that Nay*land Smith and I had* been smuggled into Europe. We were found. Duty called him back.

"It isn't your present job, I admit," said I; "but it's the tail end of an old one, after all!"

HE TURNED and stared at me across the room. I was back at the Park Avenue looking after a hundred and one interests of the Chief's which centered in London. He, with Rima, remained in Norfolk—where, now that Nayland Smith had *left, he might count* on peace. Of Nayland Smith's present movements I knew nothing.

"You've hit it!" Weymouth admitted. "I'd like to be in at the death."

Certainly it was a queer situation for him—for all of us. Dr. Fu Manchu, most formidable of all those greater criminals who from time to time disturb the world, was alive . . . and his daughter, no poor second to this stupendous genius, had already proved that she was competent to form a subject of debate in the councils of the highest.

Weymouth's expression struck me as ominous; and:

"The death is likely to be that of Nayland Smith," I said, "judging from our experience at Abbots Hold!"

Weymouth nodded.

"He stands between her and all she aims for," he replied. "He's countered two of her first three moves and he's promised me word within the next hour. But"—he stared at me very grimly—"you and I, Greville, know more about the group called the Si Fan than most people outside it!"

I laughed—somewhat hollowly, perhaps.

"Get back to Cairo," I advised. "It's probably safer than London at the moment—for you."

Weymouth's sense of humor on such points always failed him. His blue eyes hardened; he literally glared at me; and:

"I never ran away from Dr. Fu Manchu," he replied. "If you think I'm going to run away from his daughter you're wrong!"

At that I laughed again, and this time my laughter rang true. I punched the speaker playfully.

"Don't you know when I'm pulling your leg?" I asked. "I'd put my last *shilling on your being here,* job or no job, until the end of this thing is clearly in sight!"

"Oh!" said Weymouth, his naïve smile softening the hard mask which had fallen when I had suggested his retiring to Cairo. "Well, I don't think you'd lose your money!"

But when he had gone I took his place at the window and stared down on the panorama of Piccadilly. I was thinking of Nayland Smith. . . . "He stands between her and all she aims for. . . ." How true that was. Yes, he held most of the strings. Fah Lo Suee had started with a heavy handicap. Ibrahîm Bey occupied a cell in Brixton Prison. He would be tried and duly sentenced for attempted robbery with violence.

The public would never learn the whole truth. But Ibrahîm Bey might be counted out of the running. The Egyptian authorities, working in concert with the French in Syria, were looking for Sheik Ismail; and the mandarin Ki Ming would have to hide very cleverly to escape the vigilance of those who had been advised of his aims. . . .

My phone bell rang. I turned and took up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Is Mr. Shan Greville there?"

"Speaking."

THE voice—that of a man who spoke perfect English but was not an Englishman—sounded tauntingly familiar.

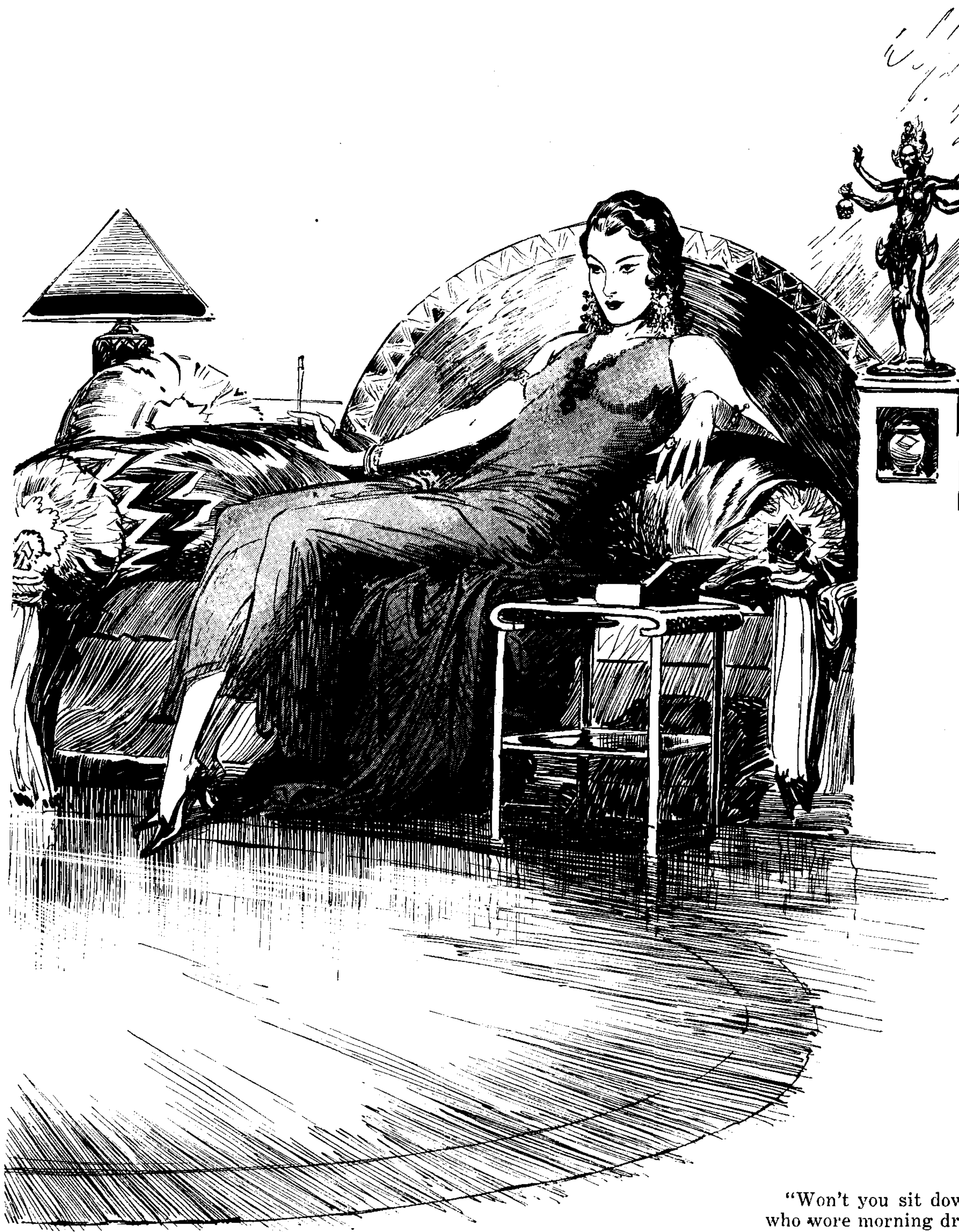
"My name will be known to you, I believe. I am called Dr. Amber. . . ."

Dr. Amber! . . . The mysterious physician whose treatment had restored Sir Lionel—whom I had to thank for my own recovery!

"Owing to peculiar circumstances, which I hope to explain to you, I have hitherto been able to help only in a rather irregular way!" he went on. "Because of this—and of the imminent danger to which I am exposed—I must make a somewhat odd request."

"What is it?"

"It is this: All I have to tell you is at



She continued to watch me. I *tried* to hate her. But her eyes caressed me, and I was afraid—horribly afraid of this witch-woman who had the uncanny power which was Circe's, of stealing men's souls

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

your disposal. But you must promise to treat myself as nonexistent. I have approached you in this way because the life of Sir Denis Nayland Smith is threatened—tonight! My record backs my assurance that this is a friendly overture. Have I your promise?"

"Yes—certainly!"

"Good. It will be a short journey, Mr. Greville—not three minutes' walk. I am staying at Babylon House, Piccadilly; flat Number Seven. May I ask you to step across? You have ample time before dinner."

"I'll come right away. . . ."

Dr. Amber! Who was Dr. Amber? Where did he fit into this intricate puzzle which had sidetracked so many lives? Whoever he might be, he had shown himself a friend, and without hesitation, but fired by an intense curiosity, I set out for Babylon House—a block of service flats nearly opposite Burlington Arcade.

An elevator man took me to the top floor and indicated a door on the right. I stepped up to it and rang the bell.

The elevator was already descending before the door opened . . . and I saw before me the Chinese physician who had attended in that green and gold room in Limehouse!

Fear—incredulity—anger . . . all must have been readable in my expression, when:

"You gave me your promise, Mr. Greville," said the Chinaman, smiling. "I give you mine, if it is necessary, that you are safe and with a friend. Please come in. . . ."

THE typical and scanty appointments of the apartment into which I was shown possessed a reassuring quality. From a high window with a narrow balcony I could see the entrance to Burlington Arcade and part of one wall of the Albany.

"Won't you sit down?" said my host, who wore morning dress and looked less characteristically Chinese than he had looked in white overalls.

I sat down.

A small writing desk set before the window was littered with torn documents and a longer table in the center of the room bore stacks of newspapers. I saw the London *Evening News*, the *Times of India*, and the *Chicago Tribune* amongst this odd assortment. Certain paragraphs appeared to have been cut out with scissors. The floor was littered with oddments. I noticed other definite evidences of a speedy outgoing. A very large steamer trunk bearing the initials L. K. S. in white letters stood strapped in a corner of the room.

"It is my purpose, Mr. Greville," said Dr. Amber, taking a seat near the desk and watching me steadily, "to explain certain matters which have been puzzling yourself and your friends. And perhaps in the first place, since I wish to be perfectly frank"—he glanced toward the big trunk—"I should tell you that 'Dr. Amber' is a pseudonym. I am called Li King Su; I hold a medical degree of Canton; and I once had the pleasure of assisting Dr. Petrie in a very critical major operation. He will probably remember me.

"You are quite naturally laboring under the impression that I belong to the organization controlled by the Lady Fah Lo Suee. This is not so. I belong to another, *older*, organization. . . ."

He stared at me intently. But I didn't interrupt him. I was considering that curious expression—"The Lady Fah Lo Suee."

"I was, shall we say, a spy in the house in which you first met me. The lady called Fah Lo Suee has now discovered the imposture, and—"

Again he paused, indicating the steamer trunk.

"MY USEFULNESS is ended! I am a marked man, Mr. Greville! If I escape alive I shall be lucky! But let us talk of something else. . . . The Tomb of the Black Ape has proved something of a puzzle to Sir Denis Nayland Smith. The solution is simple: A representative of that older organization to which I have referred was present when Lafleur opened the place many years ago. By arrangement with that distinguished Egyptologist it was reclosed. Later—in fact, early in 1918—a prominent official of our ancient society, passing through Egypt, had reason to suspect that certain treasures in his possession might be discovered and detained by the British authorities—for these were troubled times. He proceeded up the Nile and successfully concealed them in this tomb—the secret of which had been preserved with just such an end in view. . . ."

I suppose I must have known all along; but for some reason at this moment the identity of "a representative of that older organization" and "a prominent official of our ancient society" suddenly burst upon me with all the shock of novelty; and, meeting the glance of those inscrutable eyes which watched me so intently:

"You are speaking of *Dr. Fu Manchu!*" I said.

Li King Su permitted himself a slight deprecatory gesture.

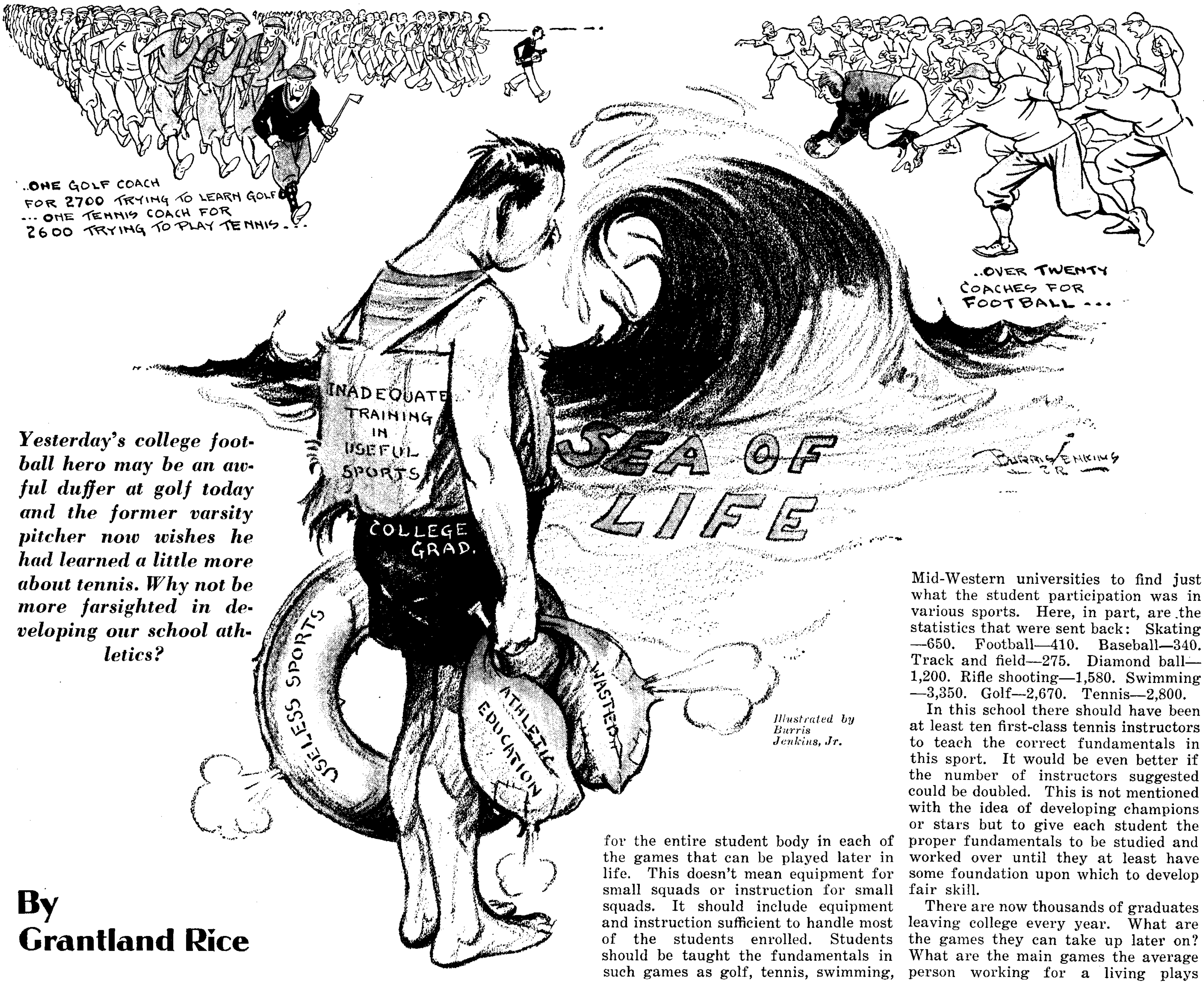
"It is desirable," he replied, "that those of whom I speak should remain anonymous!"

But I continued to stare at him with a sort of horror. "By arrangement with that distinguished Egyptologist," he had said smoothly. . . .

Good God! what kind of "arrangement?"

"It was the intention of the hider," he went on, "that those potent secrets should remain concealed forever. The activities of Professor Zeitland and Sir Lionel Barton created an unforeseen situation. It was complicated by the action of the Lady Fah Lo Suee. She had recently learned what was hidden there, but she was ignorant of how to recover it . . . Professor Zeitland im-

(*Continued on page 71*)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WASTED
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Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Yesterday's college football hero may be an awful duffer at golf today and the former varsity pitcher now wishes he had learned a little more about tennis. Why not be more farsighted in developing our school athletics?

By Grantland Rice

Playing for Profit

DURING my four years at Vanderbilt University I played football, basketball and baseball. They were all great games, yielding plenty of action and recreation. But some time later, while attempting to make a living, I felt again the need of exercise and recreation. And it suddenly occurred to me that I had no games to play. Football, basketball, baseball and track, while fine sports to follow in college, offered few chances now except in professional fields.

The situation has been improved today, but only to a minor degree. The bulk of time, money, attention and instruction still is given to intercollegiate sports, with only scant attention paid to games one will need later in life—such as tennis, golf, swimming and squash. In many schools these sports have first-class instructors, but there are not enough to go around. In other places there is almost no instruction in such sports.

Here is an example—at one leading university there are over twenty football coaches for some four hundred players who make up the varsity squad, the reserves, the freshman and the hall teams. There is one golf coach for 2,700 trying to learn golf and one tennis coach for 2,600 playing or trying to play tennis.

A short time ago I was playing a round of golf with a well-known college athlete who had earned three letters on intercollegiate teams. As a golfer he was a terrible flop. He admitted that he got no fun out of playing the game badly, where he had played other games well enough to make varsity teams. He also admitted that many of his friends were in the same fix. He was just as much of a dub in tennis.

The average student in college doesn't realize what he misses until it is too late. The universities and the colleges should have figured this out, but so far most of them have failed dismally.

Overloading the Coach

There are many college tennis courts and many tennis teams, but only a handful of instructors. There are plenty of college golf courses and golf teams, and a sad lack of golf instructors. The same situation exists in swimming and other so-called secondary sports.

What the universities and colleges need is a complete and competent course for the entire student body in each of the games that can be played later in life. This doesn't mean equipment for small squads or instruction for small squads. It should include equipment and instruction sufficient to handle most of the students enrolled. Students should be taught the fundamentals in such games as golf, tennis, swimming, squash and other popular post-graduate games.

As much money and as much thought should be spent on after-college sports as different institutions now spend upon football, for example. Football is a great spectacle. It is the biggest money-maker of them all and consequently has more money spent upon it than all the other sports combined. But it is a great sport for only a small part of the student body, rarely over ten or fifteen per cent if you include those who actually play.

There is no thought that football should be supplanted, or even reduced. But the time has come when many universities have a money reserve that football has built up and there is no better way to use this fund than to encourage the less spectacular but more practical sports.

West Point has an athletic system which goes farther than most universities might care to follow. Annapolis has a similar system. This calls for compulsory training in eight or ten different sports for every cadet or midshipman.

On certain days they play football. On other afternoons they must play golf, tennis, baseball, track, etc. They are not expected to become experts at any of these sports. But they are supposed to learn many of their fundamentals and to be able to play them at least fairly well before graduation.

I wrote recently to one of the larger Mid-Western universities to find just what the student participation was in various sports. Here, in part, are the statistics that were sent back: Skating—650. Football—410. Baseball—340. Track and field—275. Diamond ball—1,200. Rifle shooting—1,580. Swimming—3,350. Golf—2,670. Tennis—2,800.

In this school there should have been at least ten first-class tennis instructors to teach the correct fundamentals in this sport. It would be even better if the number of instructors suggested could be doubled. This is not mentioned with the idea of developing champions or stars but to give each student the proper fundamentals to be studied and worked over until they at least have some foundation upon which to develop fair skill.

There are now thousands of graduates leaving college every year. What are the games they can take up later on? What are the main games the average person working for a living plays throughout the different sections? I should say golf, tennis and swimming for outdoor recreations. One can play tennis up to some point between the ages of fifty and sixty. There is no age limit to golf and swimming, especially golf, as John D. Rockefeller has proved.

Graduates and Regrets

Not every college student is physically equipped for football or crew. Or even for baseball or track. But they can all play golf, tennis and can swim.

When the necessary funds are available every college or university should make tennis, golf and swimming, especially these three sports, compulsory. To carry out this idea a sufficient number of capable instructors in these sports should be engaged to see that each student gets an hour or so each week, a longer period if possible.

These games will not bring any increased gate receipts to the university. They will not develop any gay and giddy pageants. But they will provide real exercise and interesting work for the students and will send out increasing numbers every year who have one or two games to play for the remainder of their lives.

I have talked with many men out of college who wish too late they had been taught such games while they were young enough to learn much more quickly and much more easily than they could hope to learn later in life.

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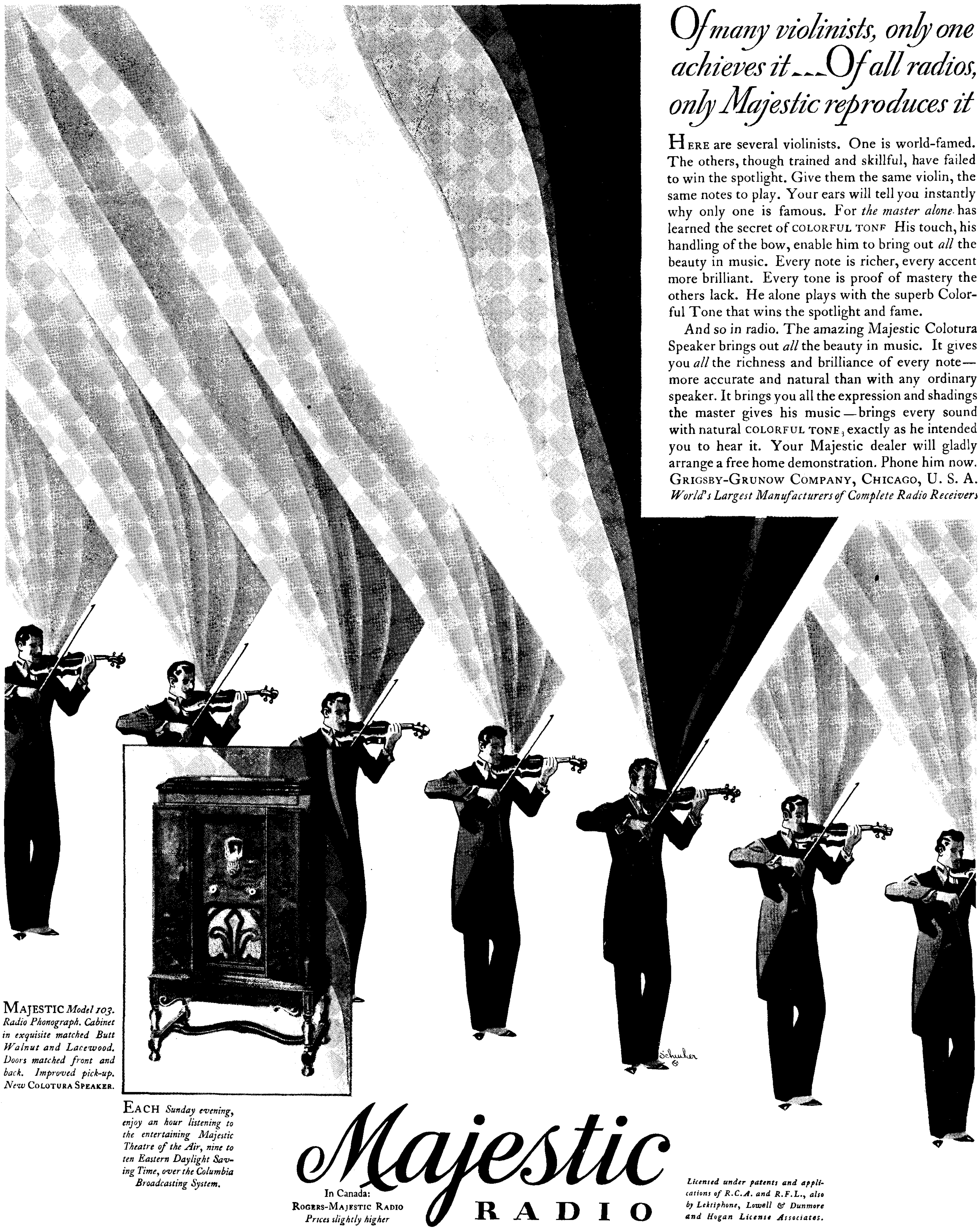

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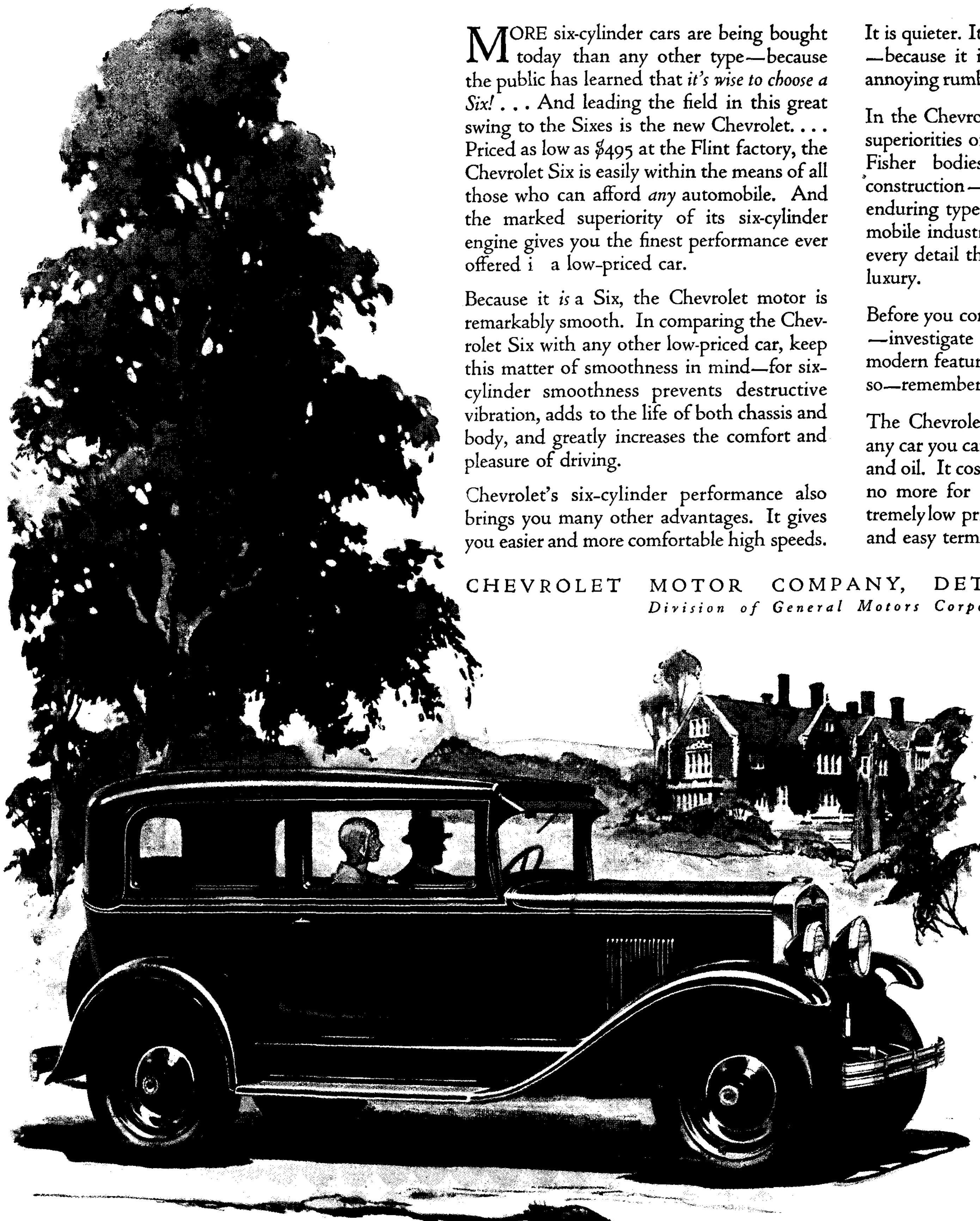

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Because it *is* a Six, the Chevrolet motor is remarkably smooth. In comparing the Chevrolet Six with any other low-priced car, keep this matter of smoothness in mind—for six-cylinder smoothness prevents destructive vibration, adds to the life of both chassis and body, and greatly increases the comfort and pleasure of driving.

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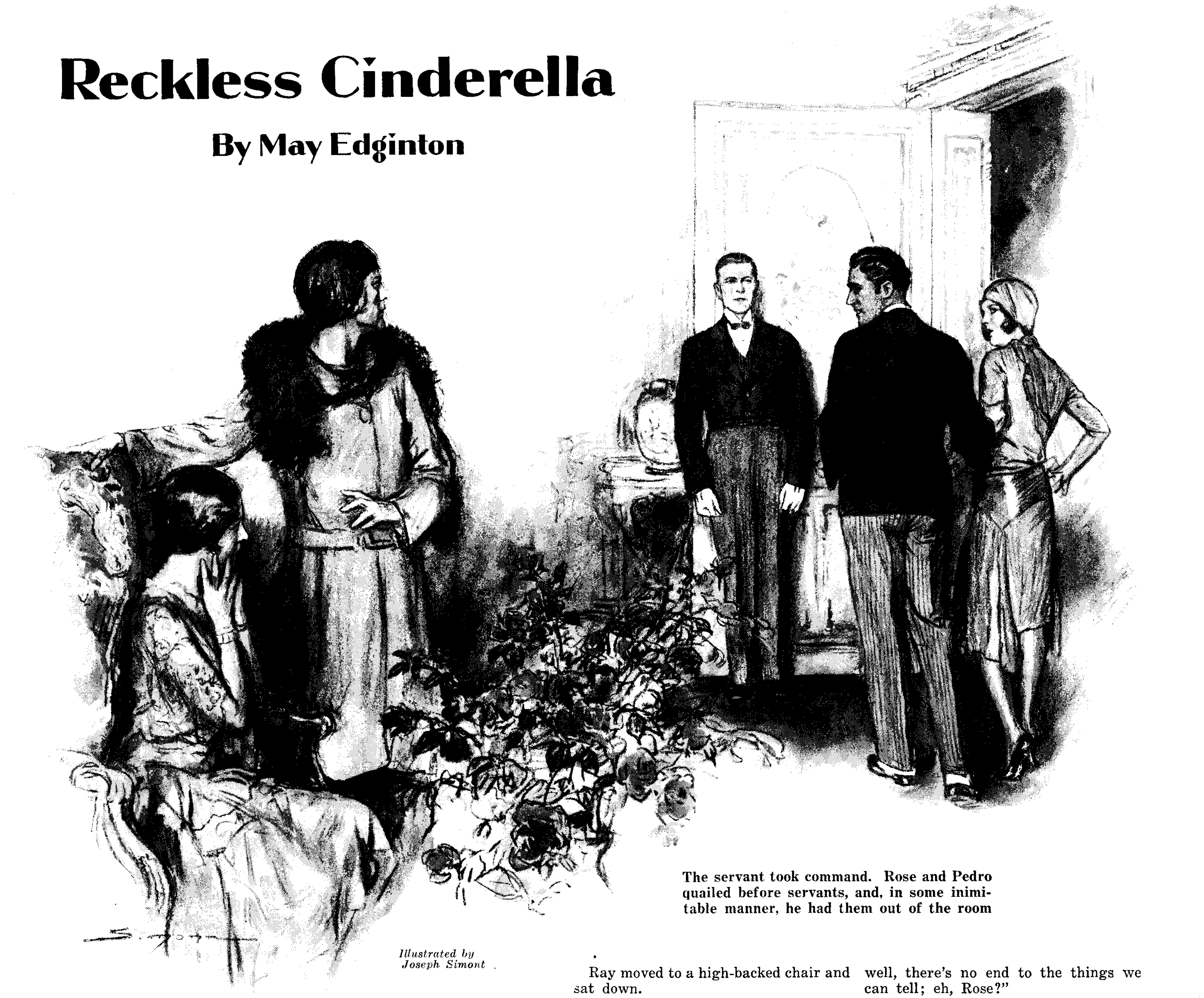
Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

Prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan
Bumpers and spare tire extra

Reckless Cinderella

By May Edgington



The servant took command. Rose and Pedro quailed before servants, and, in some inimitable manner, he had them out of the room

Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

RAY BOWFOR works in a New York department store. She is beautiful, young, lovely. To impress a pick-up acquaintance—Lord Times, a young Englishman who is visiting in this country—she tells him that her name is *Beaufort*, not *Bowfor*, that she is wealthy, lives in Virginia, and is related to the prominent Poinsetters. And, thanks to the friendly coöperation of the caretaker—"Aunty," one of her old friends—she actually entertains Times and his friend, Westward, a lawyer, in the palatial Poinsetter mansion!

Times, genuinely interested in "Miss Beaufort," leaves for England; and exciting events follow rapidly. A very rich man—Frank Wittheimer, whom Ray (a thoroughly good girl) has befriended—commits suicide, and leaves her six million dollars. Whereupon, hoping to meet Times again, she at once goes to Paris.

There, in the hands of Dukery, a fashion expert, who creates a wonderful wardrobe for her, and Lady Una Bridge, a paid social adviser, her adventures begin. . . . Times arrives—and trouble. Soon it appears that he may fall in love with "the little Virginian"—may even propose. And Lady Una is angling for him herself!

Ray goes to London. She is accepted—is even presented at Court. "But," says Lady Una, who feels sure her lovely rival is not all she claims to be, "she will never marry Times!" And she prepares to ruin the American. One thing, she knows, can destroy the girl: publicity. She hires a newspaper woman to give her columns of it—and waits for results.

Ray has an unscrupulous, mercenary sister, Rose, who has eloped with a ratlike professional dancer—the oily Pedro. In France they read of Ray's amazing social success, and her wealth, of which, until now, they had heard nothing. What chance for blackmail! . . . They hasten to England, meet Lady Una, and tell her "Miss Beaufort's" whole story! . . . Lady Una gives a party. Ray is her loveliest, and Times, radiant, resolves to propose to her—this very night. Then—

Pedro and Rose, vulgarity personified, appear. They dance. They swagger over to Ray and Times, confront them. Ray introduces them. Times is shocked, mystified, sorely perplexed. . . . That night there is no proposal. . . .

The following day, in Ray's house, Pedro and Rose, Lord Times, Lady Una, and Ray meet—and Times learns the truth. He leaves, and escorts Lady Una to her flat. Then—"You damned hag!" he snaps out—and leaves her. . . . A few hours later Lady Una announces her engagement to Dukery; while forlorn little Ray Bowfor watches her beautiful new world crumble about her.

VIII

WHEN Una and Times had left, Pedro and Rose sat silent for a few moments, looking at Ray. In the black eyes of each of them was a look of intense calculation; each was poised in hesitant expectancy for what Ray might say or do or think next.

Pedro spoke: "No one would ever think you two were sisters!"

Ray moved to a high-backed chair and sat down.

"But we are sisters!" said Rose, "and one sister's gotta claim on another. Sure you'll help me, Ray."

"How do you want help, Rose?"

"Why, money! And introductions! And—sort of patronage, though I'll say that sounds queer from me to you."

"But money's the chief thing," Pedro murmured. "We must make a good show before the public."

Ray accused them in a voice of concentrated despair and disdain at them all, including herself: "You've ruined my life."

"Aw, shucks!" said Rose.

Pedro demurred. "You say we have ruined your life. But think, Ray. Aren't we the ones to be your best friends? Don't your sister love you? I should say she does! And if you think we have said too much—why, we didn't know about all this secrecy, did we, Rose? You did not put us on to it, Ray, or we would have helped you. But we can still help you. Yes! We'll tell any story you wanta tell. We can patch up even this Wittheimer business by declaring—as your sister and brother by marriage, who ought to know—the old fellow loved you like a little daughter; and we can tell how your folks came down in the world, and you worked in a store just to help 'em. We can tell how you were always proud, and . . . well, there's no end to the things we can tell; eh, Rose?"

"I'd say not."

"Your greatest ambition," Pedro embroidered, "was to put this little sister that you loved on the stage. And when she married Pedro, the well-known dancer, you knew your ambition was realized. You've settled the old folks in comfort back in—in—"

"—the old place where Mum was born," said Rose.

"Where's that, sweetheart?"

"Gawd! I dunno!"

Ray sat looking at them.

"See, Ray," insinuated Pedro, "we can help you, if you'll help us."

"I WANT nothing from either you or Rose, Pedro. I'll lie no more. Though no one will ever believe the truth."

"Truth?"

"About—Mr. Wittheimer—and me."

Rose giggled a little.

"We're not getting along, much," she said. "Can you let Pedro have about five hundred bucks right now, dear? That's a hundred pounds English, isn't it? We want it right now."

It was the afternoon of wild surprises. On the heels of Rose's demand, the butler opened the door again: "A lady from New York, madam, would like to see you. A Mrs. Thorp, madam; but. . . ."

Ray cried to the servant, almost frantically: (*Continued on page 88*)

Ludendorff at Tannenberg

Duped, not by strategy, but by uncertainty and misunderstanding in the German High Command, the Russian forces walk into the jaws of a trap. In this article, the second of a series about the crucial crises of the war, Mr. Churchill gives a dramatic picture of the battle of Tannenberg, the Cannæ of the World War

By Winston Churchill

WHILE all the perturbations, alarums and excursions described in the last article have been taking place on the German side, the Russian hosts have been toiling on. The tragic figure of Samsonov now flashes for its brief moment in the light of history. Cavalry leader in Manchuria, governor of Turkestan, on sick-leave in the Crimea at the outbreak of war, Samsonov on August 8th arrives at Bielostok to command the Second or Southern Russian Army. This army of more than five corps and five cavalry divisions is to march from the Bielostok-Warsaw railway line northwest towards the Baltic. It will pass south of the chain of Masurian Lakes and strike the Germans more or less in the direction of Allenstein, and by so doing will cut off in flank and rear every German soldier opposing the advance of the First Russian Army under Rennenkampf.

Strategically it was a deadly thrust. It might have been much more deadly. Making allowance for that sorry wisdom which judges after the event, it is indeed difficult to see why the Russian strategic plan should have contemplated an advance of two separate armies in spite of all the advantages which such a movement gave to the Germans with their breakwater of lakes and their network of railways, when all the time it was open to them to have had only one united army, advancing south of the lakes in exactly the same direction, but on a far broader and more strongly consistent front.

Von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, put Hindenburg and Ludendorff in command in East Prussia

Keystone

Nevertheless with their great preponderance the double Russian offensive was sufficiently formidable; and we find Samsonov striding forward with his five corps in this same menacing direction in conjunction with Rennenkampf's advance and crossing the German-Polish frontier on a broad front continuously during the 21st and 22d of August.

Let us look at the condition of this new Russian army at the moment it begins its invasion of Germany. The five army corps of which it consists have been marching without rest for eight or nine days along sandy tracks in the burning heat of August, through regions purposely kept desolate to guard against German invasion. Jilinsky in his eagerness to intervene in the general war drama at the earliest moment has set Samsonov's forces in movement before their transport arrangements have been completed. He has by repeated telegrams urged the weary columns forward. He has refused all appeals for a halt and in consequence these fourteen divisions—a mass of over 200,000 men—are now about to come into contact with their German foe, reduced by sickness and straggling, wearied by many severe marches, weakened from scanty rations through trying to live on a barren country, with their regimental reserves of food already heavily drawn upon, and their communications so unorganized that no supplies can reach them from the rear. We may picture these brave troops already hungry, worn and footsore, their ardor checked by leaden fatigue, wandering forward through the immense landscape of somber pine forests, innumerable tawny lakes, infertile stubble fields with hamlets few and far between. They are about to encounter the best-trained troops in the world, local men fighting on their native soil, whose kith and kin are flying for safety under their very eyes, soldiers with hearth and home at their backs, and with all the terrors of scientific war at their command.

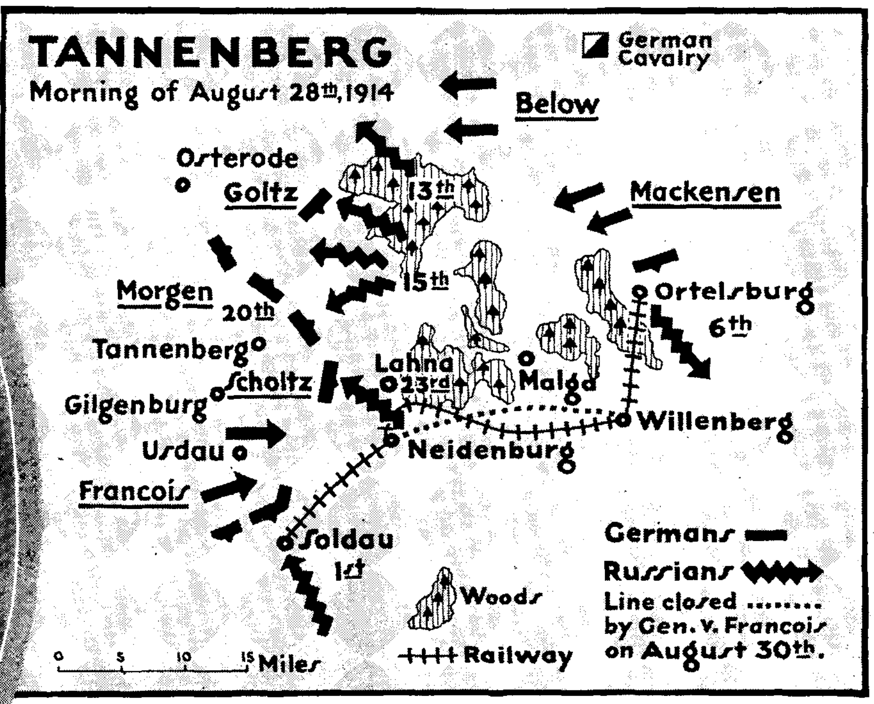
Rennenkampf Delays

The Russians can hope to have on their side one advantage, and one advantage only—overwhelming numbers. If this is denied them, their ruin is certain. Will they have this advantage of overwhelming numbers? Only if they are united. But will they be? To learn this we must go back to the battlefield of Gumbinnen, where Rennenkampf is still rejoicing in his victory. General von Prittwitz' decision to break off the battle and the movements ordered by his staff on the night of the 20th had been executed with extraordinary celerity. When night fell seven German divisions were in contact with Rennenkampf's army. When morning broke they were nowhere to be seen. The 17th and 1st Reserve Corps are already fifteen miles away to the southwest. François with three divisions is already entraining twenty miles away, for the most part on the lengthy sidings near Königsberg. The day is fine and warm and the Russian chiefs who the night before were far from sure where the advantage of the battle lay, gave themselves up to optimism and rejoicing. It was not until the third day (the 23d) that the ponderous mass of the First Army got itself again into motion and by leisurely marches rolled forward westward along the Baltic shore.

What explanation can be offered for this? Hoffmann, chief of the Operations Section of the Eighth Army, can only suggest jealousy and personal spite. He recalls the old feud between Rennenkampf and Samsonov in the Manchurian war; Samsonov's complaint that Rennenkampf had not supported him at a critical moment, and their violent altercation on the railway platform at Mukden.

But Jilinsky has not been charged

(*Continued on page 84*)



"At dawn on the 28th the German army attacked. The decisive action took place upon the German right, and here again occurred one of François' grand disobediences"

General von Mackensen, famous German commander, as he appeared on his 75th birthday, wearing the red uniform and death's head of the "Leib Husaren" regiment

Underwood & Underwood

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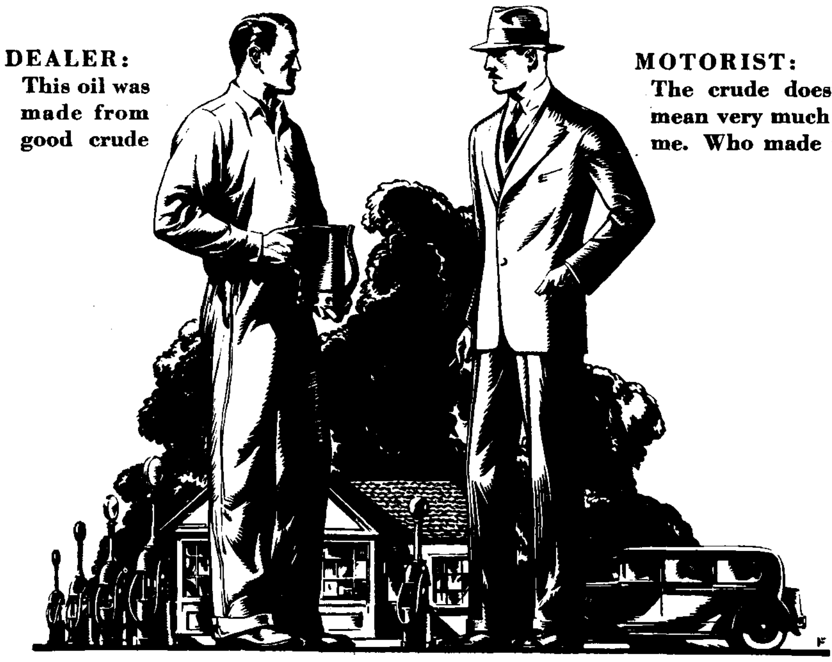

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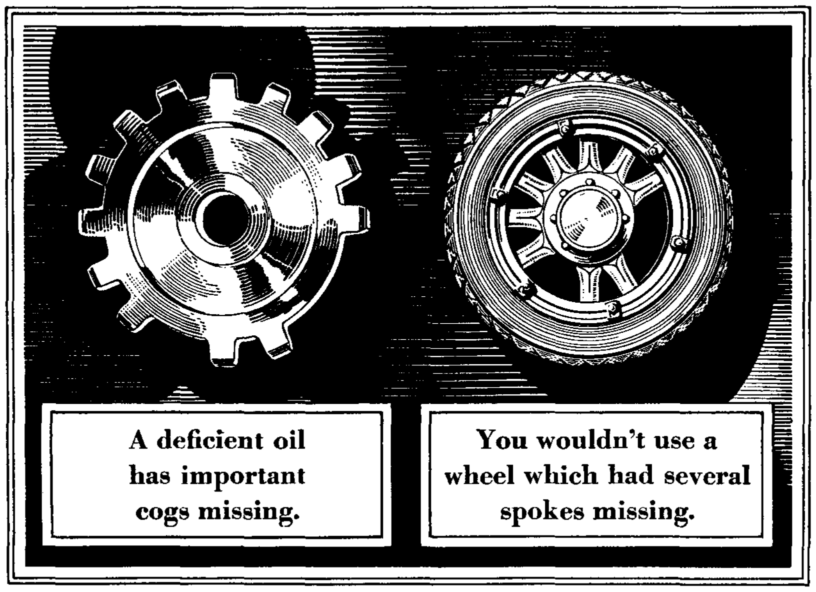

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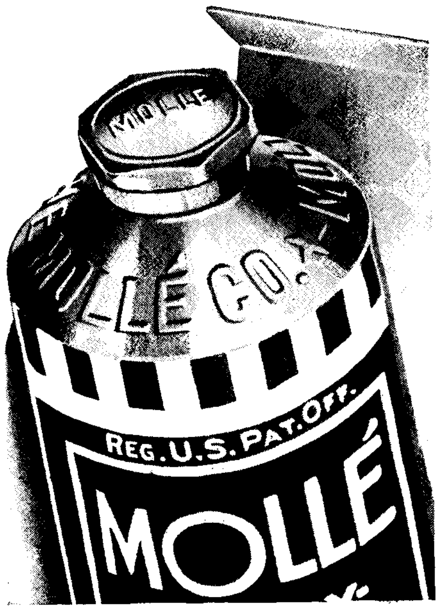


The King Decides

Continued from page 19

He'd go back!

She got up. There was more talk. But Ginevra didn't wait to hear. She was on her feet striding across the room, running almost, although not knowing why, or where to.

She stumbled over her pumps and stopped running, staring at them. Dress, she told herself. Dress and get out until he's gone—back to his coronation and his queen.

She scooped up the heap of little silky things that only a few hours ago she'd taken off so slowly in front of the pier glass and thrust arms and legs into them willy-nilly till she was ready for the street.

Then she crept noiselessly down the hall, past his door, past the sound of the voices saying, "We knew you wouldn't fail us," past the top step where he'd slept waiting for her and on down the stairs they'd laughed away together—and into the pale approaching dawn.

She didn't know where to go. She didn't care, so long as it led away and she could keep moving. The faster she moved the easier it was to keep back the tears.

She was hungry and homeless too, until the Bill King person went away. She couldn't see him again. It would be too awful to have to listen to his excuses. She wondered what he would say. Something about another trip. And the promise to come back soon—and then the not coming back at all. And finally the reading in all the papers of the wedding of the Prince of Herzegovina or some such place and the little Swedish countess—

She shuddered and suddenly she realized that perhaps he didn't want to go after all. Perhaps he had meant what he said. But there *was* such a thing as duty. He'd run away from it all—and now he had to go back. A prince can't marry for love. That was an old line she'd read in books and comic operas.

Not so comic after all. She stopped being sorry for herself and began to feel sorry for him. And then the sun came out and quite suddenly the way opened very clearly and she saw the thing to do.

It was up to her to share his duty. To go back and tell him she loved him, and that it had all been the most wonderful experience of her life, but that she must release him—send him back to his destiny and his throne.

And only the last part would be a lie.

A TALL paunchy man was striding up and down the top hall when she got home. The door to the rear apartment was open and another man was sitting at the telephone, talking very rapidly into the transmitter.

The big man stopped his furious pace and saw her.

"Right here, madame," he called. He moved to the stairhead and gripped her elbow.

"You're the first one," he said. "Come right in."

Ginevra drew back. "There must be some mistake," she said.

The big man mopped his brow. "It's terrible," he answered.

He steered her quickly within the room and picked up a large photograph from the litter on the table. Across the top was printed, "Orville Gordon, the Great Lover of the Screen."

"That's him," he said. "We're getting some of her as quickly as possible but maybe you have some in your files."

Ginevra disengaged her elbow.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

The paunchy one stopped in amazement. "Good Lord," he said, "don't you know? I thought your city editor told you." He motioned toward the front apartment.

"Ginevra Lacy, the Shakespearean star, has disappeared."

"Well," said Ginevra, "what of it?"

The man at the telephone hung up and crossed to her side.

"Don't misunderstand," he said soothingly. "This is not a press-agent stunt."

"Lord, no," moaned the big one.

The smaller man went on, his voice taking on a very confidential tone.

"You see, Orville Gordon—and this is not for publication—decided to retire. He even ran away and hid. This morning he was to have married Miss Lacy and returned to make one more picture. But when we called for her she had vanished. Mr. Gordon is almost mad with worry. So we've called police and all you reporters to help—"

The big man moved suddenly and caught her arm.

"Hey," he demanded, "what's the matter?"

But Ginevra couldn't answer. She was laughing. Or crying. Or both.

"What the hell," said the man who was holding her.

"Hush," said the other, "it's hysterics."

There was a clatter of feet on the stairs. Someone burst into the room. Someone took her by the shoulders and twisted her around and held her tight. She could feel the ends of a great many whiskers twining against her cheek.

"We thought she was a reporter," said the big and little ones.

"She's no reporter," said the Bill King voice. "She's the bride."

Through a gap in the hedge she could see full length the photograph on the desk. Beneath the printed line at the top was a face, a very handsome face, and undeniably it was the *Bill King* face bereft of the Russian dressing.

And at the bottom another printed line "In his newest picture, The King of Broken Hearts."

THERE were more feet on the stairs and the big and little men seemed to part and dissolve into the distances of the hall and their voices came back in unison.

"Everything's all right," they said, "but we may have an important announcement for the papers in just a little while."

"Oh, Bill," she said, "why did you hide and why didn't you tell me?"

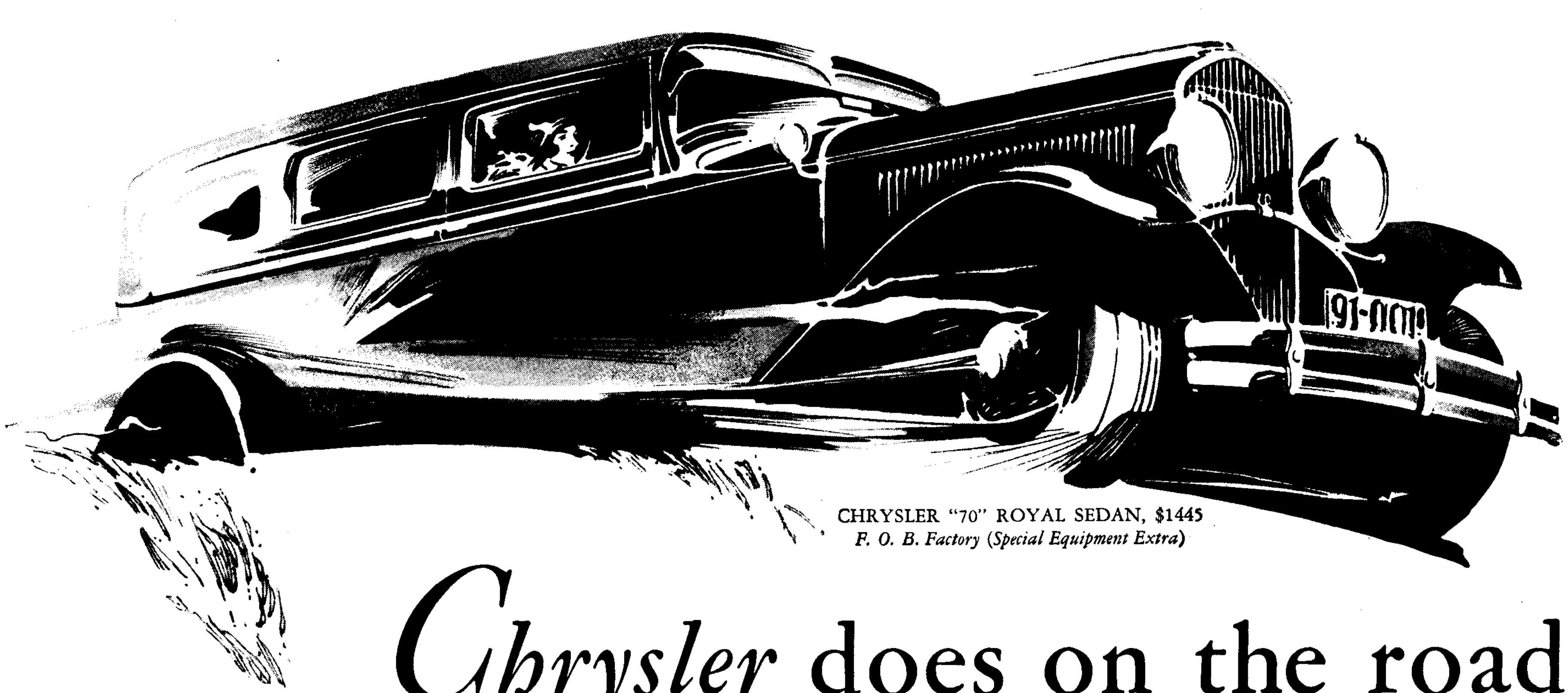
He shook her, first by one shoulder and then by the other, until her bobbed curls floated down and almost hid her eyes. But not even that, nor the veil that grew from one Bill King ear to the other and from the Bill King nose to Adam's apple could mask the smile of his lips.

"Because," he said solemnly, "I was tired of being the great lover who'd never been in love—till now."

So she turned the picture over on its face and kissed him through the beard.

"What a gorgeous moon! Doesn't it fill your soul with poetry?"
"Yeah, you said it."

CHRYSLER



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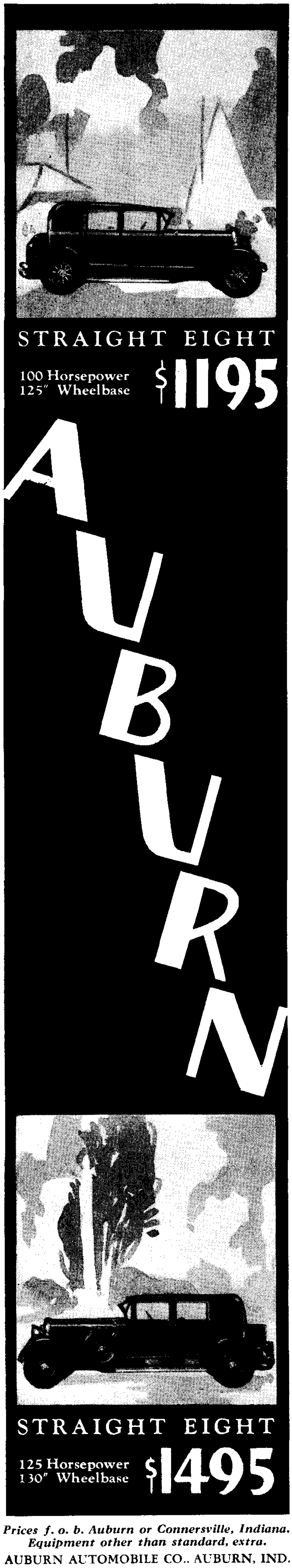
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Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 15

nothin' but a plain heel today. Let's hire on with this Blackjack man. The Canyon Bridge is a big job and he can't lick all of us. Walk in on him tame and get hard when the time comes. That's my motto."

Reporting to Blackjack Flint at the Canyon Bridge job, "The office sent us out to be checkers in the material yard," Mike announced, looking Blackjack Flint squarely in the eye.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Bill Hudson," Pat replied. "My partner's name is Jim Blake."

"Well, Mister Bill Hudson and Mister Jim Blake, I'm runnin' this job, not the office. One riggin' crew is shy two men since a stagin' let go with 'em last week. You'll take that job or none."

THAT night, sizing up the future, "I felt funny the first ten minutes out on the front end, with nothing but five hundred feet of bracing mountain air between me and the rocks," Pat confessed to his partner.

"Boy, you've got nothing on me. When I walked out on that lousy plank, carrying that coil of rope, the sling at the far end was loose. When she took the strain, my stomach jumped a mile. . . . As a matter of fact, it looks to me like the nation has a fair chance of trading a couple of bright civil engineers for a pair of angels."

"This is a mighty hard outfit compared to Sundown's gang."

"It sure is. Most of 'em look like burglars."

"But they can handle the tonnage."

"They've got to do it. I heard a lot of wild English language on Sundown's jobs, but the worst of it was nothin' compared to Blackjack's line of talk. He's got 'em all bluffed. He's a driver."

"He's a killer probably. What do you say we quit before something quits us?"

"We've got to stick."

"I guess so. Come along—there's the chow gong. Let's go!"

Luck, diplomacy and superior mentality combined, enabled Pat and Mike to beat the game on the Canyon Bridge. After a month of it Blackjack Flint realized that he was licked. Without quite knowing how it happened he acknowledged, to himself only, that between them Pat and Mike had him outfoxed.

"What t'hell—I'll ship 'em," he resolved; and then, playing into his hands, came an opportunity for putting the skids under the trouble twins without running the risk of offending the home office.

Out of the snow country, heading for Hollywood, there appeared a movie caravan.

"We're half done with the gripping drama called Love's Labyrinth," the director explained to Blackjack while, at so much a head, the movie troupe enjoyed the courtesy of the cookhouse. "We're up against it for time. I'm under contract to deliver the first negative next month. There's a lot of construction scenes to be shot where the hero gets into trouble and rescues the girl from a derrick that's falling—or maybe it'll be a dam that breaks—and what I need is a good construction man to consult with about the lingo. It's a talkie, but the author is a woman and she never worked on any construction jobs. Our staff writers haven't had much luck picking up the real patter. I'd be glad if you'd let me have a first-class man from your crew for a month or so, one that knows all the roughneck talk and everything about what construction men say while they're constructing."

Blackjack Flint frowned; then, inwardly congratulating himself, "I've got two of the hardest-boiled old-timers in the world and I'm goin' to let you have both of 'em. They look gentle, but you can't go by their looks."

Blackjack turned to his timekeeper. "Mix up an inky walk for Pat and Mike, and tell 'em they're done. They roll up pronto and they roll out with these movin' pitchur people."

Informed of Lady Luck's low trick, "What about it?" Pat asked his partner.

"Fair enough with me," Mike replied. "From rags to riches. Consulting engineers, dripping grammar for a gripping drammer. . . . Well, come on while we begin saying yes to the director."

"Yass, suh—yass indeed, boss. Uh-huh. Ah, oui—"

"What th' hell?"

"I'm just practicing for a yes job. It's the highest-paid job in Hollywood."

"Yes indeed—we'd be glad to have the job," Pat and Mike declared, after the director of the movie outfit had explained the situation to them.

"Fair enough. Come along and demonstrate your sterling worth."

In Hollywood at the studio, after their first day, "It's a pipe," Pat confided to his partner.

"It's a pipe, all fair enough—but how much are we getting out of it?"

"We'll get as much as Blackjack paid us."

A scouting expedition disclosed that their pay was a hundred a week.

"Old Blackjack played sort of a joke on himself. We're making twice as much as he is."

"What title did they give you, Patsy?"

"They're calling me Mister."

"They're talking about you. I heard 'em call you an assistant director."

"Wait till we get the pay vouchers. Maybe they'll say what we are."

The first pay vouchers disclosed the fact that Mr. William Hudson and Mr. James Blake were assistant technical directors employed by the Mason Wasp unit of a subsidiary forming part of the Cosmos Amusement Company, a pyramid at whose apex, on a golden throne, sat a mythical character by the name of Milton Goldenbloom.

"Anyhow it's real money in spite of that," Mike acknowledged after he had cashed his check. "Not so bad for a couple of ramblin' wrecks from Stanford."

AT a preview of Love's Labyrinth tons of glory glittered on the shining armor worn by Mason Wasp. Then, after the English language had collapsed under its cargo of superlatives, "I told the old man to give you two guys a producing unit," Mason Wasp informed Pat and Mike. "You're there a million. He fell for it. He has to do what I tell him—I made his first ten millions. You go into production on the first of January. I've got a story all picked out for you. It's called The Death Murmur and it's a wow. All about a hydraulic pipe that collapses and pens up a little gal until the lad she sent overseas to his death comes back with an oxy-acetylene welding outfit and burns her out of her steel coffin with a torch like they use on street-car tracks. . . . You'll each draw half a grand a week. Make it right and it's a cinch that you're due for a bonus and a lot more contracts from the old man. . . . Don't thank me. It's all right. Hop to it and get famous."

Well, along in The Death Murmur the hero had to say, "Quick! Hand me my trusty oxy-acetylene torch!" but after he had said it half a dozen times in a distinctly foreign accent two or three of the technical men who ran the sound-recording plant blew up. "He can't say those words so anybody can understand him. Switch the patter to something else."

Pat and Mike enjoyed a hurried consultation with Mason Wasp. "We've got to change the lines in that scene."

"You can't change the lines in that scene. It's in the script, and the gal that wrote it is Little Bright-Eyes as far as the old man is concerned. Lay off that script if you know what's good for you."

"But Adolph can't speak the trusty oxy-acetylene torch words so they sound like anything."

"Well, maybe it would be all right—I tell you what you do. Change it to something complicated so the customers don't get wise too quick. Let him cut the girl out of the pipe with a diamond drill."

"They don't use diamond drills for that kind of work."

MASON WASP frowned until another alternative came to the surface in his sea of troubles. "Listen—I've got it. There's a big bunch of supers in that picture—two or three hundred carpenters and people like that. I'll tell you what to do. . . . Right at the crisis let Adolph rush out to the carpenter crew and call for volunteers. Twenty or thirty of 'em step up. They rush for their chisels and planes and saws. Adolph knocks down five or six men to show that he wants nothing but men with saws, and then they hop to it. . . . Can you imagine the scene? Ten men—twenty men—working on an almost impossible job, sawing a six-foot steel pipe in two with little hand saws that are made to cut wood with? They work furiously. They stagger around exhausted. A man saws as fast as he can for thirty seconds and falls back and some comrade picks him up. . . . It's a wow!"

"Only trouble is, it'd take half a day to dent the pipe, let alone cut it in two with hand saws," Mike objected.

"Well, then, what are you botherin' me for? . . . I'll give you one more idea. Let somebody that can talk English double for Adolph in that line. That leaves everybody happy."

"Fair enough," Pat conceded. "That's a grand idea. It's a lot quicker than teaching Adolph to talk English. 'Hand me my trusty oxy-acetylene torch!' goes as it lays. Much obliged, Mason."

"Don't mention it. When are you going to be in the clear?"

"About two weeks. So long."

Equipped with his trusty oxy-acetylene torch, Adolph rescued the girl; and at the première, following other notables into the theater, an announcer, burbling over a Pacific Coast network, recognized "the famous Mr. William Hudson and his equally famous co-director, Mr. James Blake. . . . To the genius of these gentlemen, as you know, folks, is due the creation of the super-spectacle which this famous and well-known audience is going into the theater to see in its première . . . Mr. Hudson is smiling and shaking hands now with Mr. Goldenbloom. Mr. Blake is bowing a greeting to one of the world's greatest—

"—and transfer you to the lobby of the theater. Everyone is smiling—"

(*Continued on page 36*)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Rare Ben Jonson and his friends at the famous Mermaid Tavern, haunt of 16th Century London's literati.

"Laugh and be fat"

Science knew little about obesity three centuries ago—when "rare Ben Jonson" advised his friends to "laugh and be fat". Today medical science is quite sure about the penalties of excessive fatness—and it advises men and women to think twice before dismissing their condition with a bright and merry laugh.

Overweight can be caused by a number of different conditions. It may come merely from over-eating and lack of exercise. It may, on the other hand, be due to glandular disturbances. Frequently obesities are the result of a combination of these two causes.

Who should reduce?

Every case of obesity, therefore, requires individual treatment. If the condition is due to some bodily disorder, modern medical science can give very definite help. And, of course, if proper dieting is all that is required, your physician knows exactly how to adjust a reducing diet to the needs of each case.

Those who diet without sufficient knowledge of the real reason for their excess poundage frequently undermine their health by depriving themselves of necessary, nourishing foods. And suddenly to undertake heavy exercise without medical advice may be a risky thing to do.

The most serious menace to those who desire to reduce, lies in the many pet notions, fads, crazes and questionable methods that are all too prevalent.

Before anybody starts to reduce, he should consult his physician to determine: first, whether or not reduction is really desirable; second, if desirable, which particular line of treatment should be followed.

* * *

Growth disturbances and obesity as influenced by the ductless glands have been the subjects of long-continued research in the Parke-Davis laboratories. Glandular extracts have been found useful as part of the treatment that certain types of obesity require, and it is obvious that they can be used safely and intelligently only under the guidance of a physician.

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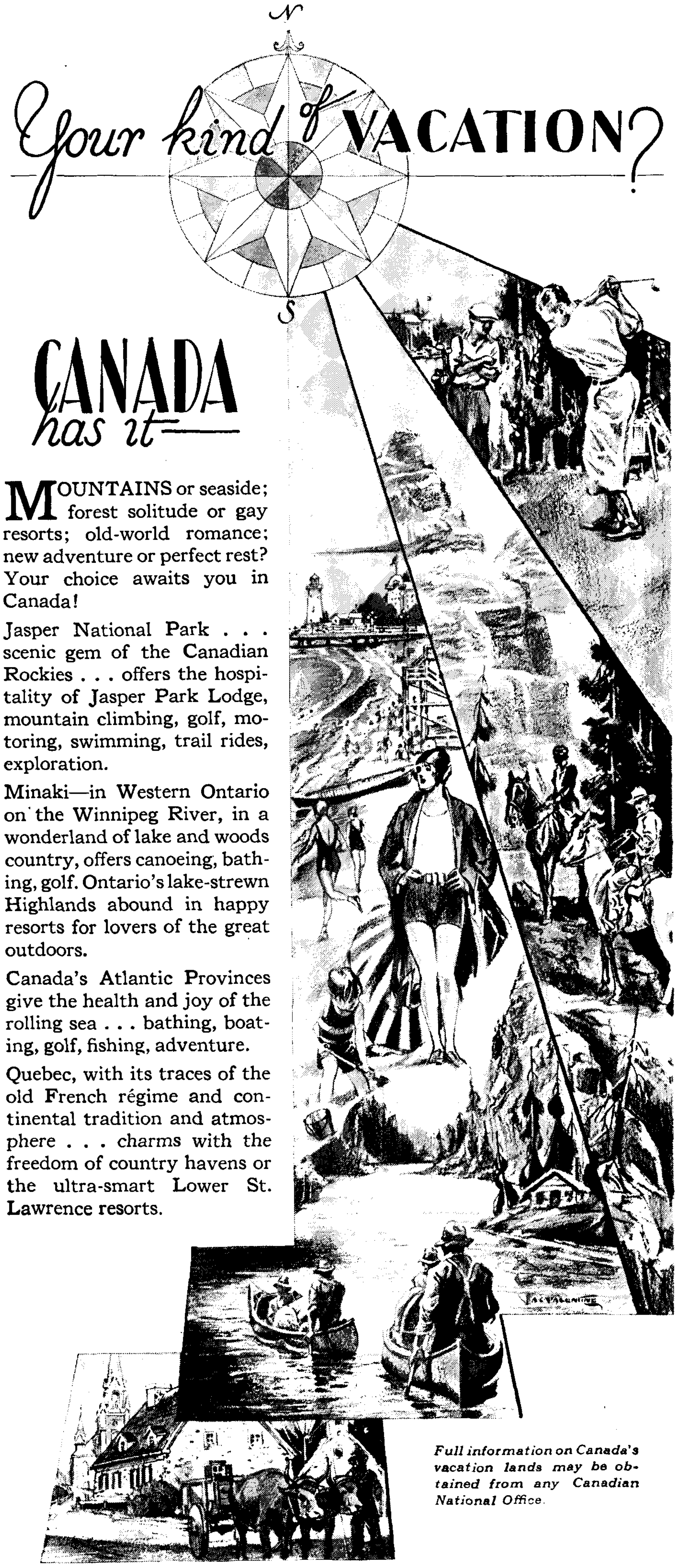

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Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 34

Away to the north, in the living-room of his residence, at this moment Wallace Hardy, hearing that Mr. Hudson and Mr. Blake were smiling, walked toward his twelve-tube set with murder in his eye. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in twirling a couple of dials and in choking the amplifier to death. "Dammit!" he exploded.

In a minute or two, somewhat calmer, "I wonder where old Sundown Walker is tonight?" he mused.

Next morning, "Get hold of Sundown Walker and ask him to come to San Francisco as soon as he can," he ordered. "I want to see him. You'll find Mr. Walker somewhere around Seattle or Portland. That's all."

For the next half hour the chief executive of the Corporate Construction Company looked fairly old and fairly tired.

When Sundown Walker answered, finally, from Seattle—"Drop everything and come on down here," Wallace Hardy invited. "I'm tired. We'll take a trip down through the Canal and on to Havana. . . . Never mind about that. To hell with that job. Let it ride. Come on down here. I'm tired and so are you. We need a vacation."

THE Death Murmur under the direction of Pat and Mike clicked and went over heavy in spite of its absurdities. Within a month after its release the scouts of three rival producing companies opened up on the two directors. "Goldenbloom is a two-spot," was the theme song of the rival chorus. "The Cosmos Amusement Company is headed for the rocks. How about a nice little tie-up with us?"

One jump ahead of the opposition, Milton Goldenbloom fixed up a couple of new contracts for Pat and Mike. Summoned to the production manager's office, the new contracts, carrying big money, were handed to the pair. "Look these over," the second in command directed. "We've got a carload of authors headed West from New York and there'll be half a dozen good stories for you to work on."

"What do we get out of it?" Pat asked, glancing through the twenty-page document.

"We've left that open. It'll be double what you got on The Death Murmur, maybe more."

"We'll be back tomorrow," Pat said.

"We'll read 'em over tonight," Mike promised.

From a mob of extras milling around in front of the casting director's window a man who had been hired and fired stepped out toward Pat and Mike as they were leaving the Cosmos lot. "Hello, Mister Hudson. Hello, Mr. Blake," he said.

"Hello, Shorty. Where'd you come from?"

"Couldn't stand any more bridge work for Blackjack Flint. So I got me a job in the movies, too. I was a extry. I'm lookin' for another job."

"What else is news?"

"I don't know any news. I'm out of the runnin' as far as the bridge game goes. There's one thing, though—I seen old Sundown Walker comin' out of the Biltmore last night. Him and old man Hardy. Down here figgerin' a lot of new work, I suppose. Pretty soft for Sundown, runnin' around with the president of the company to Panama and New York and every place. I was a heater for him on the Snake River bridge fifteen years ago. He had to work in them days instead of loafin' around with the brassnecks."

"Do you suppose Sundown is stopping at the Biltmore?"

"I saw him comin' out of there. Him and old man Hardy would likely be stoppin' there."

When the pair got to their apartment Mike tossed the two Cosmos Amusement contracts upon the long table in the living-room. "I'm going to see if I can get hold of old Sundown," he said. "What'll we do—have him out here or go down there and give him a cheer?"

"Have him out here, of course," Pat advised. "We'd run into too many people we know at the hotel."

Along around nine o'clock that evening, stretched out in a big leather chair in front of the fireplace in the Pat and Mike apartment, Sundown Walker closed his eyes for a moment. "What about you fellers' college education?" he asked presently. "I guess that's all went haywire now, ain't it?"

"One way it has," Mike admitted. "We got a couple of A. B.'s when we graduated. Getting a C. E. takes another two years."

"What does 'A. B.' mean?"

"Bachelor of Arts."

Sundown smiled. "Well, you're still bachelors anyhow." Then, irrelevantly, "Slim got married to that girl that he met up there on the Bear River job. They got the best little house you ever seen, right outside of Dutch Flat. He's workin' for the power company up there on a steady job—makin' good wages. Got himself a little orchard back of the house and can go out and knock over a mess of trout any minute he feels like it."

Remembering the trout and the strawberries and a dozen other local items that had graced the Bear River rations, "We had fun on that job," Pat said.

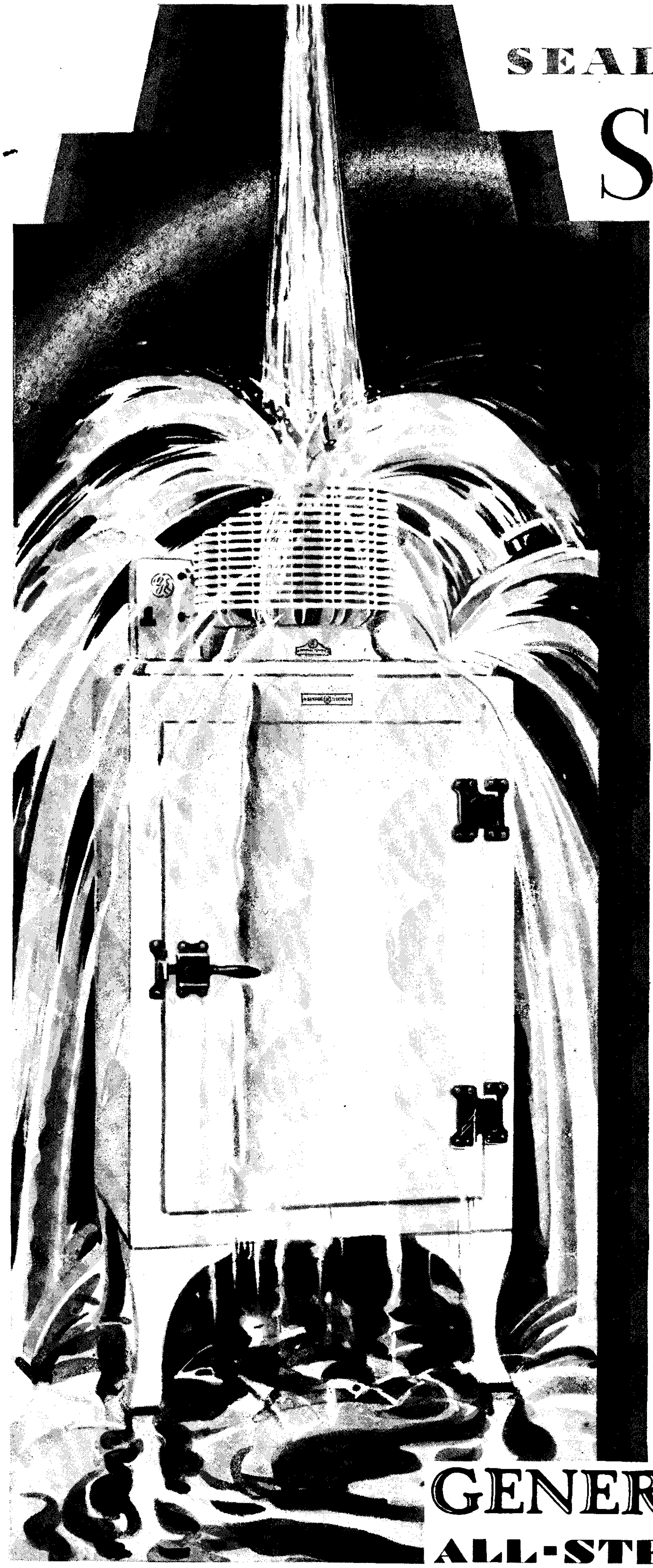
"You'd of had fun on the job the old man picked up over in Idaho. All the huntin' and fishin' in the world for one thing, and on top of it one of the boys made a little gold strike that darn' near stampeded everybody off the works for a while. There was an old deserted town about five miles from there. One of the mining towns of the early days. Everybody had left it just as she laid. Bottles back of the bar in the saloon. Cards on the floor. Pictures on the wall, and the old pianner in the dance hall with a whisky glass settin' on the high notes over at the right end. . . . Them towns quit sudden when they quit."

"Sounds like a mighty good ready-made setting for a gold rush film."

"BOY, there's a hundred of 'em scattered around up through there, loaded with relics. Speakin' of relics, I never run onto so doggone many in my life as I did when I went out to figure what ailed the boy that lost a bridge for us last year on Eel River. He got his false-work up and had a nice little three-hundred-foot span all set for swingin' when along come a little rain in the hills that cost the company somewheres around eighty thousand. That bridge is strung out all the way to the Pacific Ocean. Them rivers sure go hog wild when the time comes. We ain't monkeyin' with no false-work on the new span. It's as pretty a cantilever as you ever saw in your life. . . .

"Trouble is nowadays gettin' any money out of them little jobs. Only reason the old man monkeys with 'em is that he started on a lot of that stuff and likes to gamble on 'em. . . . What I was goin' to say is that up there on that job we run into an old Indian

(*Continued on page 38*)



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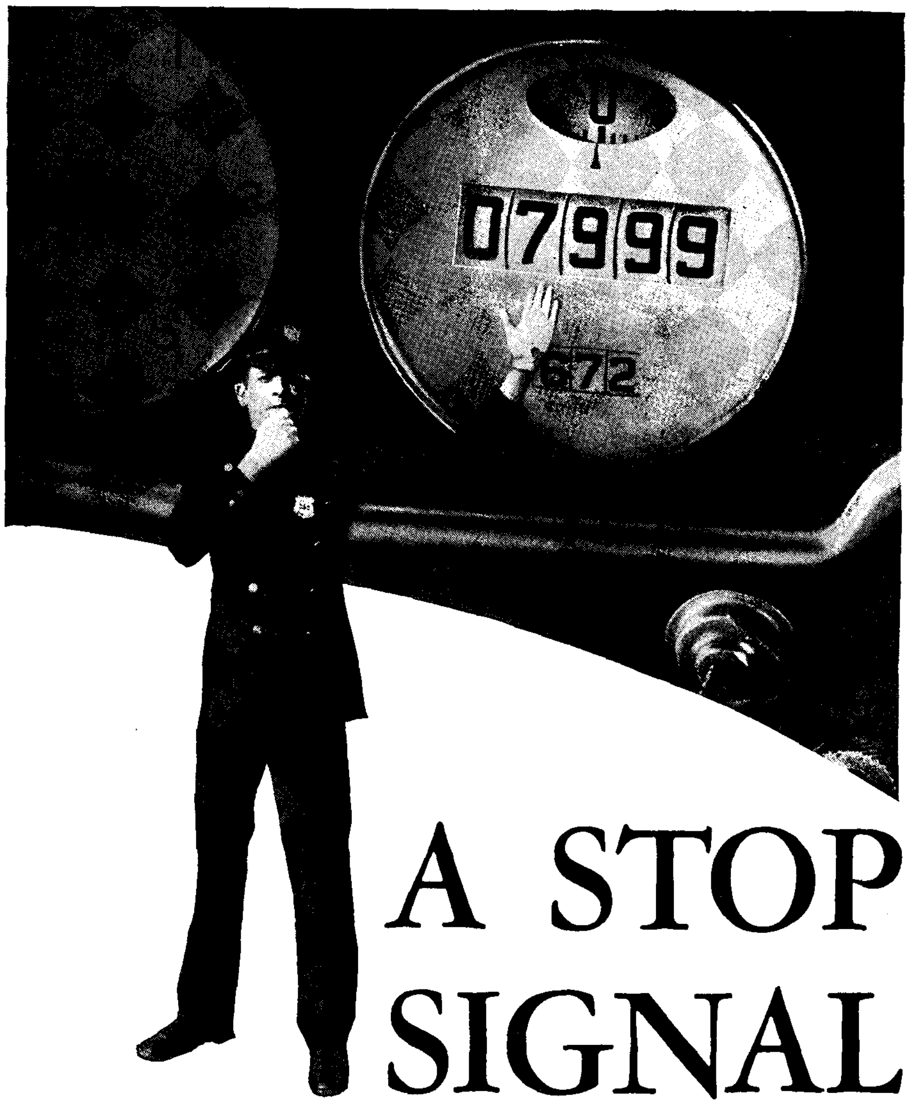

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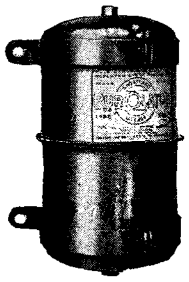


Once a Bridge Man

Continued from page 36

buryin' ground. The boys must of got half a ton of relics out of that place. They was one funny-lookin' skull that looked like it might of been a white man, and alongside of it was an iron pot with a quart of silver money in it. Lot of old Spanish dollars, and some more funny-lookin' pieces that nobody could make head nor tail of.

"Reminded me of the time we headed up into the mountains back of Downieville and run onto that counterfeitin' plant. That was a long time back. The Gover'ment is about lettin' them fellers out of the jug by this time if they're still alive."

Pat shoved a tray of cigars toward Sundown Walker. "Light a fresh one," he said.

"Thanks. Them is mighty good cigars. We used to smoke cigars in the early days that tasted like the frazzled end of a rope sling. . . . Old man Hardy and I got some pretty good smokes down in Havana a while back. The cigars was fine, but the drinks come too fast to suit me, down there. I was mighty glad to get out of it. So was he, for that matter. . . . Well, I guess I'll be driftin' along. The boss and me is makin' an early start north tomorrow and I got to get me some sleep. He's got eight or ten jobs strung out between here and San Francisco that he wants to look at. There's a mighty big job comin' up next month. Biggest bridge in the world, I guess."

"You mean the one across the Golden Gate?"

"Yep."

"There'll be a lot of competition on that one," Mike suggested.

"There ain't goin' to be no competition at all," Sundown Walker corrected. "We'll get it at our own price. . . . Sonny, that's goin' to be a bridge! Biggest bridge in the whole doggone world."

There was mighty little conversation for the first ten minutes after Sundown left. Mike sat in front of the fireplace. Pat walked up and down the long living-room of their apartment.

Every now and then, passing the table in the center of the room, he glanced down at the two folded contracts, one of which, when he signed it, would sell him down the river for another hitch with the talkies.

Presently, interrupting the silence, "You remember the day you dropped that wrench and came within a foot of busting old Sundown in the bean with it?" Pat asked. "And how he bawled you out?"

"Yep. 'Save the tools. They cost money,' is all he said."

"I bet he's lived through a thousand things like that."

"That and worse. He took a seventy-foot fall with a derrick car and came out of it, twenty years ago."

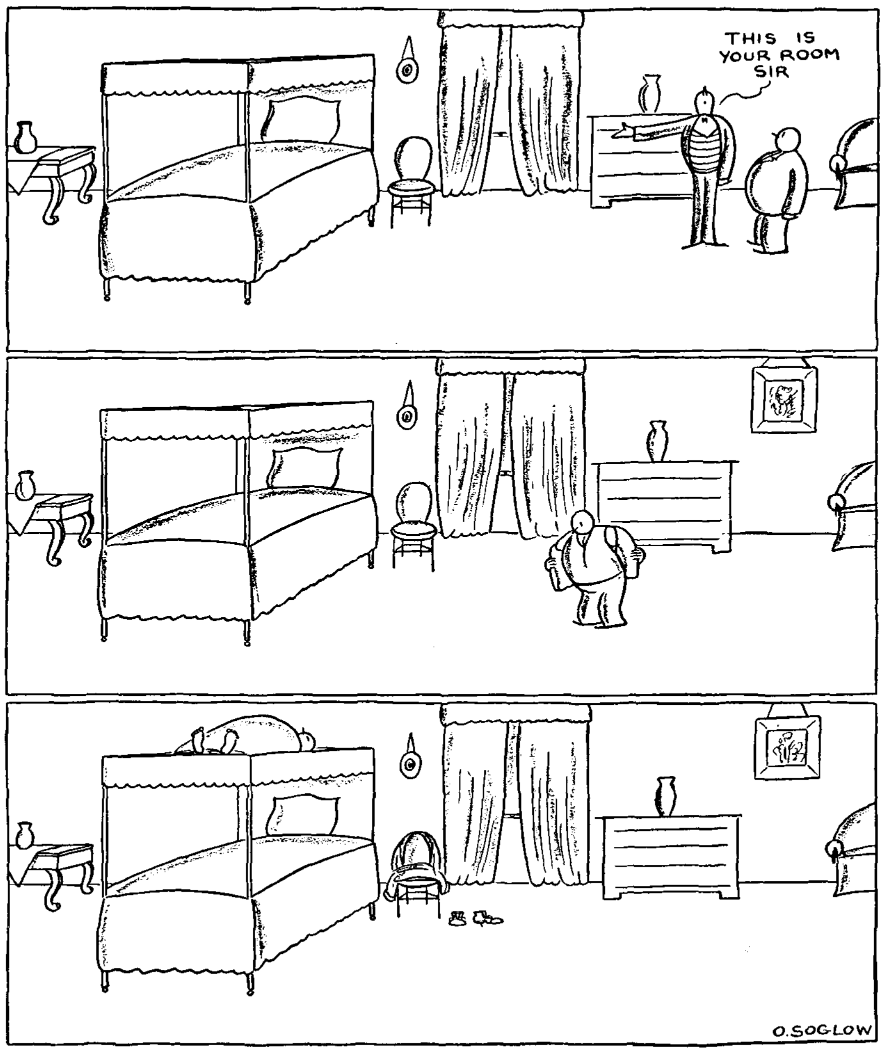
"A bridge man bounces when he falls."

"A bridge man bounces while the average guy lays dead. . . . Hand me my copy of that contract, will you?"

AT EASE in front of the fireplace, Mike glanced through a complicated paragraph of the document. "And furthermore," he orated, "it is hereby understood and agreed that a guy by the name of Mike, party of the first part, bids his admiring public a fond farewell."

He flipped the contract into the open fire. "That's that! A bridge man always bounces back, no matter how far he falls!"

"Make it two," Pat echoed, adding another document to the flames. "If we can pack up and get out of here on the Lark tomorrow night we'll beat Sundown and the old man to the San Francisco office. I'll bet they'll be surprised to see us!"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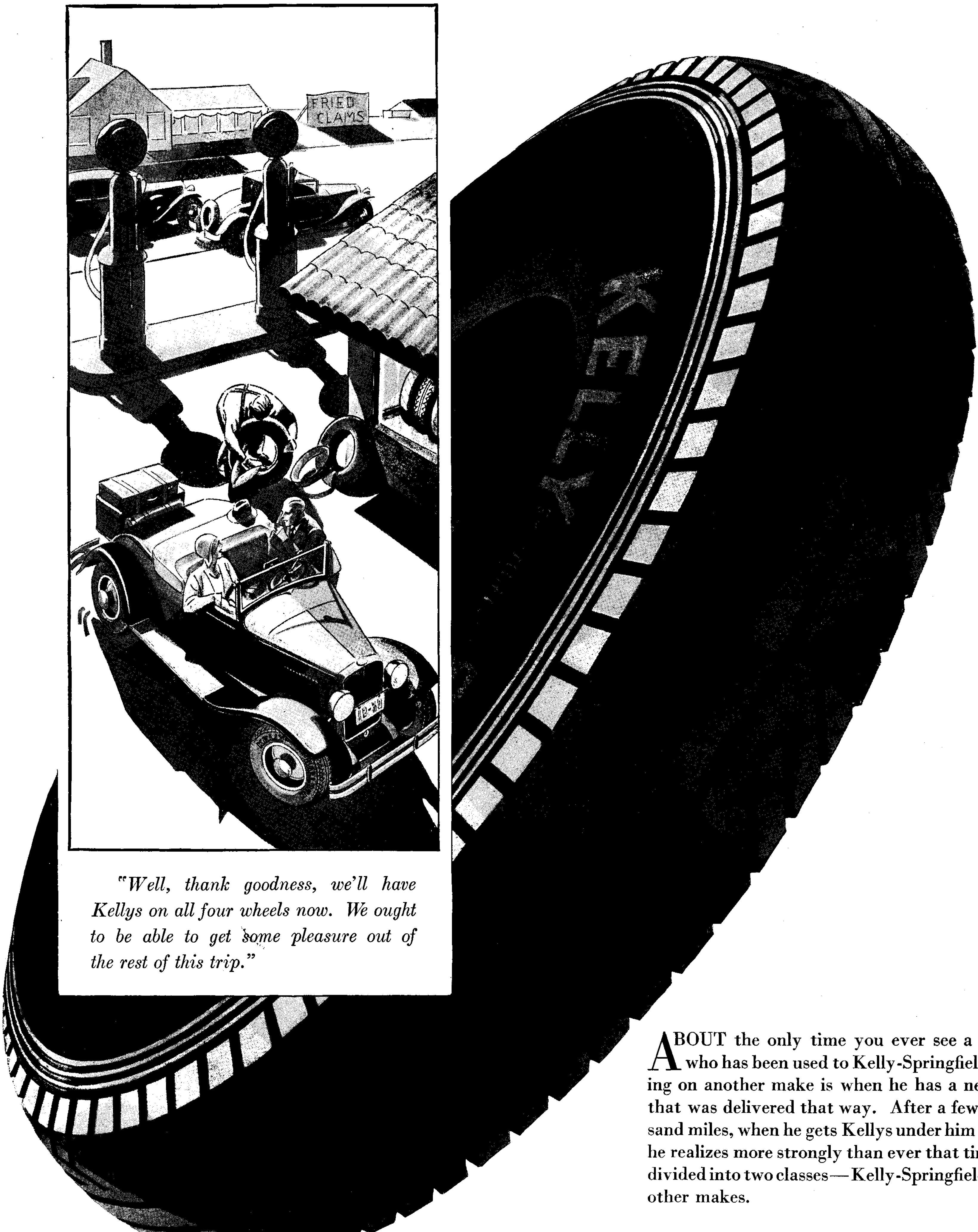

"Well, thank goodness, we'll have Kellys on all four wheels now. We ought to be able to get some pleasure out of the rest of this trip."

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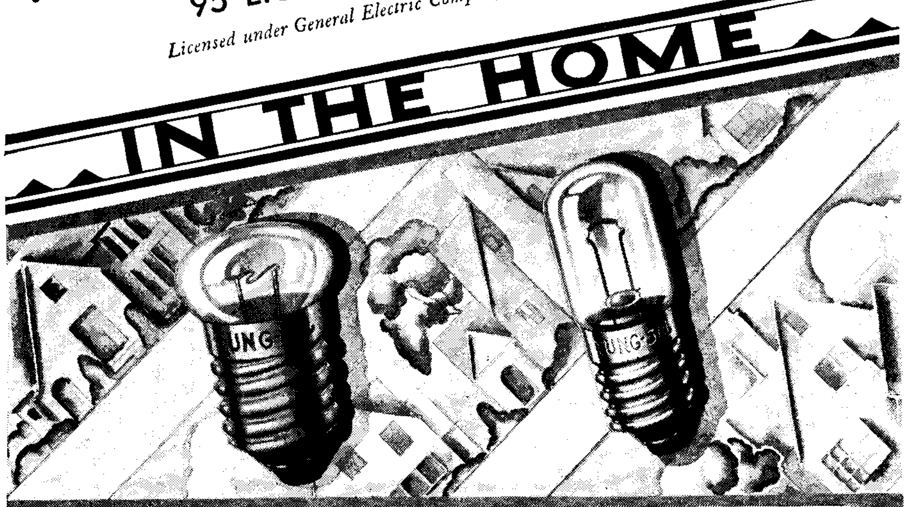

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A Day at the Zoo

Continued from page 23

animals, I at once decided that the trouble was as likely to be mental as physical.

"Let me see the hay," I said. Hay is the staple diet for all our elephants.

"A new batch just came in," was the grumbling reply. The keeper's tone meant: "These elephants are just too dang particular. They must have been spoiled before I came here!"

When Elks Go Wrong

The fact that it was a new batch gave me my clue. I checked and found that the brand was exactly the same as the last, and that, to the eye, the quality of the shipment was the same.

"We've gone to all the trouble of unloading it," continued the keeper, "and piling it up in the shed. A whole half day's work."

"But it isn't the unloading and piling that gives food its flavor," I interjected as pleasantly as I could.

The keeper looked at me as if to say that a big lummox of an elephant shouldn't care what his food tastes like.

I smelled the hay. By experience I knew it was sweet and wholesome. But I at once detected a foreign odor in it which meant that there had been harvested at the same time some weed, the taste of which our elephants didn't like. Many such weeds or grasses may grow along with the timothy or clover in a meadow.

Naturally, the feed company which supplied us was indignant when they heard the elephants wouldn't eat their hay. They were inclined to blame us for being weak and imposed upon by our dumb charges. But if they could only have seen the wicked glances we received from the hippos as well as the elephants, they would have had a change of heart.

The upshot of the incident was that I got a truck and had all the hay taken to another part of the park and fed to animals with less discriminating tastes. Another rush load was ordered for the elephants. By suppertime I found them contentedly munching away; but I thought they exchanged knowing looks when I appeared.

Curiously enough, those animals which are intrinsically most dangerous, such as the lion and tiger, usually give us the least trouble. There are two prime reasons for this: First, such beasts are particularly well caged and ordinarily cannot do any damage; second, I think they have sense enough not to stir up trouble on slight pretext since they realize it won't get them anywhere.

The elk is an example of the opposite kind of temperament. Elk are beautiful animals and seem gentle and kindly in captivity. Yet it was not out of the ordinary last year when our best male specimen began to treat his wife with vicious cruelty. He beat her and insulted her in every way at his command. With his splendid set of antlers, there was always danger that he do her permanent damage.

When nature removed the armament that gave Mr. Elk such an advantage over his spouse, he calmed down considerably. He still eyed his lady with uncooled rancor, but he made no attempt to bully her.

A few days later one of the keepers rushed into my office with his face working and his arms waving. As this was a usual sight for me, and meant anything from a new baby in the hippopotamus family to a riot in the bear cage, I grabbed my hat and prepared to follow to the scene of trouble.

"She's killin' him! She's killin' him!" were the only words that I could distinguish among the keeper's excited explanations.

Who "she" was I didn't know; but the fact that it was a "she" did lift my curiosity beyond my apprehension.

"She" turned out to be no other than the much-abused Mrs. Elk. When I reached the elk enclosure, it was smoky with the dust that the pair were kicking up. The lady was getting her revenge at last. And so effective were her blows that we had quickly to rescue the humiliated Mr. Elk and put him in another enclosure, to save his life!

We had just settled this domestic contretemps when we heard from the direction of the monkey house a clattering rumpus which at once suggested that several of our largest baboons had escaped from their cages and were settling old scores by throwing ash cans at one another.

Those of us who had been both divorce judge and jury for the elk family scurried away in the direction of the din. When we arrived all was peaceful.

We examined the enclosures carefully. Nothing seemed to be wrong. I went personally to look at Koko, our big orang-utan, who is something of a clown. But he only blinked at me stupidly as he sat with his hands behind and under him.

As I turned away from Koko the clatter suddenly rang in my ears with a loud fury that made me jump at least a foot in the air. It wouldn't have surprised me if the whole skylight had suddenly tumbled in and landed with a crash at my feet.

I whirled on Koko. "Did you do that—you devil?" I yelled at him. He still sat there staring and blinking. But I thought I detected a wicked glance in his little black eyes.

I stepped closer to the cage. Koko did not move. As he was still sitting on his hands I suspected that he might be hiding something from me.

"What is it?" I shouted so suddenly that I startled him into jumping up and whisking on three legs across the cage. Something clattered familiarly as he ran. It was a long white strip of tin which he carried in his fourth paw.

A Stag Party

I then saw what had happened. Koko had managed to yank out of its holder the big metal label, fourteen by eighteen inches, which was fitted in front of his cage. On it was written his description for the benefit of visitors. Perhaps this description displeased Koko, for he had banged the label back and forth across the steel bars until the letters were literally hammered off. When I had rescued the label I sent it to the repair shop, while I returned to my office to catch up with my morning mail.

The first letter I picked up was from a New Yorker whose grandmother had migrated here from Russia. The gist of it was:

Dear Mr. Ditmars:

I have been suffering of late from rheumatism. The physician does not do me any good with his medicine. Now, I want you to help me. My grandmother cured her rheumatism with a medicine she made by boiling the hair from the neck of a Russian stag which her brother killed at home. If you have such an animal will you please help a suffering man by sending me some of its hair?

Well, it wasn't a question of sympa-

(*Continued on page 45*)

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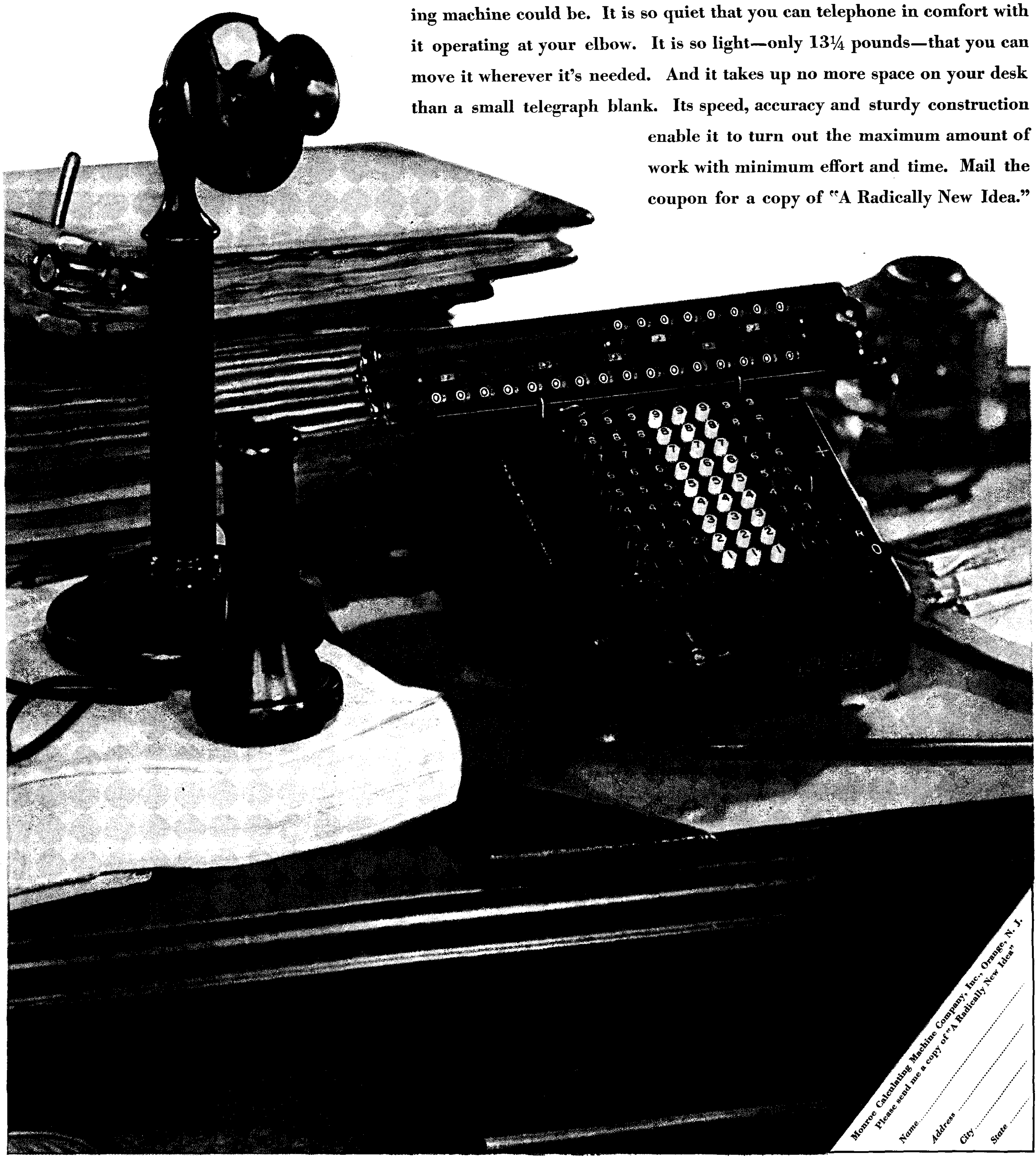

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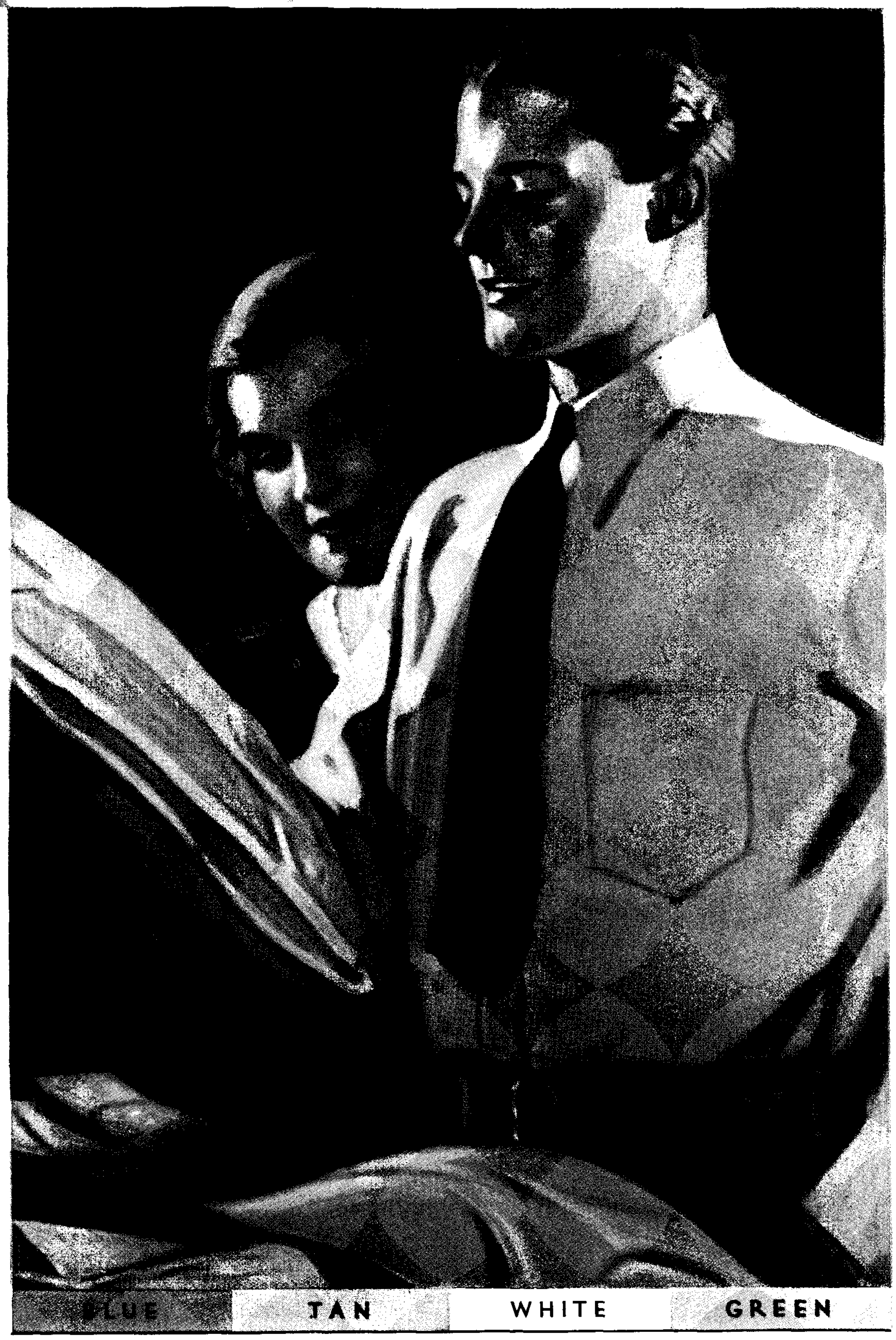
! **—AND BESIDES ITS FAMOUS WHITE** (*of which you bought* 1,500,000 *last year*) **TRUMP IS NOW READY IN RICH COLORS GUARANTEED FAST COLORS, OF COURSE**

ARROW has discovered and patented a new process (*"Sanforized"*) to take the "shrink" out of fine fabric. It absolutely guarantees for permanent fit your collar, your sleeves, and the length of your shirt. The "Sanforized" process is applied first to the Arrow Trump Shirt, of fine broadcloth. You can now buy your correct size, for Trump is *guaranteed for permanent fit.* This unqualified guarantee covers not only the brilliant white, but all new color shades—all of which, of course, have genuine Arrow Collars tailored on them. Trump *fits*—keeps on fitting, *perfectly*—or else you get your money back. At $1.95 (for the white) and $2.15 (for the colors) your shirt wardrobe can be as thrifty as it is varied. Only Arrow owns this process; only Arrow could make and keep so bold and flat a promise of fit; only Arrow could quote you so low a price for "so much shirt" as Trump. Arrow, in short, *earns* your confidence with *value* and holds it with performance and style.



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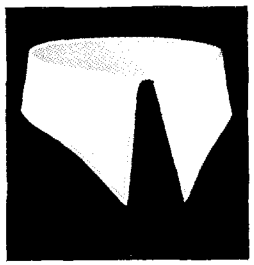

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ARROW COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR

A Day at the Zoo

Continued from page 40

thy, or of having a Russian stag in our collection. My correspondent was safe on both points. But since our regulations prevent putting specimens in any way physically at the disposal of the public, I had to say no.

Such requests are not at all rare. There are plenty of superstitious people left in this so-called material age, and a goodly lot of their beliefs are tied up with animals.

Pets and Pests

Many queries come to me for advice about unusual pets. It is really surprising how many people who have seafaring or much-traveled friends acquire a small menagerie of their own. A monkey and a parrot is a favorite combination. Even baby bears, wolves, wildcats and other undomestic creatures find their way into private families.

"What shall I do about my poor little monkey which is paralyzed?" is a very common plaint.

In such a case I am sorrier for the pet than I am for the owner. For it shows a pitifully ignorant love for the animal, a love that has overrun itself into improper diet and living conditions. Lack of sunshine and bone-nourishing food is usually the cause of the trouble.

"My bear is disturbing the whole neighborhood every night," complains another owner. "What shall I do with it?"

Investigation shows that the animal came into the family as a cub. While it was a little fellow it was brought into the house every night and fondled like a child. But when, to the dismay of the family, the pet grew out of all proportions to a civilized living-room it had to be kept in the back yard. Naturally, when the bear missed its coddling it began to complain, querulously at first, and then with deep-throated roars that were finally brought to the attention of the police.

Our duty is to intervene as far as we can, both with advice and with help. We point out that what at first may be just a nuisance may easily become a peril. A monkey reared to maturity, which is rare by the way, becomes jealous and dangerous, considering a neighbor's handshake a signal to attack. A leopard that was a cute ball of soft fur at the age of a few months, grows both powerful and treacherous in the passage of a year.

There are letters seeking information about fur farming. Some want nothing more than assurance about breeding such rare animals as chinchillas, for instance, in mere rabbit coops. Queries about the heights and weights of animals like elephants and giraffes, may come from writers of fiction who want to work such a creature into a tale and play safe from criticism. But a similar query may be from a railroad office wanting to know whether to provide a standard or a furniture car for transporting an oversize passenger.

I remember an elderly lady writing me to this effect: "I have a beautiful estate, and am trying to keep it old-fashioned. In my girlhood one of the things that appealed to me was the singing of the katydids. Wouldn't it be possible to establish these little insects on my place so that I could have their good old-fashioned music?"

Alligators and chameleons seem to worry their owners almost more than any other animals. The former get thoroughly numb by the dropping of house temperature at night. Also they won't eat at all in winter.

The only thing I can do is to suggest maintaining a temperature of about 70° in the vicinity of the alligator tank or pan. But in so doing I have a guilty feeling that I may be altering the laudable habit in many families of sleeping with bedroom windows open at night.

Feeding the chameleon is a more difficult problem to advise about. The most practical insect food obtainable for them, though I won't say the best, is what are called "mealworms." These are kept in stock by many of the larger bird and pet shops.

"But I can't buy any in my town," comes in the next mail in reply to my advice about mealworms. "Isn't there something else I can use?"

Yes, madam, there is: and I forthwith write her to give the starving chameleon some cockroaches which, I know, it will devour with gusto. Madam is shocked. Indeed, to think that she is the kind who has cockroaches in her house! And more—implying that just because I have cockroaches in my home I needn't think other people are as low.

"Dear madam:" I reply, "I am sorry you construed my letter the way you did. What I would suggest is that you take a cockroach trap to a small all-night restaurant and ask the proprietor to let you set it. If you explain that your pet is starving I feel sure that he will not be offended. And I feel equally sure that, if you hurry, your chameleon will not die of hunger."

All this may seem very trivial in contrast to the expense and dignity of our institution. But I have been answering such letters for thirty years and could not bring myself to be annoyed by them. After all, we are at the park to elucidate the ways of beasts and birds by properly exhibiting them and answering questions about their lives and habits.

Resting in Peace

There are always plenty of questions in our open hours. Old Jake Cook, our veteran keeper of the monkey house in the Central Park Menagerie, got desperate some years ago over the way people pestered him for information. Now he takes his lunch and enjoys his holidays in a near-by cemetery, "where nary a person can ask me any fool questions," as he explains it.

Part of my routine work is extracting the poison from snakes. One day I work with rattlers, on another with copperheads. The idea is to provide venom for the preparation of snake-bite serum, now being made available all over the country.

All you have to do, to succeed in this ticklish job, is to press the snake's head down with a notched stick, and then grasp him firmly by the neck. The head keeper prepares a glass tumbler with a parchment tied over its top. You apply the serpent's jaws to the parchment; he bites, sending his fangs through, and several drops of amber poison fall into the glass. A scientific friend with whom I am working has us send him cobra poison, which is even more dangerous to get than the others.

Right in the middle of the poison job the telephone rings and word comes that a new bear has arrived. This may sound simple and indicate nothing more than turning the newcomer into one of the dens. But the transfer of a bear is fraught with serious consequences unless the greatest care is taken. It has been my privilege to invent a special apparatus for safely doing the job.

(*Continued on page 46*)

But must my hair be dry after a permanent wave?

Joyfully, we tell you—it need NOT be! It is quite true that practically all systems of permanent waving do tend to dry the hair and make it brittle, but clever women know that an ounce of prevention and another ounce or so of cure will keep their hair normal and healthy in spite of the heat of wave machines.

The solution to the whole problem lies in the handy bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It's so good for the hair. Before your shampoo, apply it directly to the scalp and massage it in well with the fingertips. Move the scalp—don't rub. This treatment cleanses the pores, supplies oil to the roots and stimulates circulation. Follow it by your usual shampoo. The hair will be soft and lustrous, your wave will look smooth and natural.

And "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is fine for setting your wave, too. Moisten the hair first with water. Then smooth a very little Tonic over it with the palm of your hand and with comb and fingers shape and pinch in the wave as you like it.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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Whether you want to escape the drying effects of a permanent or just to keep your scalp healthy and your hair lovely, do try the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic Treatment. You can buy "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store, in bottles of two sizes with shaker-type tops. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

California offers you Cool Summer Days

YACHTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

–and more–if you'll vacation close to San Francisco

Close to San Francisco, close enough to share its mild, invigorating days and nights you'll find the world's most varied out-of-doors. Yosemite, and Lake Tahoe ... the Redwood Empire ... Del Monte, Carmel, Monterey ... Russian River ... Santa Cruz ... Jack London's Valley of the Moon ... and the gold-spent towns of '49. You'll find your favorite sport ... and countless gorgeous spots where loafing seems to be a game.

San Francisco's many-sided fascination is a thing that all the world has sung. Her ships and hills, and Chinese streets ... and the buoyant art of living that the city calls its own ... these and many more are things to feed imagination on ...

But there's a figure — a cool, inviting fact—that has a lot to do with summer's pleasure. 59°. That's San Francisco's average summer temperature. Here California's sun is warm, but never hot; ocean breezes see to that ... breezes from the bluest sea.

Come this summer! Make San Francisco your headquarters, and live for awhile the splendid life that brings thousands who come once to visit, back again forever.

Economy. Rates for hotel and camp and inn accommodations are varied as the things to see and do. Beginning May 15, low roundtrip excursion rates will be in effect to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast on all railroads.

The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or you can come by air, or by steamship via the Panama Canal.

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Please send me the free book: "*California Vacations.*"

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(*Continued from page 45*)

When I get back to my office I find a rising young scientist with a flashlight and extra batteries.

"There are interesting data," he begins, clearing his throat impressively, "to be found by testing the eye reflex of wild animals. It is my wish, Dr. Ditmars, to hold my light up to the eyes of different animals and time the contraction of their pupils."

Tarantula Tantrums

He hands me a list, which contains specimens like the leopard, chimpanzee, buffalo, gnu and crocodile. It is useless to go into the details of the danger, but I feel it my duty to lay the facts before him. I am tired by now and, for the moment, have no great zest for the work I love. What I really need is a rest.

At this moment comes suddenly the familiar jangle of the telephone and my secretary presently turns to me with the old story that only I can satisfy the person at the other end.

"Another cross-word puzzle?" I ask with a wry smile.

The secretary shakes her head. "No, I wish it were," she says. "It's a family over in Washington Heights who opened a bunch of bananas in the house and a huge tarantula jumped out. They've pretty nearly torn the apartment to pieces trying to find him. They want you to come right over and tell them what to do next!"

Summer Settings

Continued from page 12

the house. But nowhere else do they make quite so great a difference as in the dining-room. If we could create the fiction that our personal restaurant was the coolest place in town, we'd be doing more for the family morale than could ever be put on paper.

Some of us have tables that are dark and shining, but we've never thought of laying them without cloth or doily to break the lustrous surface. Try it on the first hot night, and you'll be surprised to see how beautiful the china, glass and silver look, shining islands on a wine-dark sea. If the table top isn't good enough to stand such stark unveiling, we might follow the practice widely adopted in New York and have a piece of mirror cut to fit. Here we have the frostiest surface in the world and one that makes flowers doubly beautiful.

It may sound extravagant to question the advisability of using our winter china. But there is a plain, cream-white Wedgwood that is coolness and simplicity itself, and it costs surprisingly little. A Spode in green and white is lovely, too.

Glass, for this summer table, seems to look cooler in crystal than in color; if color must be used, let it be in the pastel range rather than in the more vivid jewel tones. Flowers are loveliest in pale tones—a red gladiolus that looks stunning in the garden isn't so good as a pink one that doesn't make a spot of fire in the middle of the table.

Food, more than ever, should be chosen for its decorative value as well as for its flavor. And the meal that contains a single surprise is much more of a triumph than the one made up of four or five expensive commonplaces.

Perhaps you're saying, "It all sounds very nice, but it's still a bit vague. My dining-room has blue walls, a henna rug, curtains of chintz with henna, blue, gold and green. My table isn't good enough to leave bare, and my china is blue and henna on cream. Where do I go from there?"

Well, how about this for a transformation in the interest of temperature? Take up the warm henna rug and put down one in cream—carpet, grass or Chinese matting. Hang curtains of gray glazed chintz and cover the chair seats in the same material. Have a mirror top for the table, use white china and get your flowers in mauve or pink.

If your dining-room is yellow, as so many seem to be, you might choose curtains of white sateen with chair seats to match, and have a pale pinky-gray rug. Let's hope the table is dark and well polished, and that you can use a creamy Wedgwood with a yellow band. Here, white flowers will be best.

If your living-room happens to have caught up with the vogue for white walls, you're in luck. This would make the ideal setting for the white book muslin curtains with the wide ruffles, hung to the floor from gilt cornice boards and looped with tie-backs made of gilt leaves. In such a room the floor would be sure to be dark and well polished—let's hope it's parquet!—and we'd leave it bare. Slip covers could be of striped pink and white chintz, and lamp shades would be lovely in white paper with a gold embossed edge.

Most of us, however, haven't a white living-room; it's much more likely to be green. If this is a gray-green or a blue-green, we won't have much difficulty in making it look cool, but the yellow greens or the aggressive true greens aren't quite so happy. However, if we choose for the curtains a white-grounded chintz with flowers and big green leaves and make some of the slip covers of this, with a couple in plain green chintz or sateen, we'll have a good start. Since this chintz may be expensive, we can economize on the rug and get the thirty-three-cent Chinese matting, made up to cover the floor as nearly as possible. Lamp shades here would be inspired if we could find them in shell-pink paper with a scalloped edge.

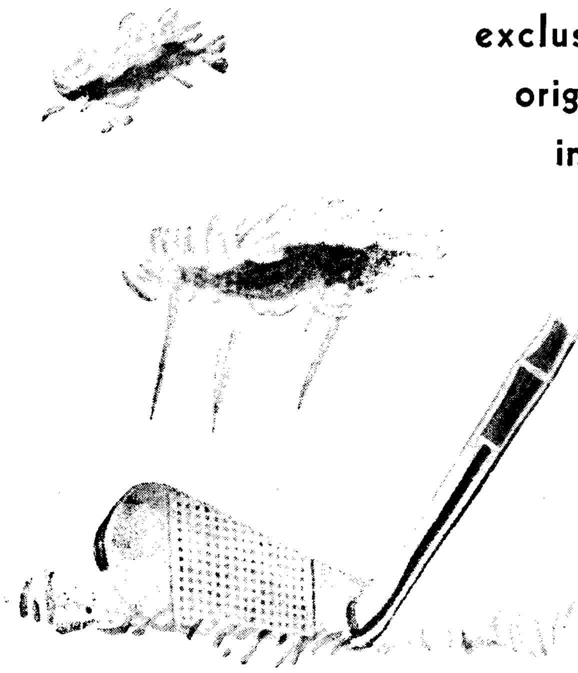
The Bedroom Scene

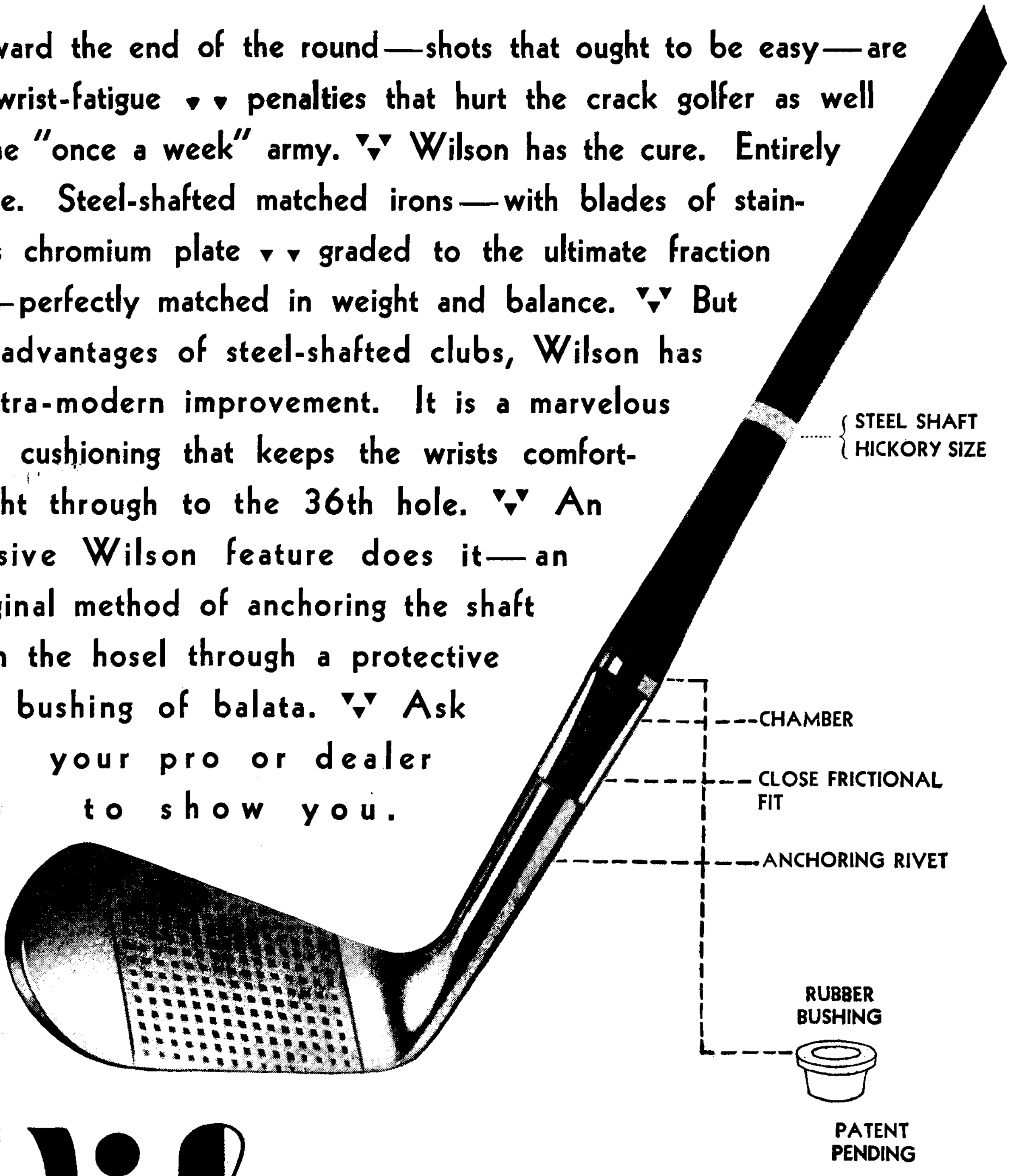
When we finally call it a day—a hot, hot day followed by one of those even hotter nights—suppose we retire to a bedroom which has pink walls. Instead of the rather elaborate taffeta curtains that hang here in the winter, well-made and properly lined, we've substituted plain unlined sea-green glazed chintz, hung straight to the floor. The dressing table that wears a taffeta petticoat has changed into one of white muslin with three wide ruffles at the bottom, and the lights have white paper shades with tiny bands of green and gold. The chairs are slip-covered in white. On the floor we have a single hooked rug in pink and green with a white ground.

If we have the bad but pleasant habit of reading in bed, we've bought several sheets of gay, cool-looking paper to make little covers for our favorite books and those that come from the library. These and a crystal water bottle with a glass on top sit on the bedside table. The bed itself has a plain white spread which may be the lowly candle-wick, or a more ambitious effort in ruffled muslin like the dressing table. Our negligees are pink, sea-green or white, whichever chances to be most becoming. . . . And if we don't feel at least reasonably cool in such a room after a nice long tepid bath all full of bath salts—then it's because the neighbors' radios are hot with jazz.

PERFECTED TO REDUCE *Wrist Fatigue*

Those shots that you miss toward the end of the round—shots that ought to be easy—are the penalties exacted by wrist-fatigue ▾▾ penalties that hurt the crack golfer as well as the rank and file of the "once a week" army. ▾▾ Wilson has the cure. Entirely new. Entirely exclusive. Steel-shafted matched irons—with blades of stainless steel or rustless chromium plate ▾▾ graded to the ultimate fraction of correct pitch—perfectly matched in weight and balance. ▾▾ But to the known advantages of steel-shafted clubs, Wilson has added an ultra-modern improvement. It is a marvelous method of cushioning that keeps the wrists comfortable right through to the 36th hole. ▾▾ An exclusive Wilson feature does it—an original method of anchoring the shaft in the hosel through a protective bushing of balata. ▾▾ Ask your pro or dealer to show you.





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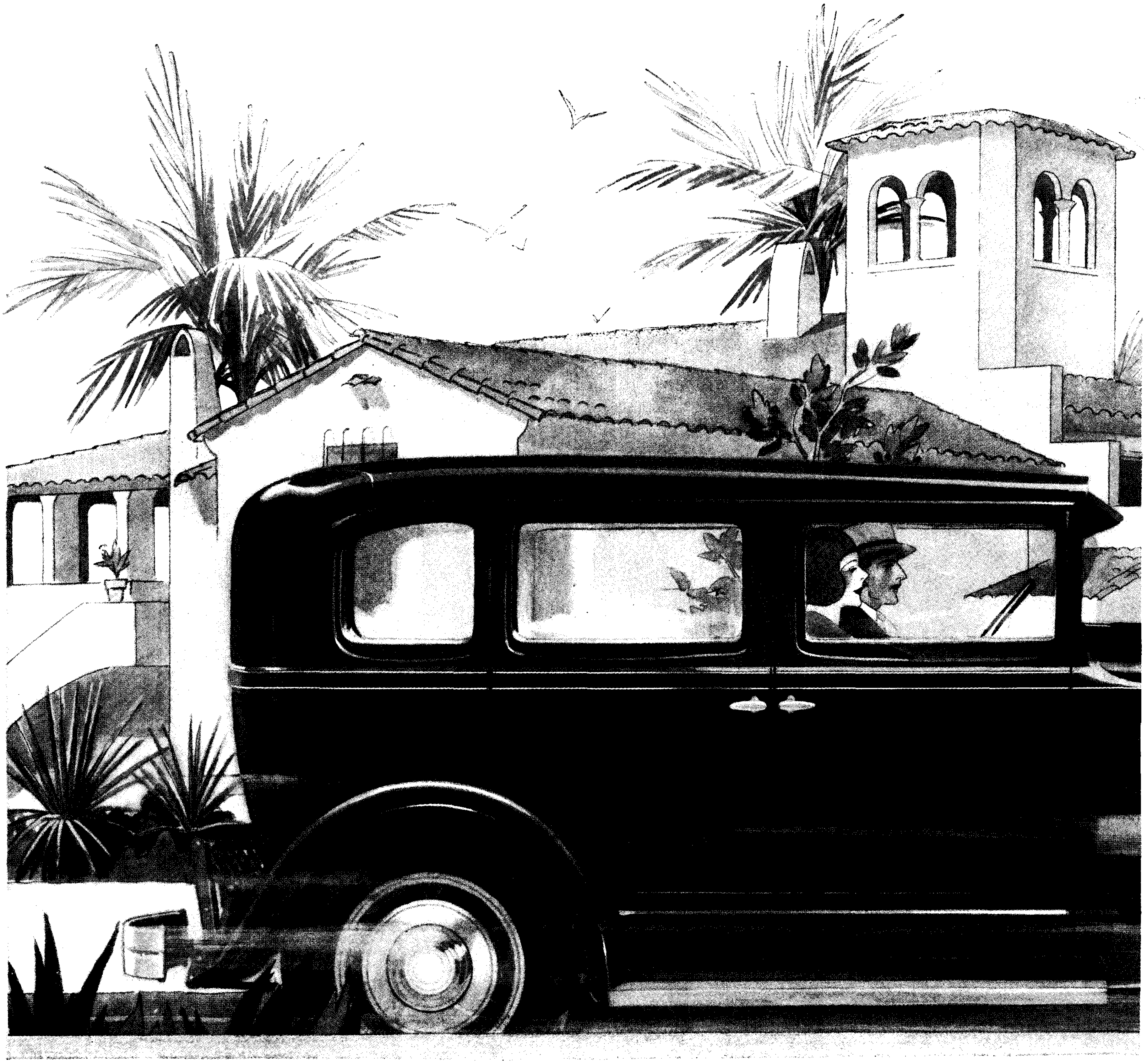

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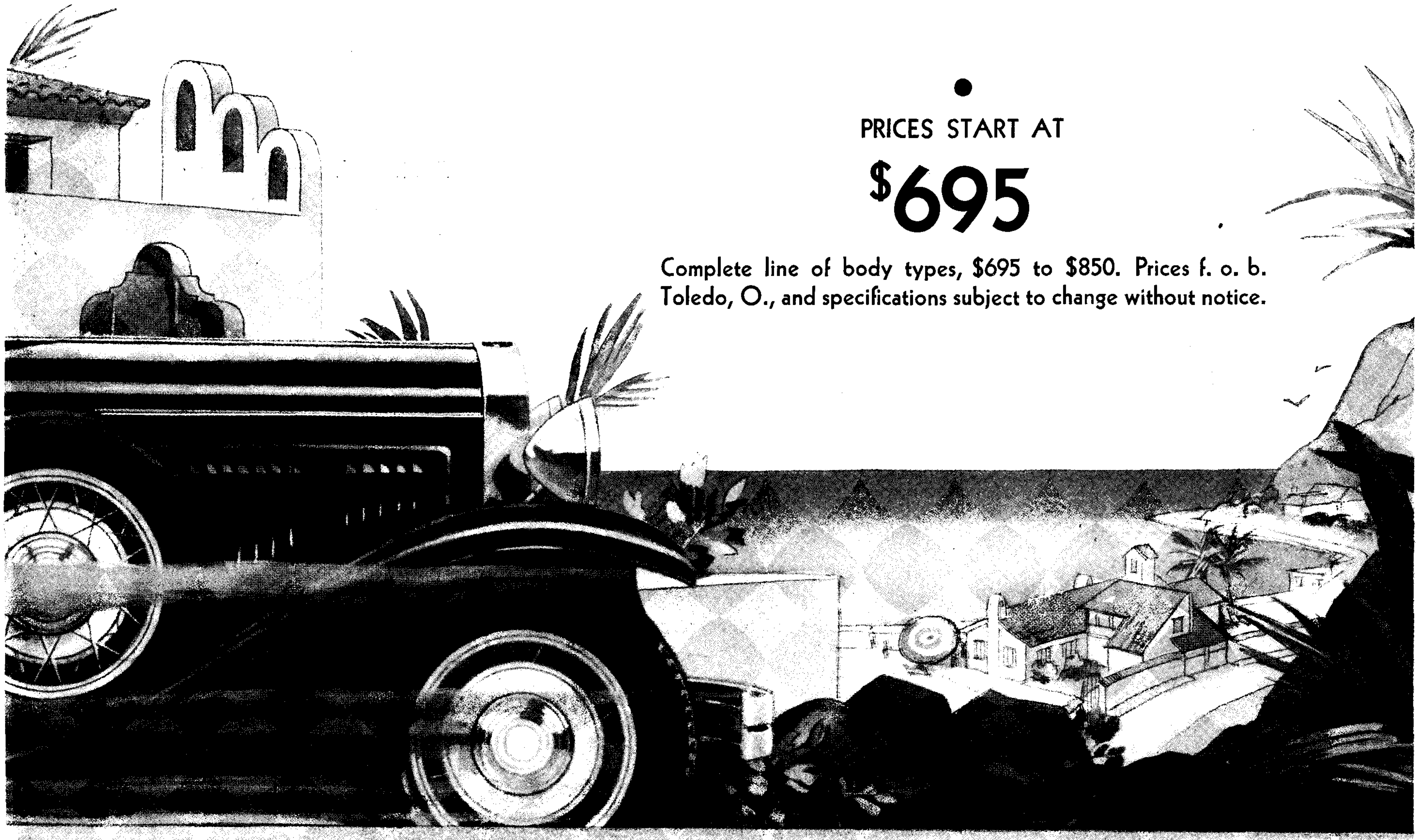

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Complete line of body types, $695 to $850. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, O., and specifications subject to change without notice.

PERFORMANCE MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE BELIEVED

EW WILLYS SIX

See. .it's gone!

...the little rivet, whose removal makes all the difference in the world in steel-shafted golf irons

ABOVE is a lifelike portrait of the rivet that has always joined the head to the shaft in irons.

In Spalding Cushion-neck Irons, that rivet loses its job! It's fired, banished, ousted, to make possible the first steel-shafted irons, and the *only* steel-shafted irons that combine the sweet feel of the finest hickory with the advantages of the steel shaft.

And if you are one of that great majority of golfers who are wedded to steel-shafted *woods*, you know what these advantages are.

Advantages of the Steel Shaft

You know that the steel shaft, because it is lighter, puts greater swinging weight into the head where it belongs and where it aids controllability.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is thinner, has less wind resistance to contend with, and therefore makes every shot a wee bit cleaner cut.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is more uniform, permits more perfectly matched clubs. You know that the steel shaft can't warp.

Because of these virtues, a majority of golfers have used and liked the steel shaft—in *woods*. But despite these virtues, this same majority have shunned the steel shaft—in *irons*.

Because, in steel-shafted irons other than Cushion-necks, the metal-to-metal contact of steel head against steel shaft forms a perfect conductor that sends the shock of every shot scooting up the shaft and into the hands. This metal-to-metal contact, with its shock and its vibration, causes the harsh, unpleasant feel that has made steel-shafted irons so unsatisfactory to play.

But in the Spalding Cushion-necks, there is no such thing as metal-to-metal contact. The steel heads never touch the steel shafts.

For before each shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

© 1930, A. G. S. & B.

A great idea! But the rubber sleeve alone does not do the trick. For that rivet, small as it is, is big enough to nullify the good effects of a dozen rubber sleeves. With the metal rivet in there, touching both steel shaft and steel head, all the good of the shock-absorber is nullified—metal-to-metal contact still exists, and still gets in all its foul work.

So the Spalding experts worked and experimented for two years. And once more justified their reputation as the world's greatest club-makers by working out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that no rivet is necessary!

That method of joining does more than eliminate the rivet! It also eliminates any possibility of the rubber losing its liveliness, for it seals out the air forever. No air means no oxidization. And no oxidization means that the rubber will stay lively throughout the long life of the club.

Other gadget-bedecked clubs will appear and optimistically claim shock-absorbing virtues. But only Spalding *can* offer steel-shafted irons that are absolutely free from shock, vibration, sour feel. For Spalding has the whole Cushion-neck principle so thoroughly protected that no other club can achieve the same sweet feel without transgressing Spalding patents.

Tell your Professional you want to try these marvelous Irons. Play the first set of Cushion-necks he can put into your hands. And prepare yourself for one of the biggest thrills this grand old game has ever given you!

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
CUSHION-NECK GOLF CLUBS

In the world's most perfectly matched clubs

The Cushion-neck construction comes in Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Standard Registered Irons, and Kro-Flite Related Irons.

Every club in each set has exactly the same swinging weight as every other club. So, instead of trying to master six or nine different swings, you master one. That swing and that timing are right for every iron in your bag!

Buy a Matched Set in either of these two ways

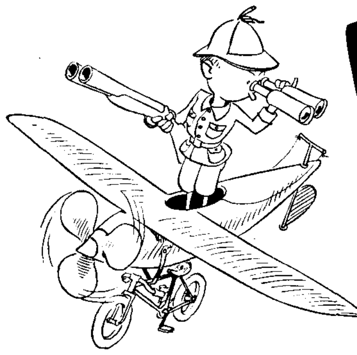
Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered and Standard Registered Irons are sold in sets of six or nine only—never separately. A complete record of every Registered Club is kept by Spalding. Thus, any time a club is lost or broken, Spalding can make you up a duplicate that doesn't differ by so much as a hair.

Kro-Flite Related Irons are sold separately or in sets. By getting clubs of the same index you eventually have a perfectly matched set even if the clubs are bought months apart.

Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Irons

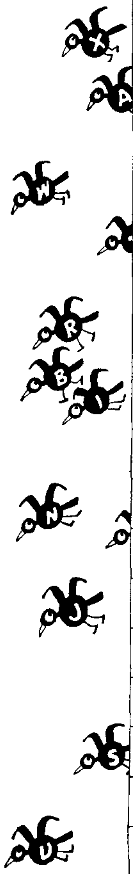
Custom-Built Registered	*Set of nine*	$90
	Set of six	60
Standard Registered	*Set of nine*	$75
	Set of six	50
Related	*Set of nine*	$54
	Set of six	36
	Each	6

Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.



WORD HUNT

In the English language there are twenty-one words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters Q-U-I. One of them is QUICK. You supply the others.



1	Q	U	I	C	K	Alert; ready. Prompt or rapid. Hasty; impatient, Animate. Also, the sensitive living flesh, as the part of a finger or toe to which the nail is attached.
2	Q	U	I			In music, an organ stop. In piquet, a sequence of five cards of the same suit.
3	Q	U	I			Still; hushed; calm. Freedom from noise.
4	Q	U	I			Twenty-four (or twenty-five) sheets of paper.
5	Q	U	I			A quip. A peculiarity in manner or behavior.
6	Q	U	I			A kind of riding whip, common in Spanish American regions.
7	Q	U	I			Completely; entirely; really; truly.
8	Q	U	I			Tube of a feather.
9	Q	U	I			A warm bed covering.
10	Q	U	I			A small South American opossum.
11	Q	U	I			Variant of COIL.
12	Q	U	I			Quinine. Cinchona bark.
13	Q	U	I			Variant of QUIPU.
14	Q	U	I			(Dial. Eng.) A haycock.
15	Q	U	I			(Imitative) The common brant (any of several species of geese).
16	Q	U	I			Variant of QUERL. (Local, United States) Twirl; coil.
17	Q	U	I			(Bengal) The usual call for a servant. An Anglo-Indian.
18	Q	U	I			(Dial. Eng.) Variant of QUEEST. Ringdove.
19	Q	U	I			(Scot. and Dial. Eng.) Variant of QUEEST.
20	Q	U	I			Even with another, by having returned or repaid anything, good or evil.
21	Q	U	I			A contrivance employed by the ancient Peruvians for arithmetical purposes and as a device to register important facts and events.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

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Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Slice
2. Slime
3. Slink
4. Slick
5. Slimy
6. Slipe
7. Slide
8. Slily
9. Sline
10. Slier
11. Slich
12. Sling

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, the National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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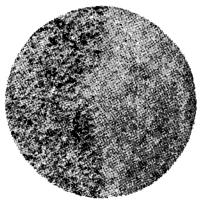

* TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of dust and grime particles, baked hard by the sun and heat, dulling your car's finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No.7 Duco Polish will. The above photomicrograph shows a surface partly covered with TRAFFIC FILM, the right side cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

This tells you why!

EVERY year hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of new car owners have the opportunity of learning for themselves how easy and simple it is to remove TRAFFIC FILM* by means of No. 7 Duco Polish.

Because leading automobile manufacturers, eager to be of service to owners, put sample cans of No. 7 Duco Polish in the tool kits of their new cars and recommend its use in their instruction books.

It is logical that No. 7 Duco Polish should be so singled out. For it is the product of du Pont chemists, who *created* Duco and then developed No. 7 Duco Polish for use in cleaning and polishing Duco finish.

No. 7 Duco Polish is non-acid and free from harsh abrasives. It quickly penetrates and softens TRAFFIC FILM*. With minimum effort you wipe away the accumulation, and a radiantly gleaming car returns.

You'll find No. 7 Duco Polish at good dealers' everywhere. Ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car. If you would like a sample of No. 7 Duco Polish, as well as No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish, fill out the coupon below.

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No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering. It is much easier to apply than ordinary waxes.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiator and lamps.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough for one polishing), 1 sample can of No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream (enough for the hood), 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough for a spare tire).

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Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

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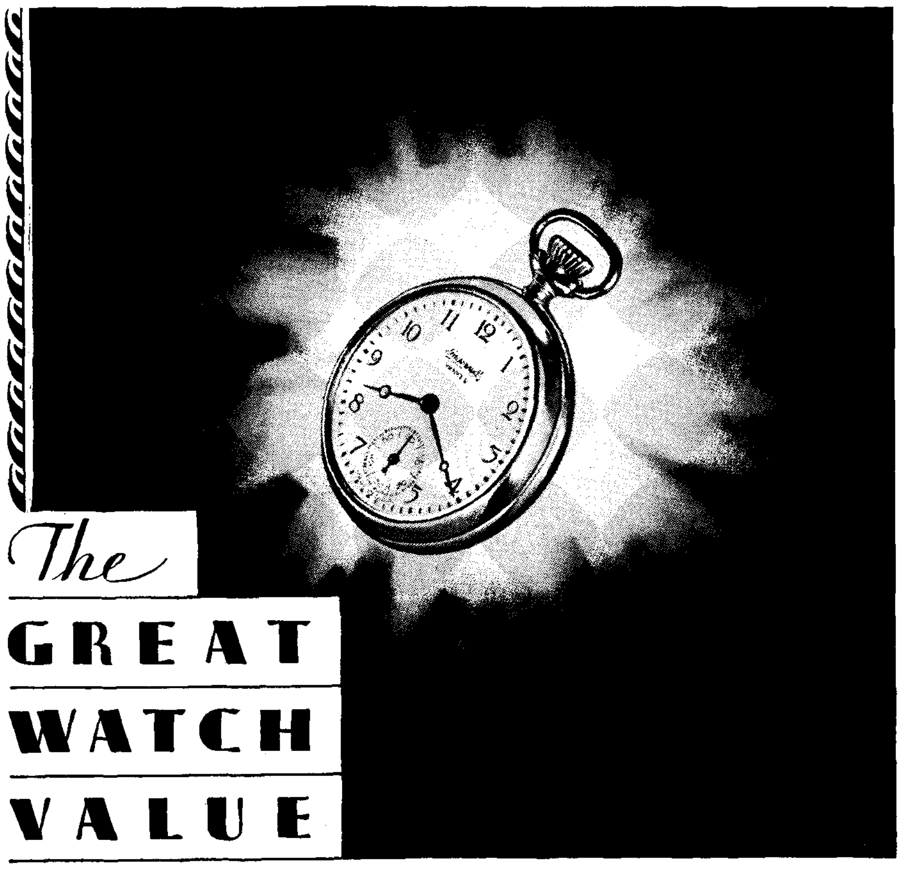

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The Yankee is not only a great low-priced watch—it is a great watch. Ingersoll Yankees have measured the time of day on the upper reaches of the Congo—in the frozen fastnesses of the Yukon—in the fields and factories of America—over the plains of Australia and Argentina—on the islands of the South Seas.

In fact, there is hardly a country or an occupation where this sturdy, dependable timepiece has not made its indelible mark. And the secret of it all is *value!*...Buy yourself a Yankee today.

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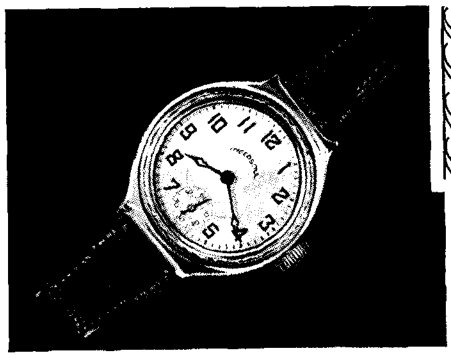
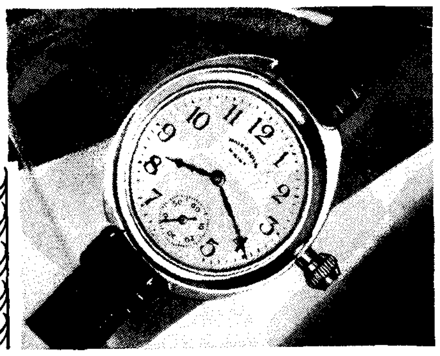


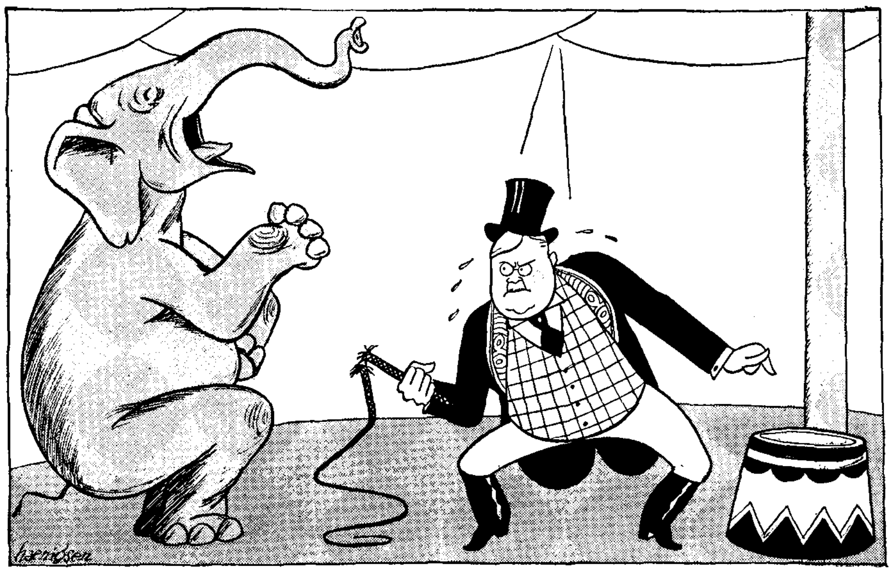
MITE . . . $5.00

A stylishly small wrist watch, destined to be as famous as the Yankee. Chromium finish case. . . . . . *Radiolite $5.50.*



WRIST . . . $3.50

Ingersoll's lowest priced wrist watch with stainless chromium finish back. Sturdy and dependable. . . . *Radiolite $4.00.*



All or Nothing

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IN THE latter part of May "Old Joe" Grundy, as candidate for the Republican nomination for senator from Pennsylvania, is going to get, says a Philadelphia political machinist, "the licking of his life." And many observers of politics in Pennsylvania agree that the Philadelphia authority is right.

"Puddler Jim" Davis, the Secretary of Labor, Old Joe's antagonist in the primaries, is going to get nearly all the votes. He has the support of the Republican machines in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and in the rest of the state he has the support of the labor element.

The failure of Old Joe is due to a very common human weakness, one the Scottish poet noted as the inability to "see oursels as ithers see us." Old Joe saw himself as a great man and a hero. Actually he turns out to be about the most hated man in Pennsylvania.

But even the most hated man in Pennsylvania might be elected to office if he were willing to make the necessary combinations to insure no effective opposition to himself in the Republican primaries. But the very qualities that made Old Joe a power behind the scenes in Pennsylvania also make him a poor politician—his arrogance, his belief in himself, his contempt for everyone else, his insatiable desire for power.

For many years his share of the swag in Pennsylvania has been the control of the governorship, quite essential to him in protecting the manufacturers of the state from taxation and from humane labor laws. The Vare crowd of Philadelphia would have granted Grundy the senatorship if he had let them control the governorship.

But Old Joe was out to be the boss of Pennsylvania, the successor of Penrose, Quay and Cameron. The Senate had gone to the head of this seventy-year-old man as Broadway goes to the head of many a youth from the sticks.

Dynamiting the Dynasty

But the Vare crowd in combination with the Pittsburgh machine also wanted to boss the state. And they had the votes. They put up a man for governor so much stronger than Old Joe's candidate that the latter, after one glance at the situation, withdrew.

And the Vare candidate for senator, "Puddler Jim" Davis, is so much stronger than Old Joe that the latter will be lucky to get one third of the votes of the Pennsylvania Republicans. The Mellons, who were, politically, never much more than a name, will, if they don't look out, go down with Grundy.

So a dynasty comes to an end, a dynasty that began when the newly organized Republican party made its deal with the protectionists at Harrisburg. The city machines of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, when they don't fall out, will control the Republican party of Pennsylvania, as the city machine of New York controls the Democratic party of the state of New York.

The direct primaries have wrought the revolution. The Vares and their allies in Pittsburgh, having the votes, can get the money for political purposes which has hitherto been controlled by the Mellons and Grundy.

Inviting the Deluge

The Senate struck a blow at the influence of money in Pennsylvania politics when it investigated the expenditures in the last great fight which the Vares staged with Grundy and the Mellons, the Senate contest of 1926. Those who are tempted to throw up their hats for the gain for democracy in Pennsylvania may read the scandalous charges which Grundy makes against the Vares and the scandalous charges which the Vares make against Grundy.

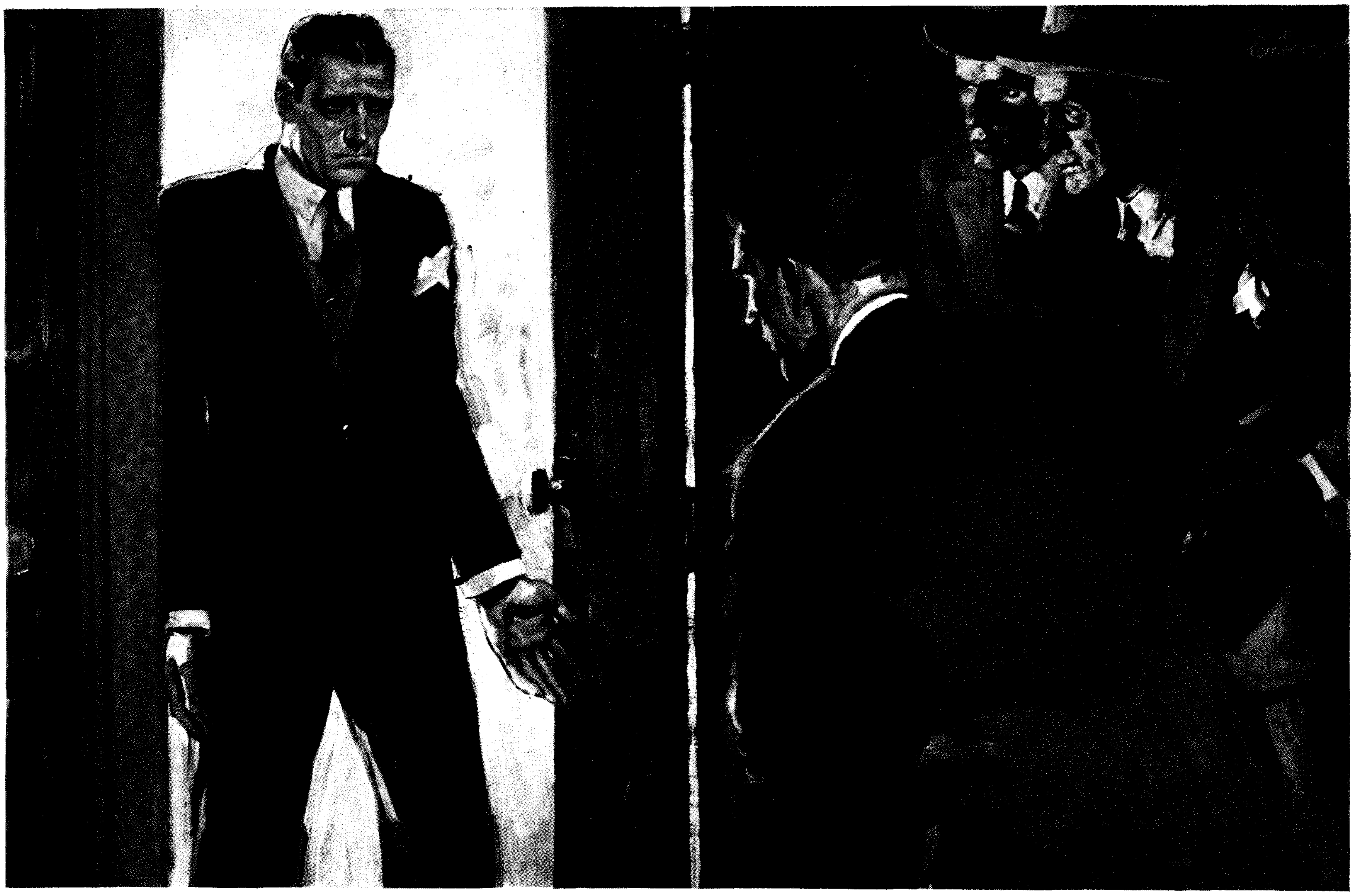
People could not believe their eyes when they saw Grundy quit his secure position as a power behind the throne and take office, coming out in the open where he could be shot at.

Grundy has had a hand in tariff making from the floor of the Senate. The result is that he has furnished an issue for the Democratic party. The tariff bill passed this year will be the "Grundy tariff." As such it will be twice as vulnerable as it would be if it were known simply as the Smoot tariff.

Old Joe has not been successful in getting for Pennsylvania the high rates which Pennsylvania especially desired. He was able to make deals by which other senators got the high duties they sought, but he was not able to get majorities for the high duties he himself wished.

For the reason that the Republican party fears the label, "the Grundy tariff," it will shrink this year from having Grundy as one of its campaign fund collectors. He has widened the breach between the Eastern and Western elements in the Republican party.

He came into office at a bad time, when upset business conditions made the voters restless. He personified, as no one else had, the callousness of tariff logrolling, the indifference of high duty grabbers to the pressure of high costs upon the consumers, and, in the eyes of the West, the determination of the East to rule or ruin the Republican party. His was an "after me the deluge" rôle.



"I'm glad to go with you gentlemen . . . I'm tired of being the goat"

The Man Hunt

Last year an Ohio city was rocked to its foundation by the most unsavory political exposure in its history.

A city councilman and two henchmen had been secretly buying land for city playgrounds through dummy purchasers and re-selling it to the city at an extortionate increase over the original price.

The evidence gathered by the local Scripps-Howard Newspaper was sufficient to indict and convict the councilman. But the evidence needed to rid the city of the rest of the graft gang was in the possession of one man . . . and he had disappeared!

For 216 days the Scripps-Howard paper pleaded with the authorities to join with it in offering a reward for the apprehension of the fugitive. Every day, on page one of the paper, the Chief of Police, the Sheriff and the city's Safety Director were reminded of the number of days the elusive witness had been missing.

On the 217th day the editor abandoned hope of enlisting official cooperation, and posted a $10,000 reward in behalf of his newspaper. Three days later the fugitive was in the dock, giving testimony that has resulted in criminal indictments long needed at the City Hall.

Much of the aid which Scripps-Howard Newspapers give to their cities in helping the city rid itself of political pillagers is neither theatrical nor picturesque. It is simply dogged and resourceful persistence. The "follow-thru" that gets results in any type of business.

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Grudge Fight

Continued from page 16

Godiva. She was a gleaming brunette with a smile you could see in the dark.

Rooney pushed his steak away.

"Spike Hammond," I said.

"The horse-faced dude," said Rooney.

Moran steered Hammond and the girl to the table right behind us. Rooney stared at the girl. She spotted him and nodded. He kept staring and his face got redder than his steak.

Moran came over. There was a murmur among the mob in the chophouse when they lamped Hammond and Rooney sitting close together.

"Miss Dwyer recognized you," said Moran to Rooney.

"Heh, heh," said Rooney.

We could hear her tinkling over something Hammond had said. Spike turned about in his seat.

"Where's the telephones?" he asks Moran over his shoulder.

Moran told him, and Hammond eased out—everybody watching him stride down the aisle.

Rooney stirred in his seat to get up as if to follow Hammond.

"That horse-faced dude!" he muttered.

"Not here," said Moran, clapping his hands on Rooney's shoulders. Moran's nails were pink and white and neat.

The crowd caught on. Everybody whispered. Nobody talked.

"You *fixed* it," I sneered at Moran.

He didn't hear me—or he's a good actor.

"Jim Rooney," he said, aloud. "You and Miss Dwyer are old friends."

When Hammond came back, Rooney was chinning in jerks with the girl.

"You know Mr. Hammond, I believe?" she said sweetly.

Hammond stuck out a paw and Rooney took it as if it had been kept on ice for a week.

"You boys got to come over with me and see Mabel's show tonight," said Mike Moran. We went.

We sat in a stage box, slick Mike Moran between the pugs.

At the intermission I was outside, snitching a smoke. Moran came up.

"The boys are behaving," he said.

"You don't know Rooney," I said.

"He's a nice guy—and a big eater," said Moran.

"He's liable to clout Hammond right in that stage box," I said.

Moran skipped back. That left me alone to think. Maybe, I thought, this was the awakening of love for Rooney. Up to that night he'd always thought plays were based on movies. If he and Hammond, I figured, both fell for this Dwyer dame, we might work up a grudge fight. Next to free access to the subtreasury with a truck there's nothing that pays better.

THE next day at noon I hooked over to Rooney's hotel to take him back to the farm and training. The desk clerk told me Rooney'd left an hour ago in a big car.

"Was anybody in that car besides Rooney?" I asked.

"A lady and a gentleman," he said.

"What kind of lady and gentleman?" I asked.

"The lady was little and good-looking and the gentleman big and good-looking."

Over at Mike Moran's chophouse I asked him about this.

"Rooney proposed a ride in the country to Mabel," said Mike. "And Mabel invited Spike Hammond along. She'll hold 'em down."

"Listen," I said. "If them contented cows in the country see a million-dollar fight for nothing, it's your fault, Moran."

"Don't be foolish," he said. "I'll bring 'em together."

That night I met Rooney staggering out of his hotel like a hillside in June.

"Where's the funeral?" I asked.

"Leave me be," he said.

He carted the flowers to the theater where Mabel Dwyer was playing. I saw him do it. The lobby looked like someone was laid in state when he got there. That was Spike Hammond with his little gift.

I buzzed the show's press agent.

"Keep this dark," I said.

He grinned. "Deep secret—like the armistice," he said.

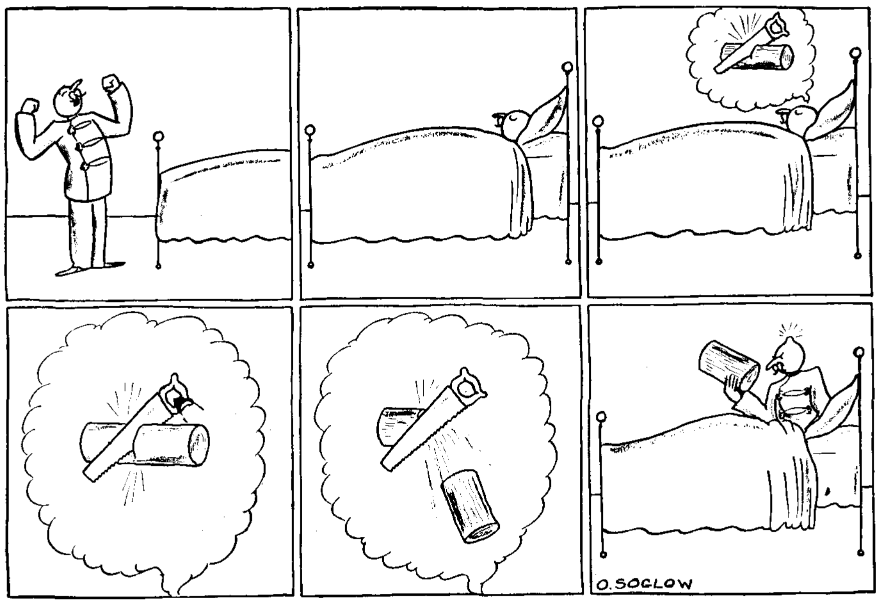
THE newspaper wisecrackers had it next morning. I took it all to Rooney.

Rooney shaved his door-knob chin and ate a steak for breakfast. The first thing I knew he was buttoning up spats and trundling golf clubs from a closet.

"I'm learnin' the game," he said. "It's crazy. Miss Dwyer's teachin' me."

I figured it was smart to let things ride.

Over at Mike Moran's at dinner, day by day, I kept in touch. Mike said he was easing the boys into position. I told the Garden to look out for a nice open date at the Yankee Stadium.



Then Rooney bust into my office one morning with his golf clubs.

"No lesson today?" I said.

He threw the clubs in a corner.

"That horse-faced dude'll need a doctor tonight," he said.

I knew Rooney well enough to know that this was serious. Hammond, he told me in grunts, had beaten him to a date with Mabel Dwyer. "Anyhow," he added, "golf's a lousy game—makes you look like a boob when you can't play it."

We went over to Moran's together. Moran joined us; but all the conversation was between him and me. Rooney just sat, grinding ice from ice water between his teeth—waiting for something.

The something came. Spike Hammond breezed in with the Dwyer girl. Spike was handsome and happy. The girl gushed.

"I've been wanting to see you all day, Jimmy," she told Rooney.

"You knew where to find me," said Rooney.

She skipped that one.

"Spike's done the finest thing. He's agreed to box for the Actors' Fund charity. You know, that's run by Dan Friedman—he's my boss."

"Heh, heh," said Rooney, glaring at Hammond.

"It would be grand if you'd box Spike, Jimmy," she said.

"There's my manager," said Rooney, nodding at me. "He knows I won't fight nobody but the champion."

"Don't be silly," she said. "Spike won't hurt you."

Moran stepped between Hammond and Rooney, who flushed and looked murder.

"There ain't nobody can hurt *me!*" he growled.

"Sit down everybody," said Mike Moran, quickly. "I'll buy the dinner—what's yours, Jimmy, steak?"

Rooney didn't answer for a while.

"I'll fight Hammond," he said at last, "if Mike Moran puts on the fight and referees."

"Okay with me," said Spike, and ordered two English mutton chops.

The papers got it that Rooney and Hammond were fighting over a woman as well as for charity. I suspected Mike Moran of slipping the inside to the boys, and asked him about it.

"Sure," he said. "Why not? It'll pack 'em in."

It did.

The night of the fight Moran came to our room in the ball park. He gets into his referee's rig and tells both boys that the Dwyer dame is planted in the first row.

"See here," I warned Rooney when Moran had left. "Forget that gal until after. Keep your mind on Spike Hammond."

"I'll kill the horse-faced dude," said Rooney.

From our corner of the ring I spotted her between two imposing birds in hard-shirts—her boss, I suppose, head of the charity fund, was one of them. The announcer carted a flower horseshoe as big as a horse to Rooney's corner. It was from the gal. Another went to Hammond's corner. Also from Miss Dwyer.

IF YOU didn't see that fight you missed the grandest exhibition of assault and battery in the history of the ring. Fifteen rounds were scheduled, and at the end of each the mob was as played out as the scrappers.

Mike Moran made an easy referee. He let anything go. After the tenth round, Rooney looked as if he'd pushed his face in a concrete mixer and Spike Hammond's eyes were like painted baseballs. A grand jury would have indicted both for atrocious mayhem.

At the end of the thirteenth I tried advising Rooney.

"Take it easy," I said, slipping him a shot of rye. "You've marked him up like a fire sale. Coast home."

"I'll kill the horse-faced dude," said Rooney through what had been his lips.

They met center for the fourteenth and sidled to the ropes. A glimpse of the gal showed her talking to the stiff-shirt to her right. For the first time Mike Moran walked through the men.

"Fight, boys!" he shouted, and the ringsiders laughed.

Hammond clubbed Rooney's temple with a dripping glove heavy as lead.

"Back to the gas-house," he growled

He said no more. He was too busy. The next eighty seconds saw stuff that would have made Kilkenny cats look like mating doves. Somebody's teeth danced along the rosin. Hammond slipped. Rooney socked him. Moran stepped up to warn Rooney, but Hammond got there first with a foul backhand swish that sent Rooney staggering. He raced back. Hammond met him halfway and they drove furiously at each other's heads.

Moran stood aside, pale but grinning. I got another glimpse of the gal. She was straining forward yelling to Moran to stop it.

I leaned out under the bottom rope and shouted to Rooney to stop trying to knock Spike's head off and drive at his stomach. Whether or not he heard me he ripped a whale at the midriff. Moran smacked his shoulder as a warning. Hammond slid down. Men and women were jumping on springs, yelling. Rooney ripped another body punch. Hammond sank on one knee and Rooney let him have it again, deep in the belt.

Moran beckoned cops into the ring and pushed Rooney away.

Hammond was winner—on a foul!

AFTER a long rub and several showers, Rooney squinted at me through his ruins.

"What time is it?" he said.

"Ten-fifty," I said.

"I got time to meet her after the show," he said.

"She was just here," I said.

"Oh," was all Rooney replied.

Nothing would do next morning but to go to Moran's for breakfast. Mike wasn't around. His head waiter said he was over at the Biltmore—eating.

We went over—to a private room.

"Come in," hollered Moran.

There were flowers, all sorts of food and a big crystal punch bowl, with men and women drinking all around, and in the middle of them Mabel Dwyer.

"You're just in time," said Moran. "Join the party."

A young guy smacked away on a piano. The door opened and before Moran could finish mitting us, in walked Spike Hammond—not walked exactly—he hobbled.

"Attaboy, Spike," said Moran. "Glad you came over. Just in time for the wedding breakfast."

Rooney wheeled around, giddy with the giggling and chatter in the room. "Whose wedding?" he asked.

"Mike's, of course," said a big, round-faced guy near us. "Mike and Mabel was married this morning."

Hammond had edged up to Rooney by then—to sock him, I think. But Mike Moran hustled up.

"Shake hands, you two fellers," he said.

"Do, please, like good boys," cooed Mabel.

I left the two mugs sinking their fists in the punch bowl, my final glimpse of the party being the newly made Mrs. Mike Moran trying to find Spike Hammond's mouth with a loving cup. Rooney was singing a ballad—on two shots of punch.

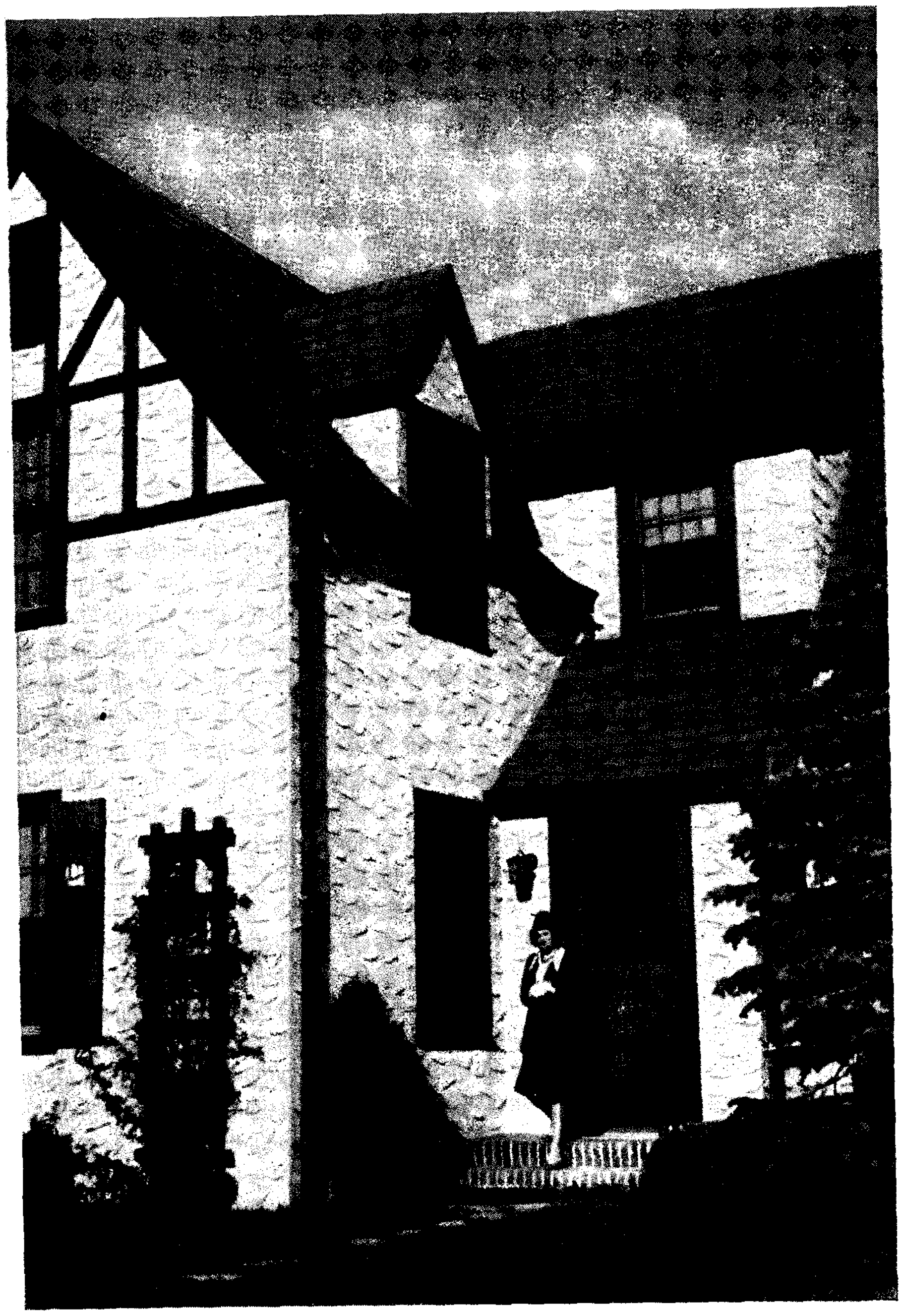
Going out I stopped Mike Moran.

"You're a fixer all right, Mike," I said.

"All's swell that ends swell," said Mike.

How long do you want your Roof to last . . . .

The simplest, safest answer is found in J-M Asbestos Shingles, which are everlasting



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Next winter's comfort will be planned this May

"When it rains I can't fix it; when it don't, I don't need to."

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If your heating plant has left fresh in your memory discomfort and extra labor and over-large fuel bills endured all winter through, now is the time to plan so that next winter won't be another like the last.

Now, in short, is the time to have your heating contractor install a new Capitol boiler to serve Capitol radiators. The Red Cap, the Red Top, the Red Head . . . whichever you choose, heating quality in every detail will increase the value of a new home or an old one. They burn coal, coke, oil, or gas.

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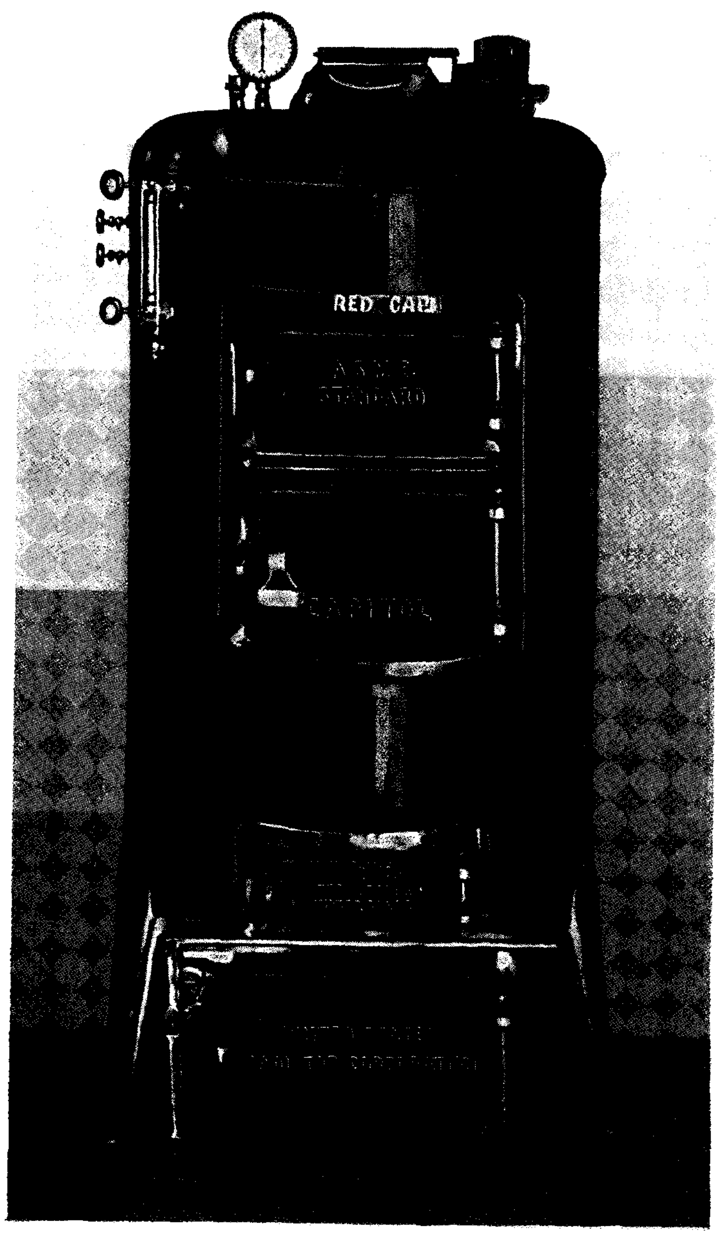
Don't let cost delay you. Moderately priced *Capitol Guaranteed Heating,* warranted in writing, can be completely installed for a few dollars down and a few dollars a month under the Capitol Deferred Payment Plan. Let us send you our manual of better heating, "A Modern House Warming."



The Capitol Red Cap
Embodies every improvement known in round boilers. A thick blanket of rock wool, the finest insulation obtainable, suggests its quality in every particular. For medium sized residences

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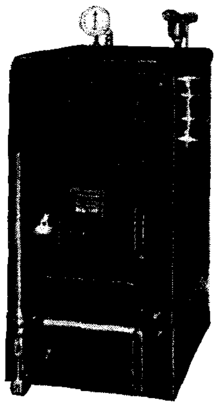
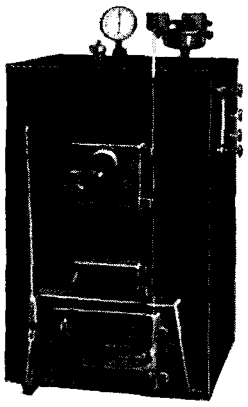


The Capitol Red Top
This is, we believe, the finest square boiler yet achieved. Rock wool insulation. Staunch jacket in baked enamel. Vitreous enamel doors



The Capitol Red Head
To small homes this handsome heat-maker, with rock wool insulation, brings the advantages of radiator heat for little if any more than the cost of your second choice in heating equipment

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Both were Young

Continued from page 21

Butt Inn, a place frequented by people like young Gilbert Dolliver. He had led her into actual conversation with Dolliver, and, tardily realizing this offense, had found no better way of rectifying it than by precipating a disgraceful row in which he had been ignominiously slapped upon the button. Whatever his superiors in the Export Division might believe as to Hallowell's business ability, it was clear that he didn't belong in Lakeport. There was an opening in the Valparaiso office where Hallowell's business talents could be usefully employed and where his social shortcomings wouldn't matter. So much for Hallowell.

As for Lollie—the sternness faded out of Plimsoll's countenance under the glow of the photographed smile. Lollie wasn't to be blamed. She'd been encouraged to entrust herself to the escort of Marvin Hallowell; of course Noonan had been mistaken in his fantastic notion that she had deliberately sought the society of Gilbert Dolliver, but even if her innocent curiosity as to that bassoon had actually led her to such a mistake, the fault still lay with Hallowell for having taken her to such a place. Lollie was own daughter to Belden Plimsoll. In estimating the utter worthlessness of Gilbert Dolliver, Lollie would see mercilessly eye to eye with Belden Plimsoll. It had been absurd to doubt this.

Plimsoll was still smiling at the absurdity of that momentary doubt when the telephone buzzer hummed. Albertine's voice quivered over the wire. In her distressed excitement she was even less lucid than usual, but she was able to make Plimsoll understand two of the reasons for her state of mind.

Lollie had called up Gilbert Dolliver.

Lollie had addressed him, unbelievably, as darling.

"Can't you *do* something, papa? Can't you *do* something?"

"I'll attend to it, Teenie. Just stop worrying and leave it to me."

In the act of hanging up the receiver he arrived at one of his Napoleonic decisions. He spoke to Noonan with the curt, brusque voice of authority:

"From now till further notice you drop everything else and watch young Dolliver. Report to me here, once a day. No telephoning. No writing. I want an absolutely full account of everything he does. Everything."

Noonan rose. His ice-colored eye brightened slightly, but he showed no other trace of emotion.

"All right, sir. You'll get it."

In his nondescript little car he permitted himself, however, to wag his head, to commune with himself aloud.

"And you'll get it good," he muttered not without compassion, past the bitten remnant of Plimsoll's gift.

Plimsoll's pretensions had deceived him, for a little while, but it was now apparent to the father of Eileen Noonan that he stood alone, as he had always believed, among fathers of daughters. He knew all there was to know about Eileen.

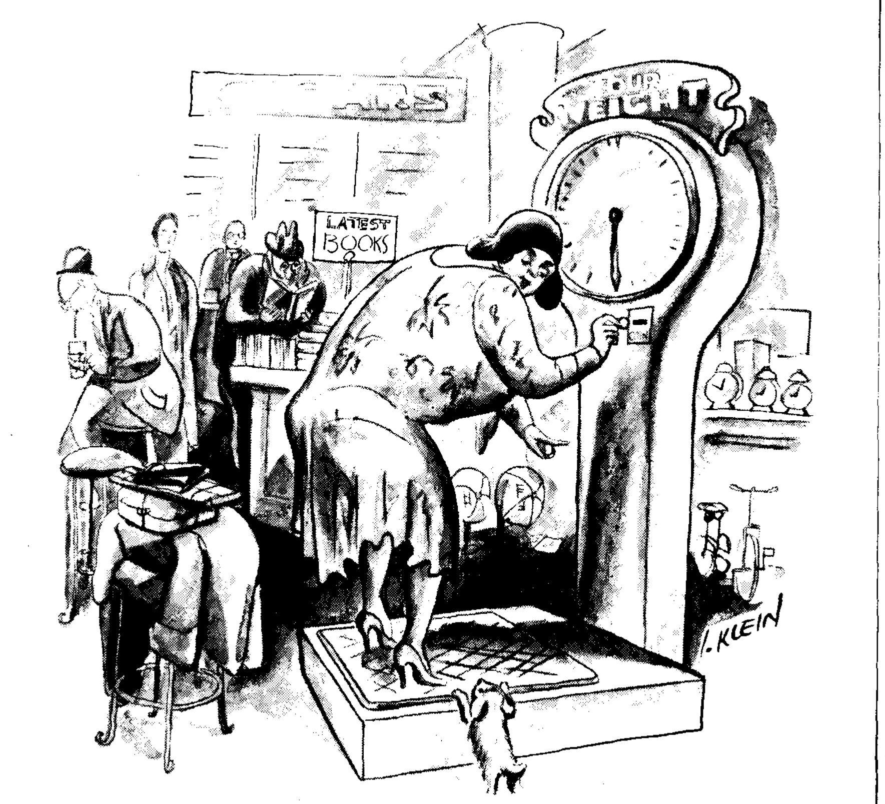
GREETED, as he emerged from his bedroom at noon, by the highly unvegetarian aroma of frying pork chops and the spatting bubble of the skillet, Mr. Gilbert Dolliver, in bathrobe and heelless slippers, pursued the heartening sound and smell down the back stairway to their source.

The aspect he exhibited as he shuffled into the kitchen would have confirmed Mrs. Pansy Dolliver's beliefs as to the identity of that reincarnated spirit now inhabiting the fleshly tenement of Gilbert. It was a serene face that met the dark, mustang eye of Zenia, a face of innocence and amity, flushed by slumber and cleansed of care, and it worked, in spite of her visible reluctance, its usual effect of disarmament on Zenia.

She did not speak, but she forked a golden chop from the skillet to a plate—a plate in readiness on the oilclothed table, as if intended for Zenia's midday use, but, to a close observer, destined for another purpose, for it was not a kitchen plate.

Also without speech Gilbert seated himself and became concerned with

(*Continued on page 58*)

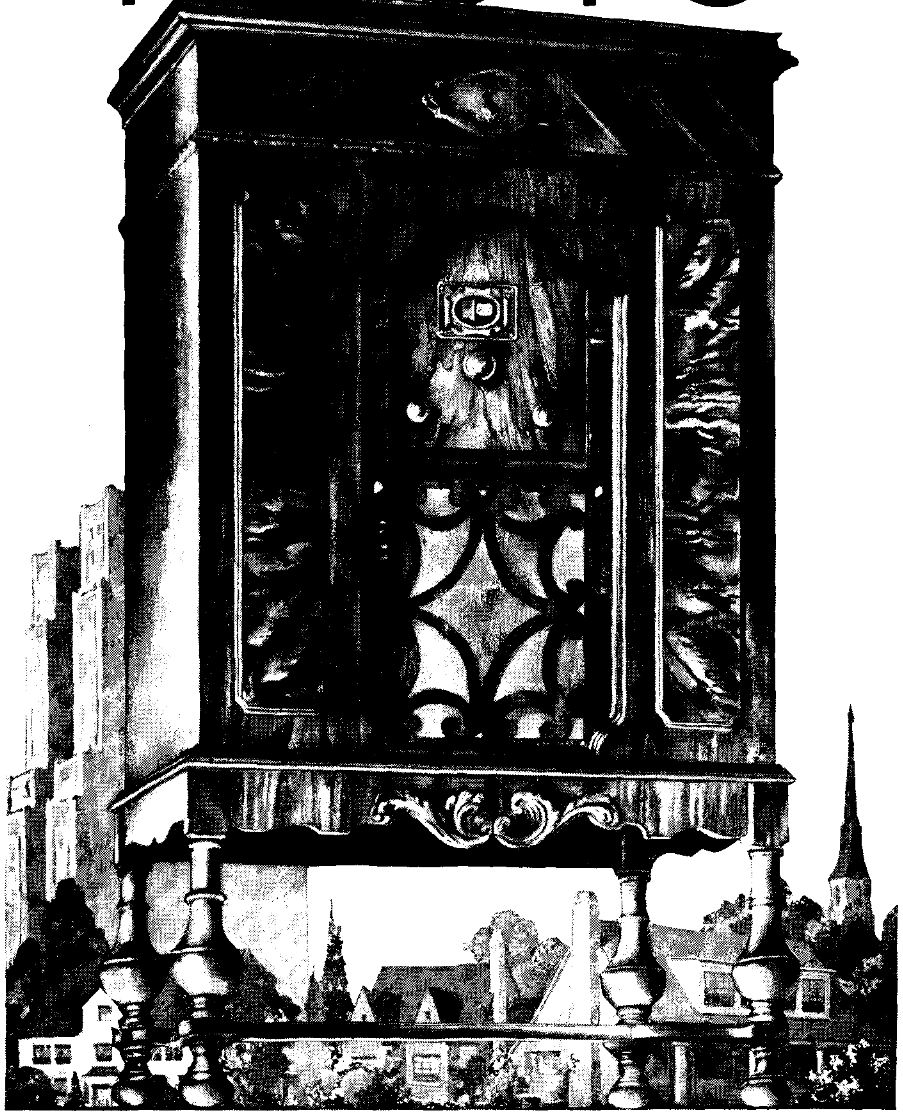


"Now, Precious."

EDISON

LIGHT-O-MATIC

RADIO



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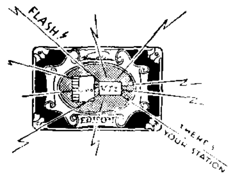

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(*Continued from page 57*)

knife and fork. Zenia eyed him above the skillet.

"Reckon you ain't goin' git you soul no looser long 's you eat you two-th'ee 'em po'k chop ev'y mo'nin'."

Gilbert's face clouded slightly and his glance shifted toward the stair with an apprehension Zenia sought to reassure. "You got plenty time. She ain't goin' come down till 'at ole Suwanee Rivuh git heah."

Her voice put unloving stress on this private rendering of the Swami's title. She laughed suddenly, a shrill, high, delighted squeal.

"I leave kitchen do' open so he got to smell po'k chop fryin'," she explained in answer to Gilbert's inquiring glance. "I bet you ole Suwanee nose itch him good. Ain' no collud man sit happy smellin' po'k chop he ain't goin' eat!"

"He isn't colored," said Gilbert. "I've told you over and over he's a Hindu, Zenie."

"Hindu or Skindu, he keep out'n my kitchen," said Zenia. "One nem mud-browns, 'at whut he look like to me."

GILBERT shook his head but permitted the debate to lapse. He ate another chop.

"You doin' pretty good," Zenia commented. "Reckon you soul ain' goin' come loose iss mo'nin', nohow!"

Again Gilbert's face passed briefly into shadow.

"You goin' git it good 'n' loose you keep on, though." Zenia nodded darkly. "Iceman tell me you fightin' again las' night. Say you git th'owed out at dance hall oveh to Rutteh's Pon'. One dese nights you goin' git you soul so loose it pull clean out!"

"I don't care. Nobody can call me—call me *that* and get away with it, that's all. I've got to stand enough without that."

"Somebody call you Gawdamma Booduck again?"

"Don't you do it!" Gilbert rose abruptly. "I don't let anybody call me that!"

"You mamma say—"

"I know what she says," said Gilbert. "I can't help that. But I don't have to let anybody else call me—" he paused. "I won't stand it, that's all."

The telephone bell intervened. He shuffled, almost sulkily, to answer it, and his opening hello was uttered in the tone he had employed with Zenia. His normal voice and manner, however, were instantly restored at the first word that came to him over the wire. He coughed apologetically; he confronted the transmitter with the same uneasy grin that he would have worn in the actual presence of Miss Leila Plimsoll.

"Why—why, hello, Lollie." His tone was mildly inquiring, as if he found it mystifying to be called up by Lollie Plimsoll, as if even the commonplace address of "darling" held, in these circumstances, an element of the unusual and baffling.

His part in the conversation, as audible to Zenia's attentive ear, consisted chiefly of yesses and noes, prefaced inevitably by his brief, deprecatory cough. He wore, as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom, a frown of puzzled meditation. It erased itself, however, at the sight of the bassoon, standing beside his bureau.

He closed the door and lifted the mouthpiece lovingly to his lips. Very gently he breathed into the reed, a breath wholly out of keeping with the profound, titanic mutter that resulted. Downstairs there was a tinkling crash as of fallen glassware; across the hall a door opened and the voice of Mrs. Dolliver, incorrigibly sweet even in alarm and pain, uprose in startled inquiry.

Swiftly Gilbert disposed of the bassoon behind the suits hanging in the open clothes closet. His face revealed a mind divided, the pleased pride of unexpected achievement overclouded by the recognition of certain difficulties in the way of secret practice as to bassoons.

"What on earth made that dreadful noise, dear?"

Mrs. Dolliver's face, as she turned it upon her son, softened into plenary absolution. Her hand, however, remained against her breast in the gesture that survived her release, six religions back, from the illusion of bodily infirmity. It was still possible, this hand seemed gently to declare, that Mrs. Dolliver might fall back into Error and suffer one of her old heart attacks.

"I'm sorry, mamma," said Gilbert. "I didn't mean to scare you that way."

Mrs. Dolliver shook her head faintly; her gaze became definitely one of adoration.

"You're so lovely, Baby! If you'd only wear that chela's robe the Swami gave you—even your dressing-gown makes you look like—" she smiled sadly, as if to forgive Gilbert for the hardness of heart which declined to suffer, even from mamma, specific allusions to that resemblance. "Run and dress, dear. Lal Chundra Dass will be here soon and I'll want the car."

Gilbert retreated to his room. His face, as he shaved, frowned at him from the glass with a deepening discontent, a dawning purpose. He counted the crumpled bills that lay on the bureau. Twenty-two dollars and some silver. Darkly he pocketed this; descending, clad, to encounter the blandness of Lal Chundra Dass, he returned the Swami's gravely unctuous salutations in a tone that caused Mrs. Dolliver's hand to flutter gently to her heart. Hastily Gilbert heeded this gentle, warning gesture. He responded, now, in the set formula expected of him, and the Swami rearranged in its wonted serenity a countenance not wholly without warrant for Zenia's reference to mud-browns.

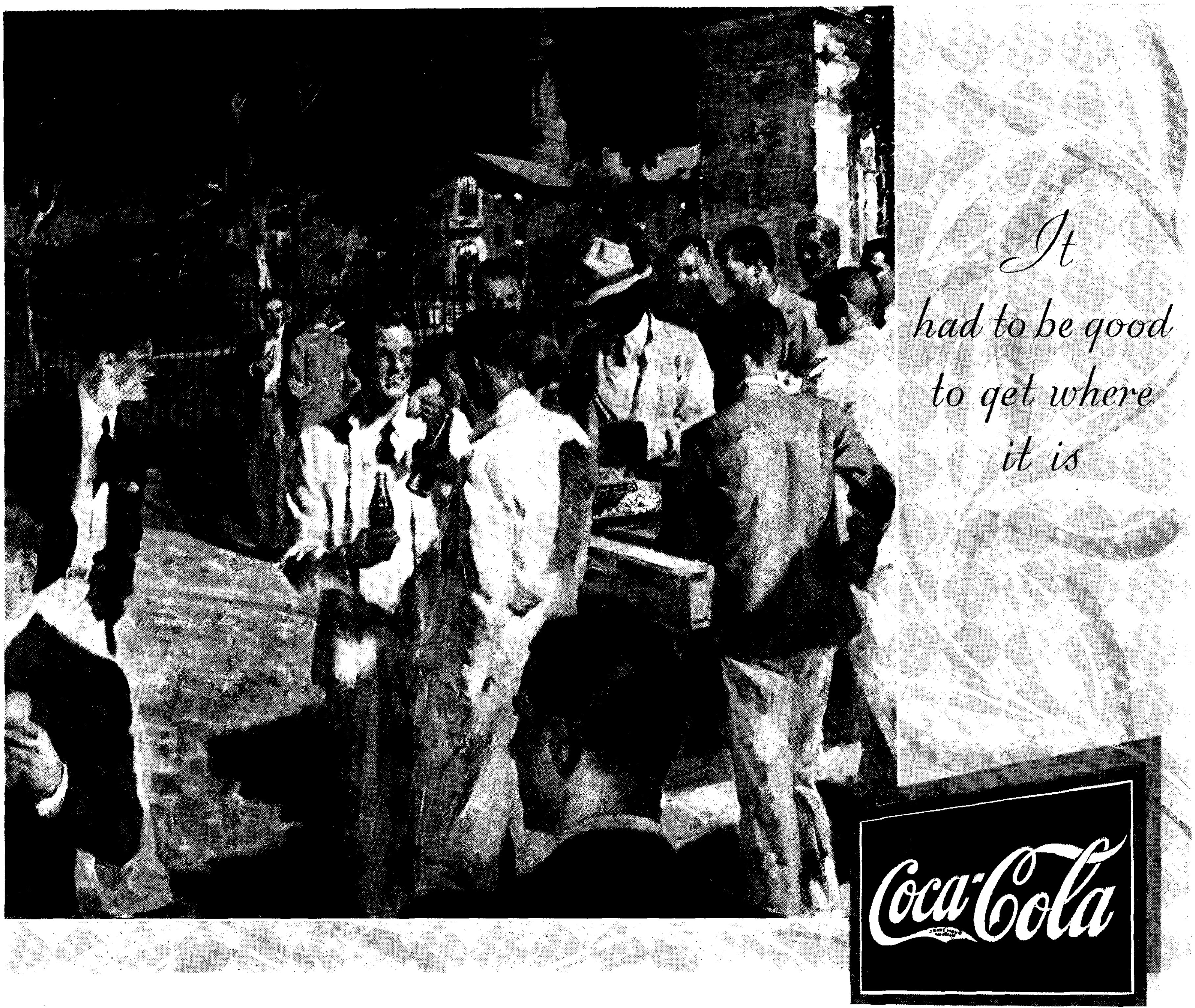
TURNING this plump countenance in the direction of the kitchen Lal Chundra Dass, moreover, permitted a wide-nostriled, flattish nose unmistakably to twitch.

Gilbert now entered upon his appointed tasks as chauffeur to the venerable motor car. He looked, as he drove it, neither to left nor right, thus contriving not to notice the interested attention with which the car itself and the Swami's costume were observed from the sidewalks. His face, however, continued to exhibit the frown it had worn in his shaving mirror, and, arriving at Mrs. Homer Hoffmeister's door, he obdurately declined the suggestion that he enter to attend the meeting. Averting his eyes from the upward movement of Mrs. Dolliver's left hand, he fastened them firmly on a nondescript little car that had halted a few yards behind his own, on a short-necked, blue-chinned man who chewed meditatively at the stub of a belted cigar.

Gilbert continued to watch the blue-chinned man until mamma, perhaps because of the pure, wholesome open air, perhaps by reason of the Swami's presence, triumphed over the illusion of an impending heart attack, and, smiling bravely as one who strives to conceal both sadness and suffering, permitted Lal Chundra Dass to escort her up Mrs. Hoffmeister's front stairs.

Free, now, for an hour, Gilbert continued to wear the look of dark, stiffening resolve. He drove downtown, and, having parked his car before the Union Station, waited beside it until a blue-chinned man, at the wheel of a dusty little car, drove out of his path. He

(*Continued on page 61*)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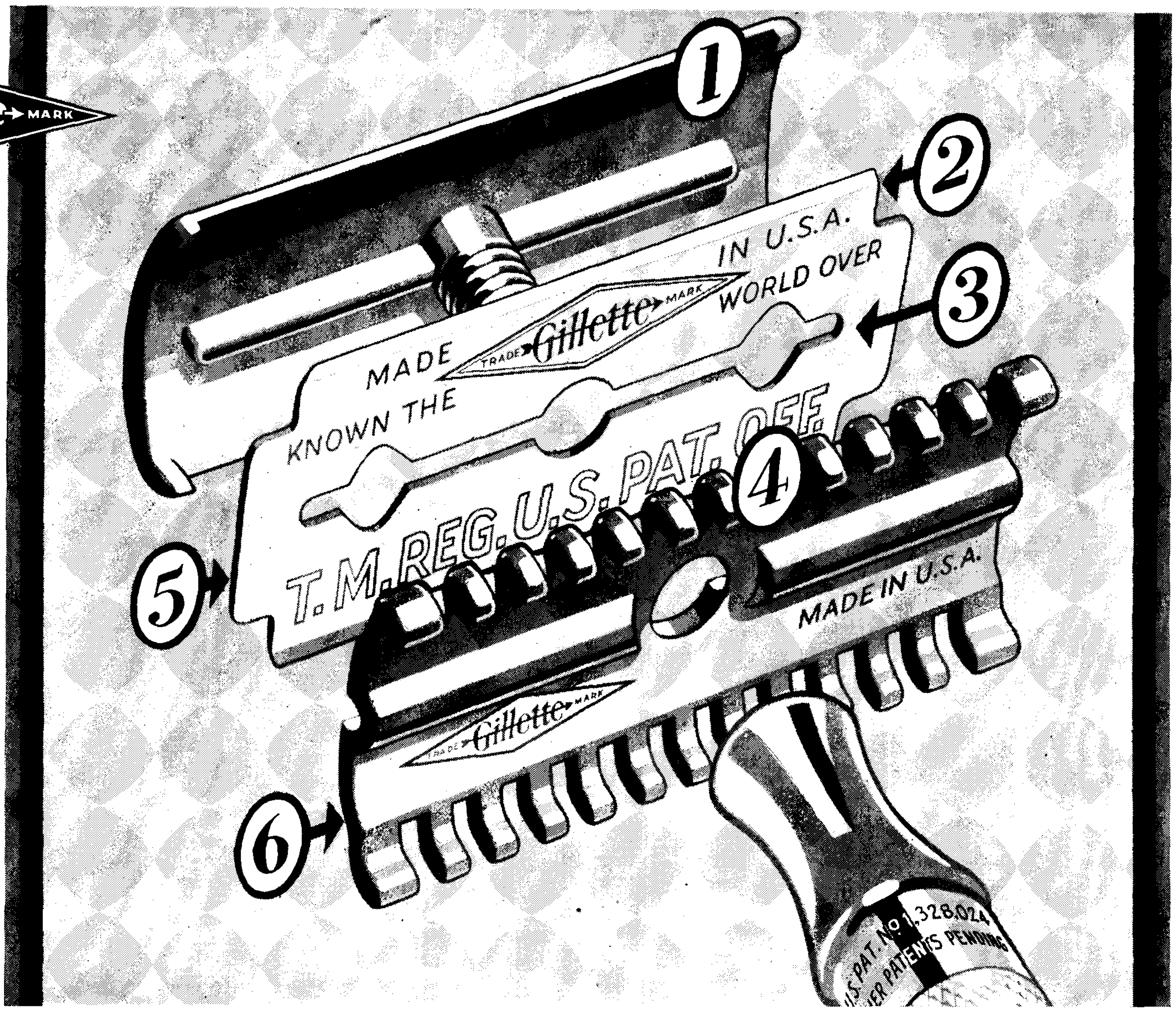

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OTHER DE LUXE MODELS AT $5.00 to $75.00

The New Gillette Shave

Both were Young

Continued from page 58

entered the station and approached one of the ticket windows. A remarkably pale young man behind the grille greeted him tepidly by name.

"What's the fare to San Francisco, Fred?" Gilbert's short cough apologized for the question. The pallid young man evinced a feeble interest:

"Ninety-four-fifty. You going out there, Gilly?"

Gilbert coughed again. "Well, I've been thinking about it. I'm going some place, anyway." He hesitated. "How far could I get for around twenty-two dollars?"

The ticket-seller grinned. "What's the matter with New York? Fare and Pullman 'd cost you twenty-one-eighty and you'd have a coupla dimes to blow in on night clubs."

Gilbert remained soberly meditative.

"I guess," he said, "a good bassoon-player might get a job in some night club."

"You play the bassoon?" Fred was less feebly interested.

"Well," said Gilbert, "I've got one." He pondered briefly. "I'm much obliged, Fred."

HE TURNED. Encountering again the hard-boiled gaze of the blue-chinned man, now moving casually toward the ticket window, Gilbert returned its scrutiny with a frown and strode purposefully to the doorway.

Deeply preoccupied he drove circuitously back to Mrs. Homer Hoffmeister's, halting only to fortify himself, at a convenient hot-dog stand, against this evening's dinner of herbs and grasses. He paid no heed to the remarkably coincidental progress of the dusty little car, but, when he had stopped before Mrs. Hoffmeister's gate and was in the act of igniting a cigarette, his glance was arrested by the reappearance, in the mirror above the windshield, of the thickset man with a blue, underslung jaw that had now become familiar.

Gilbert sat up straight. The mirror enabled him to observe the blue-chinned man without turning his head. He started his engine and drove around the square, informed by the glass that the dusty car, at a discreet distance, duplicated this maneuver. It came to a standstill a little way behind him when, again, he halted before Mrs. Hoffmeister's dwelling.

Gilbert coughed twice. He descended, now, and walked deliberately to the corner, turned it without looking back, entered a convenient drug store and purchased a packet of cigarettes. Emerging, he came face to face with a fellow pedestrian, a short-necked person, wearing a slightly dejected felt hat and holding firmly in his teeth the remnant of a cigar.

Without visible notice of Gilbert this man paused before the show window and stood in rapt contemplation of its display—a pyramid of bottles containing Mme. Cheri's Instantaneous Hair-Remover. Reflectively, almost wistfully, the thickset man's right hand stroked blue-stubbled jaws. Gilbert strolled back. He walked gladly, as one treading pneumatic flagstones. The blue-chinned man also returned, less exuberantly, to the dusty little car.

Gilbert's duty as chauffeur engaged him through the afternoon; he delivered Swami Lal Chundra Dass at his lodgings; he drove mamma on her usual tour of the shops; he participated in a dinner of rice and fruit and nuts; he consented almost with alacrity to escort Mrs. Dolliver to a concert of chamber music at the home of Miss Amy Watkins. Throughout all these activities his countenance revealed no hint of discontent. A glow, indeed, illuminated it; a glow so unmistakably exalted that Mrs. Dolliver, bidding her son good-night, bathed him in a gaze of swimming tenderness.

"You look so lovely, Baby! You always look lovely, but tonight you—if you'd only wear that chela's robe—"

The exalted look abruptly removed itself from Gilbert's face. Mamma sighed softly; her hand rose to her heart, but the unfilial hardness of Gilbert's aspect did not thaw. She sighed again and closed her door.

Across the hallway Gilbert waited for the stripe of light to vanish from below that door. He waited for ten minutes after it had disappeared. Then, very carefully, his bassoon clasped below his arm, he tiptoed down the back stairs and out into the welcome of black-velvet night.

The stable that now served as garage had been built as far from the house as the dimensions of the roomy lot permitted, so far indeed that even the complaining chatter of venerable gears, as Gilbert drove away along the alley at the back of the plot, did not disturb the peaceful stillness of Mrs. Dolliver's bedroom.

Gilbert drove slowly; in the matter of pace the car was, as befitted its aged dignity, conservative. Usually the glare of overtaking headlamps rested only briefly upon its windshield, but tonight a dazzling reflection remained persistently in front of Gilbert's eyes. He did not resent this. Indeed, as he turned into the driveway that swerved away from the paved turnpike skirting the park, and observed that the pursuing lamps still shone upon his windshield, he permitted an ejaculation of pleased conviction to escape his lips.

THE cockles of Belden Plimsoll's heart were warm and the bruises lately suffered in body and in spirit were soothed and solaced.

Upon the profundity of the down cushion of his favorite chair it was possible to forget this morning's arrival, in the same posture, upon the rude earth of the bridle path, even to look back upon it as a feat, amusing and vaguely creditable, of horsemanship.

Cushioned as deeply as to the spirit by Lollie's wholly daughterly deportment throughout dinner and the two succeeding hours of conversation in the library, Plimsoll could now afford to smile at his groundless anxieties concerning her.

She sat upon the arm of his chair, her own arm lightly about his neck, her hand, from time to time, administering to his shoulder a pat of approval and affection. In this position she attracted and retained the rapt, chorused gaze of Messrs. Avery, Saltonstall, Westgate and Jarrett, and toward all of these young men Plimsoll felt a comfortable glow of complacent esteem.

Even as to Jarrett his opinion had undergone a favorable revision. At dinner and thereafter Jarrett had given no sign whatever of that loquacity which Plimsoll had yesterday resented in him. More decorously even than the others had he held his tongue, more steadfastly than any other had his gaze fixed itself upon Lollie.

More even than usual, Plimsoll decided, Lollie invited and justified this attention. As if to make amends for yesterday she had assumed tonight a costume more elaborate and formal than

(Continued on page 62)

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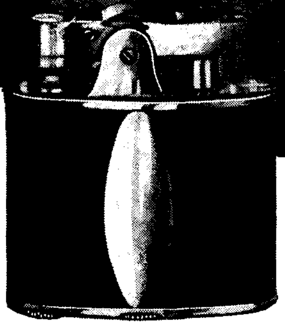

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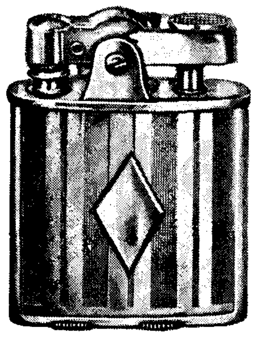

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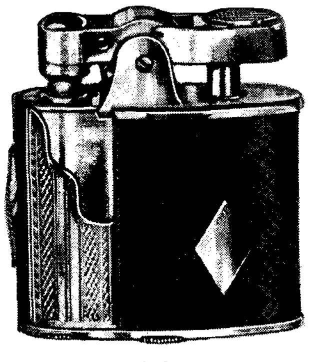

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RONSON De-Light

(*Continued from page 61*)

Plimsoll had expected her to wear for a small family dinner-party, a dress wholly delightful to his fatherly eye and no less effective, he could see, in the eyes of the four young men—a dress that charmingly revealed the delicately sunbrowned throat and arms and shoulders, that clung lovingly to the slenderness of her waist and fell in maidenly fullness almost to her ankles. Her hair was dressed so that it hid her ears and framed her face in softness.

It was impossible for Plimsoll to confuse this daughter with that absurd, grotesque imagining of a flippant stranger who lazed on her shoulder-blades, who insolently smoked, who desired to dance for her living in a New York night club, who could suffer the society of a worm like Gilbert Dolliver.

HIS daughter was this girl who sat beside him, this lovely, loving, innocent child, whose little bubbly, cooing laughter trilled forth as gaily over his story of the two Irishmen and the pumpkin as if she heard it for the first time—this daughter who affectionately patted her father's cheek without dreaming of the anguished wistfulness the artless caress evoked in the four young men.

Jarrett, laughing more cordially than the rest at the anecdote about the pumpkin, regained more of the ground he had lost in Plimsoll's esteem. A keen sense of humor, such as Jarrett manifestly possessed, was a splendid asset to any young man. Perhaps, after all, that Cape Town job could wait a little.

It was Jarrett, too, who knew when to go home, and who managed his farewells with more ease and polish than the others. With Lollie leaning in the gratified bend of his arm Plimsoll beamed affably upon Jarrett and decided that it had been shrewd to defer his banishment.

A chorus of respectful good nights came from the doorway. Lollie withdrew herself from the arm that had supported her.

"Nice boys, aren't they?"

Plimsoll chuckled comfortably. His daughter, now lighting her first cigarette of the evening, also laughed.

"Perfectly beautiful," she conceded. "It's too bad you make adding machines instead of collars."

Although the tone left something to be desired, the words were harmless enough for Plimsoll to take them jocularly.

"They are good-looking," he admitted.

"Yes," said Lollie. "And I'll bet you they're just as good as they're beautiful."

Plimsoll, not without effort, contrived to accept even this in a spirit of patient merriment.

"I hope so," he said.

"I think I'll go up to bed," said Albertine. She spoke, however, with a certain eagerness. "I—I've had a trying day."

Plimsoll patted her shoulder.

" 'Night, Teenie. I'll stay down and have a friendly smoke with Lollie." He closed his left eye eloquently and Albertine nodded understanding. She bade her daughter good night with a hint, in tone and look, of timidity, as one who presumes greatly but means no offense.

" 'Night." Lollie was nonchalantly affable. Albertine departed and Plimsoll, having lighted a cigar, lowered himself carefully to the softness of his down cushion. The peculiar difficulty of opening and maintaining conversation with his daughter, a difficulty of which he had only lately become aware, was somehow lessened by the hour, the solitude and the fellowship of smoke. For once he was reconciled to Lollie's cigarette.

"What's this I hear about your going to New York?"

Lollie exhaled slowly.

"Oh, I did think about it," she admitted. The past tense of the verb fell gratefully on Plimsoll's ear. He'd been right. She'd given up this notion, if she ever really had it, just as quickly as she'd recovered from other artless ambitions.

"I've decided that I don't want to leave Lakeport—not yet, anyway," said Lollie.

"No special reason, I suppose?"

Plimsoll ventured to be archly jocular.

"Well, yes," Lollie answered. "At least—well, I'd rather be here for a while."

She rose and moved deliberately into the hall.

"Going to bed?" Plimsoll called after her, a little hurt. Her laugh came floating back, and she followed it, a moment later, now wearing a bright, long-fringed shawl of lustrous Cuban silk.

"Hardly! I'm going to Bishy Fanshawe's dance."

"Who's taking you? Not young Hallowell?"

Lollie laughed. "Not," she said, "so you could notice it."

For some reason her face and tone awakened in her father a sudden, panic-stricken foreboding, a prescience of disaster almost instantly vindicated by events.

The leaded window casements chattered on their hinges; somewhere in the house a cup sang on its saucer. It was not necessary for Lollie to inform her father in whose society she was about to sally from his door. It was no mere motor siren that peremptorily summoned her from the driveway. Gilbert Dolliver had elected to honk, magnificently, through the more compelling agency of a bassoon.

THE chatter of the ancient car had subsided in the distance before Belden Plimsoll found his voice and tongue. The imperative need of using these recovered faculties drove him swiftly upstairs to Albertine.

"She's gone off to a dance with Gilbert Dolliver! With that—"

"Of course," said Albertine. "That's why she called him up this morning. She couldn't help hearing what you said about him when you came in from your ride."

The tone was wearily matter-of-fact, the tone of one who states the obvious. Her husband was familiar with it and with Teenie's exasperating trick of using it in saying things that were not obvious at all.

"Don't you know," this manner seemed to ask, "that two and two make twelve?"

Plimsoll shook his head.

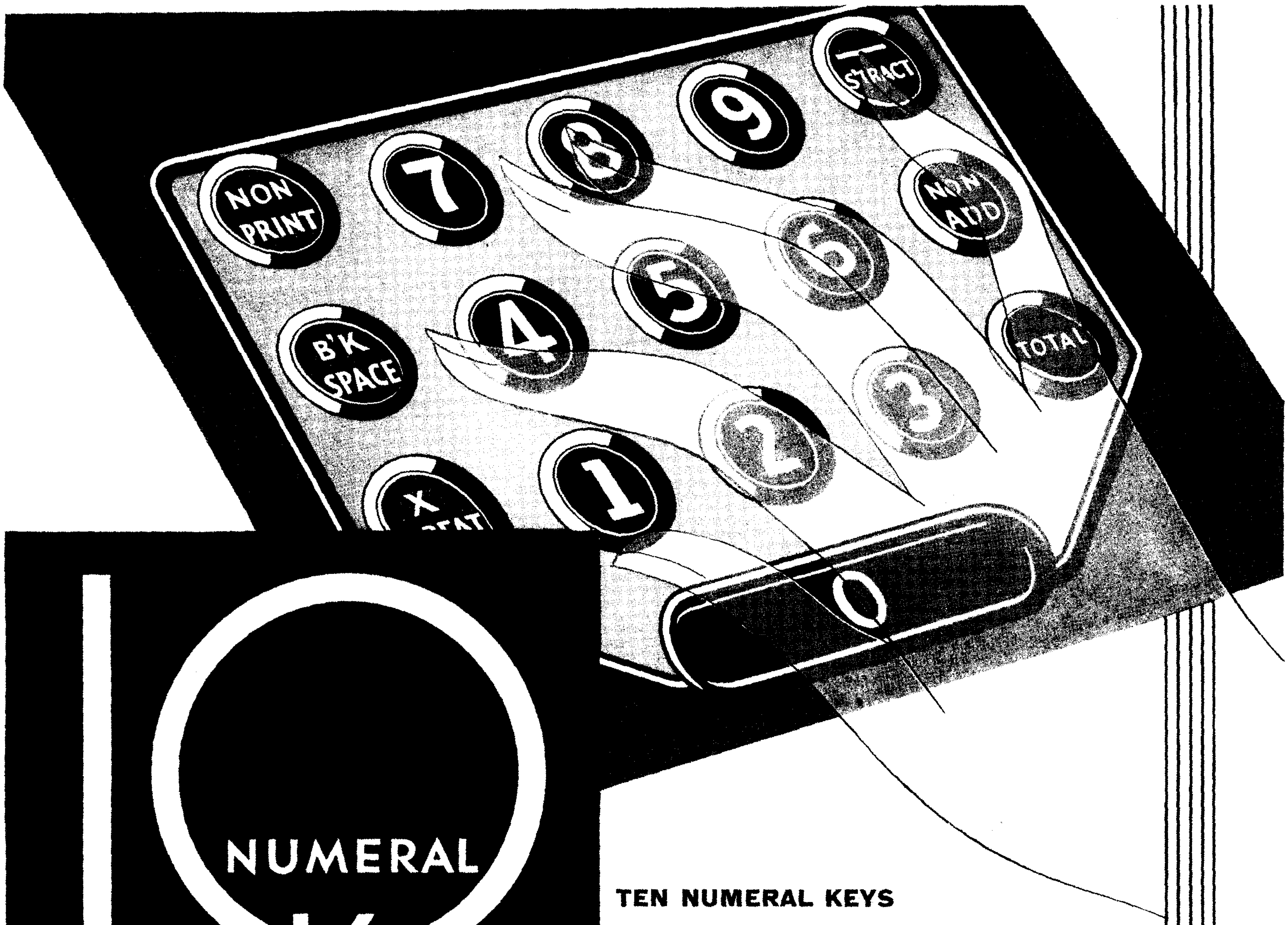
"What are you talking about? I told you Lollie had gone out with Gilbert Dolliver and you come back with—"

"Oh," said Albertine impatiently, "it's all so perfectly simple! She wants to go to New York to study tap-dancing. She knows you won't hear of it. So, of course, she picks out the boy you despise most and pretends to be crazy about him, so that you'll do anything sooner than keep her here."

This was monstrous. Plimsoll was appalled that Lollie's own mother, gentle, sweet-hearted Teenie, could impute to his daughter the callous, calculated wickedness involved in this hypothesis. Women, he knew, were queerly hard in their judgments of one another, but Albertine—the child's mother, thus coldly accusing Lollie of base, heartless scheming!

"I never heard such nonsense!" he said warmly. "Lollie—" he paused. The walls of Albertine's room, except for one photograph of her husband, were decorated exclusively with pictures

(*Continued on page 64*)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Both were Young

Continued from page 62

of Lollie—Lollie as a baby, Lollie at two and four and seven and ten, Lollie swimming, Lollie riding, Lollie in her first party-dress, Lollie the dear, the loving, the merry-hearted perfect daughter of Belden Plimsoll's perfect fathering. It was this Lollie who was now incredibly slandered, slandered by the one person who, next to Belden Plimsoll himself, ought to know her best and love her most!

"I can hardly believe you really said such a hateful thing, Teenie! It would be mean to say it about any girl, but about your own daughter!"

"All right," said Albertine wearily. She plumped her pillows. "Maybe you can think of a better way to explain why she's gone out with a boy she knows you can't stand, the very day she finds out how you feel about him. Maybe there's some easier way to account for her calling him up this noon—when she hasn't even spoken to him since they were children at dancing school!"

"You're wrong about that," Plimsoll told her. "She talked to him last night."

Albertine turned quickly.

"Where? How do you know?"

Plimsoll hesitated. He had nobly determined to spare Albertine the unhappy news that Lollie hadn't dined and danced, last night, at the Country Club. It would only worry her, for one thing, and, for another, it would encourage her in the quaint belief that she knew better, sometimes, than her husband. It was mere accident, of course, that her chance guess of last night had been accurate, and that Belden Plimsoll's logically reasoned opinion had been wrong.

"I just happened to hear," he said. "A man who came in to see me on business happened to say that he'd seen my daughter last night, and that young Dolliver was—was in the party."

Albertine's eyes went wide.

"But the Dollivers don't belong to the club?"

Plimsoll sidestepped neatly.

"I guess a trifle like that wouldn't worry Gilbert much," he said, with a sudden realization of the truth of this purposely misleading statement. "Anyway, he was with Lollie and young Hallowell and from the way this friend of mine spoke they were on—on friendly terms."

"You were talking about Gilbert last night," said Albertine. "She must have got the notion then. I know she hasn't seen anything of him since they were little, and she despised him then." She paused. "Did this man say they were at the club?"

PLIMSOLL was irritated again by the accidental accuracy of an utterly illogical suspicion. It would be a pity to encourage Albertine's faith in such random guesses.

"I don't think he did but it doesn't matter. The point is that this isn't any sudden acquaintance, and that you're wrong in thinking Lollie's deliberately gone out of her way to worry us. She's known Dolliver all her life; she happened to see him last night and—"

"And after listening to the pleasant names you called him at the top of your voice this morning she rang him on the telephone as soon as she got up, and asked him to take her to this dance!"

Albertine laughed drearily.

"What's the matter with you, Teenie?" Plimsoll was shocked. "I can hardly believe it's really you—the child's own mother!"

"That's just what's the matter with me!" Amazingly, Albertine sobbed. "I'm her m-mother, and she—she's a p-perfect stranger to me! She hates me! She's so crazy to get away from me that she'll even go around with that horrible Gilbert Dolliver so as to s-stampede us into letting her go live somewhere else!"

"Now—now! You're just guessing again, Teenie. You're just tormenting yourself about nothing. You certainly can't seriously believe that Lollie's set her heart on being a female hoofer!"

"I don't think she cares a bit about being a dancer. It's just—just a p-pretext. Anything to get away from home! She—she doesn't l-like us. She doesn't!"

Plimsoll was appalled. Lollie—not love her mother and father? Lollie—he realized suddenly that Albertine wasn't herself; she wasn't well; she couldn't be, or of course she'd know better than to say such absurd things about her child—about, rather, Belden Plimsoll's child.

"You go to sleep, Teenie, and stop worrying. Just leave the whole thing to me. I'll attend to it."

Albertine sniffed. It was, however, a sniff unmistakably drowsy. Plimsoll, smiling compassionately, tiptoed away, dimly envying, even as he pitied, Albertine's childlike ability to find instant refuge from her childlike troubles in deep, childlike sleep.

In his own room he dealt rationally with the situation, lying awake and reasoning, step by step, exactly as he would have worked out the answer to a problem in mechanics or finance.

Of course Albertine's theory was absurd. Lollie wouldn't dream of wanting to escape from a home like hers.

It wasn't worthy of rebuttal, that ridiculous slander.

Lollie had some other reason for pretending—of course she was pretending—to be interested in Gilbert Dolliver. And this reason, now that Belden Plimsoll's mind determined upon discovering it, had a dismal chance of remaining unrevealed. Almost at once, indeed, Plimsoll knew what it was.

Pity, of course. Lollie was the softest-hearted child alive, and even a hard-boiled adult could be sorry for Gilbert Dolliver. Plimsoll himself was sorry for him, felt a stab of generous anger toward Herbert Dolliver for allowing Pansy to bring up Gilbert as she pleased.

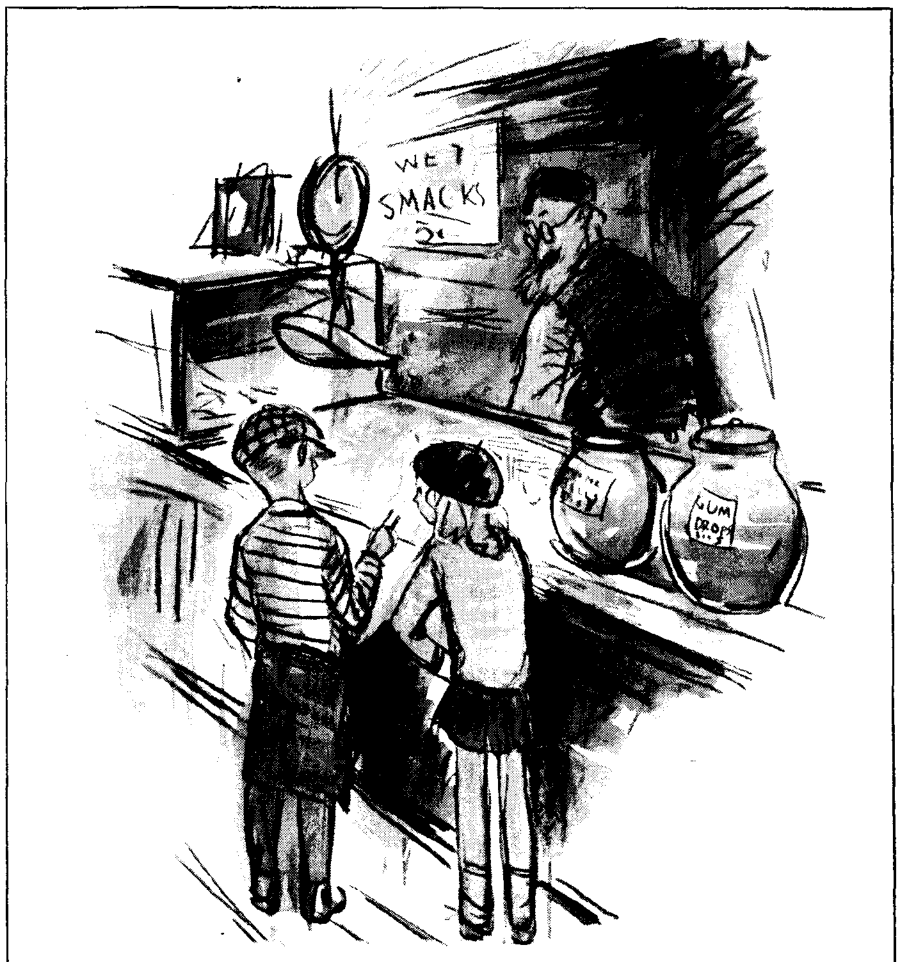
He remembered those long spiral curls that had brushed Gilbert's lace-collared shoulders when the son of right-minded parents would have been playing football; he thought, with a pang of unwilling compassion, of a ghastly affair to which Albertine had insisted on his going—The Marriage of the Mites. Even now Plimsoll winced at the memory of that happily alliterative title; he felt again a reluctant sympathy for the chief victim of that outrage, a boy in powdered curls and white silk kneebreeches who had played the bridegroom's rôle to a cooing chorus of applause from Mrs. Homer Hoffmeister and Miss Virgie May McNinch.

PITY. This explained everything. How else could a child blessed with parents such as Lollie's regard the son of Pansy Dolliver? Plimsoll's throat tightened lovingly. Warm-hearted little Lollie, hearing Gilbert condemned by her father; a witness of Marvin Hallowell's cruel in-rubbing of that Buddha business; again, next morning, listening to what Belden Plimsoll had said in anger about the fellow! Of course she had been moved to pity. That was all.

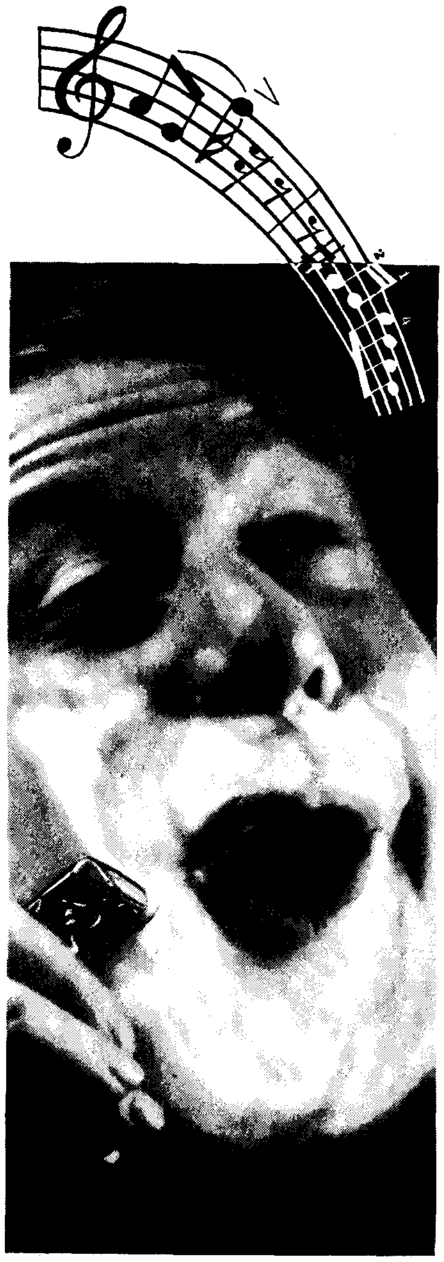
Plimsoll had drifted comfortably near to sleep when, abruptly, he sat up, awake and horror-stricken.

He had just remembered what pity was akin to!

(To be continued next week)



"Mister, gimme a couple of licorice cigars, and something sweet for the lady."



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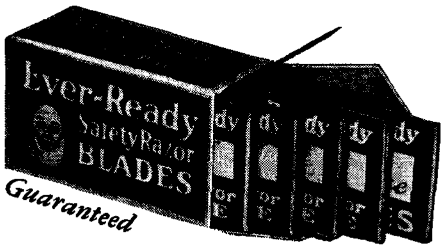

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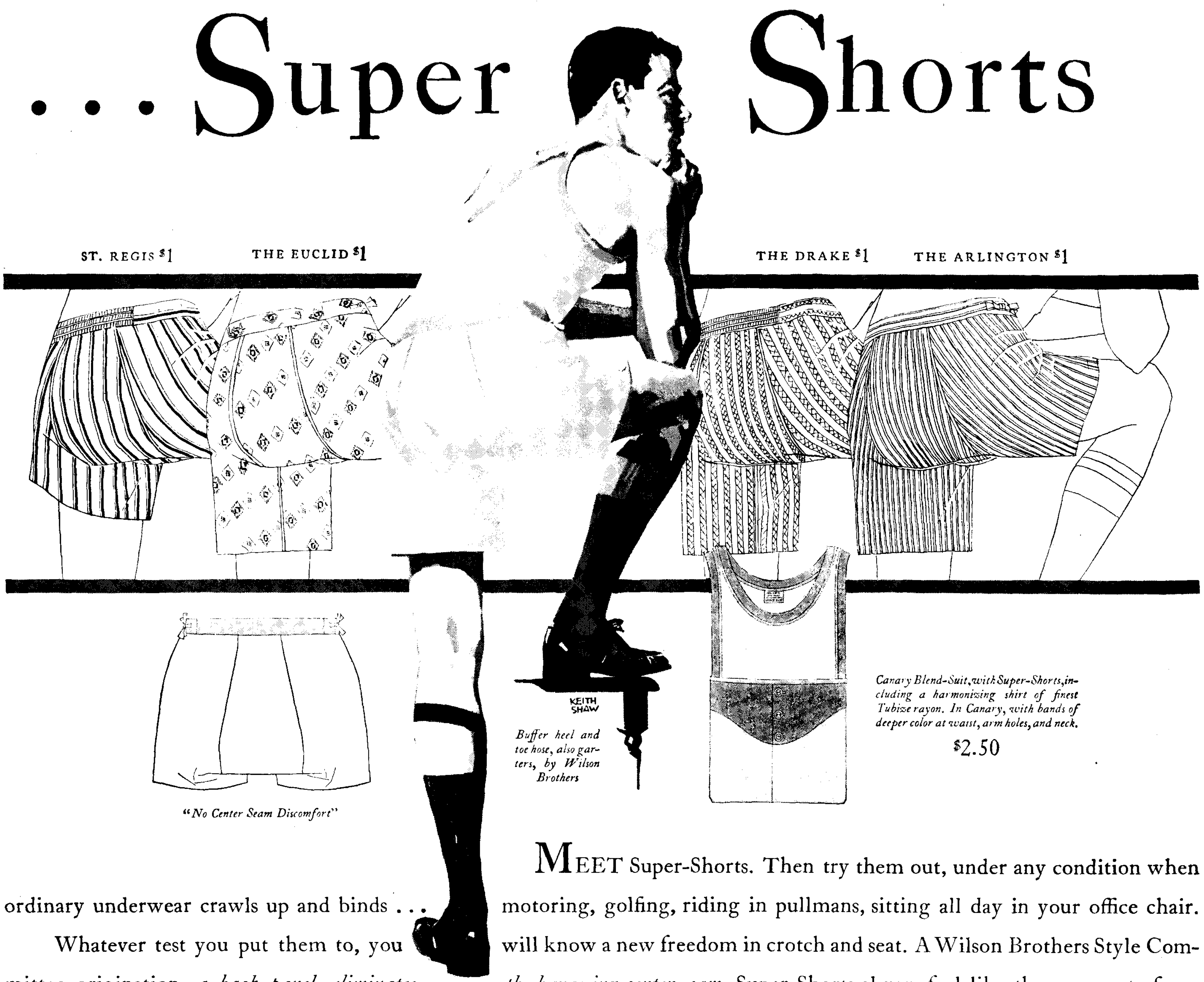

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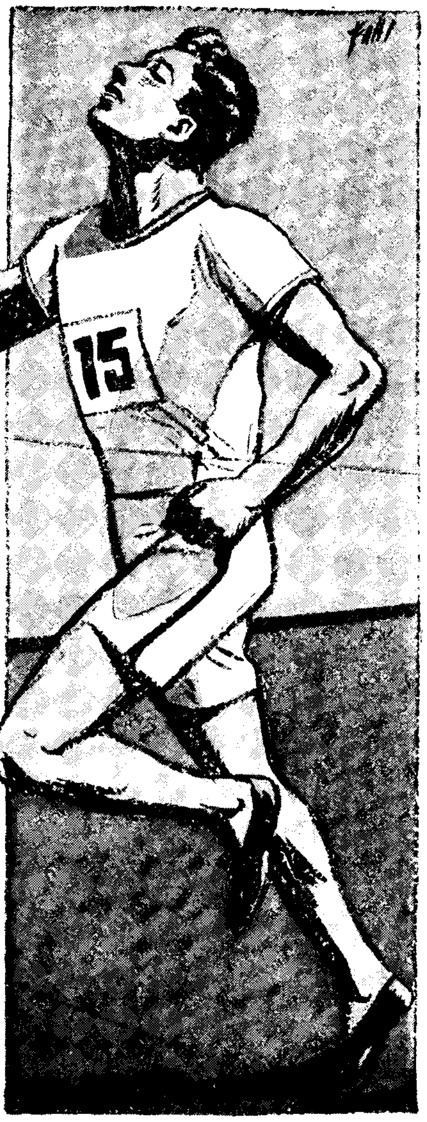

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Getting off at Manila

Continued from page 9

good, once he gets off the ship. He will probably desert her over in Australia and she will be found wandering aimlessly among the kangaroos. I thought when I first talked with her that the girl had good sense, but she has none at all. Can you imagine passing up a boy she's known all her life, with a good, steady tin job, to marry a traveling hello-everybody."

"Well, after all, it's her own affair."

"But she's so young. It's a pity."

I stared long and thoughtfully at Mr. Tomilson's fox-hunting complexion and wondered if the two of us couldn't combine and extend the helping hand of friendship to an errant lass.

"YOU know everybody," I remarked, thinking aloud. "You're always boasting of the persons you know in remote towns. Do you happen to know anybody in Manila?"

"I certainly do," he said warmly, and would have elaborated, but I stopped him.

"Do you know a girl in Manila?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Several girls. I was in Manila last year."

"What kind of girls do you know in Manila?"

"Oh, just girls."

"Do you know a girl who would, for needful reasons, wear a red dress and a red hat?"

Mr. Tomilson glanced at me with a surprised eye.

"Why, I suppose I do."

"All right. What's her name?"

He went into executive session with himself and came up presently with the announcement that he knew a Manila girl named Rose.

"Very good. We send Rose a radio today, this very afternoon, informing her that she can earn twenty-five dollars by meeting the Admiral at the Manila dock, and instructing her to wear her red dress. . . . Does twenty-five dollars mean anything to this Rose?"

Mr. Tomilson declared that for twenty-five dollars Rose would burn down the city hall of Manila and dance on the mayor's coffin.

"That's the girl we need," I reflected, feeling optimistic for the first time. "We will yet prevent a little American lassie from stubbing her toe."

"How?" asked Tomilson, getting ready to go and hunt himself a midday cocktail.

I said it would be a grand idea to have Rose meet the Admiral at the dock, confer with us immediately upon arrival, have Mr. Joe Cherry pointed out to her, rush up to him with a glad cry and hurl her arms around him with the plaintive gestures and words of a woman who has waited long and anxiously for her man. Such a scene, before the debarking passengers, would thoroughly shock and frighten sensitive Helen Ford and demonstrate to her the sort of man she was marrying. It would indicate that radio singers have a sweetheart in every port, the same as cigarette salesmen.

Severe critics might say what a mean trick, but was it any meaner than the trick Joe Cherry was playing on poor Freddy, out there in his lonely Kuala Lumpur hotel room? Not a bit. Certainly it had a worthy purpose.

We arranged a clearly-worded radio. I paid for it, as the enterprise was largely mine and Tomilson never paid for anything, but he took it up to the radio coop on the top deck and filed it for immediate transmission.

For the rest of the run, I moved about the steamer with the quiet smile of a man who has performed a sensible and praiseworthy act. Every time I met Mr. Cherry, or listened to him harmonizing on the top deck, I beamed inwardly and thought of the scene before him, and of far-away Freddy in his jungle home, who had one good friend in the world, anyhow—Homer Davis of Pelham, N. Y.

When we crawled into Manila harbor, Mr. Tomilson was tearing from deck to deck, collecting his last free cocktails, and I finally captured him and led him to the shore rail, for naturally I did not know Rose and there might be two red hats on the pier. We oozed gently into the slip, with Mr. Tomilson looking hard for his friend. Our drama would have to be accomplished quickly, once the gangplank was down, lest the honeymooners escape. I was needlessly worried about there being two red hats on the dock, for there was not even one. No flaming costume appeared in the wriggling throngs and I gazed accusingly at Australia's cocktail snatcher.

"You see her anywhere?" I demanded.

"No," he said, peering.

"You still can see?" I went on, for he was slightly corned, what with generous passengers bidding him bon voyage from their own shakers.

"Certainly I can see."

"Then where is she?"

"She is not there."

I waited anxiously and dock hands made fast. The Admiral ceased to move and the gangplank slid out, passengers prepared to dash ashore and still there was no Rose.

"And so," I said bitterly, "you are the one who knows somebody in every town. You don't know anybody in this town, Mr. Tomilson. I should have known at once when you said you and the King of Spain played checkers."

"Must have been some mistake," he replied. "Too bad—too bad. Could have stopped that infernal wedding. Rose could stop any wedding. Maybe she wasn't at home."

I GROWLED at him and presently he shook hands and made his way ashore, passing out of my life forever, a gabby, gay and harmless gentleman from down under. Helen Ford moved about, saying final farewells, and I wondered if she would include me. She did. With a friendly smile, she came to me and held out her hand.

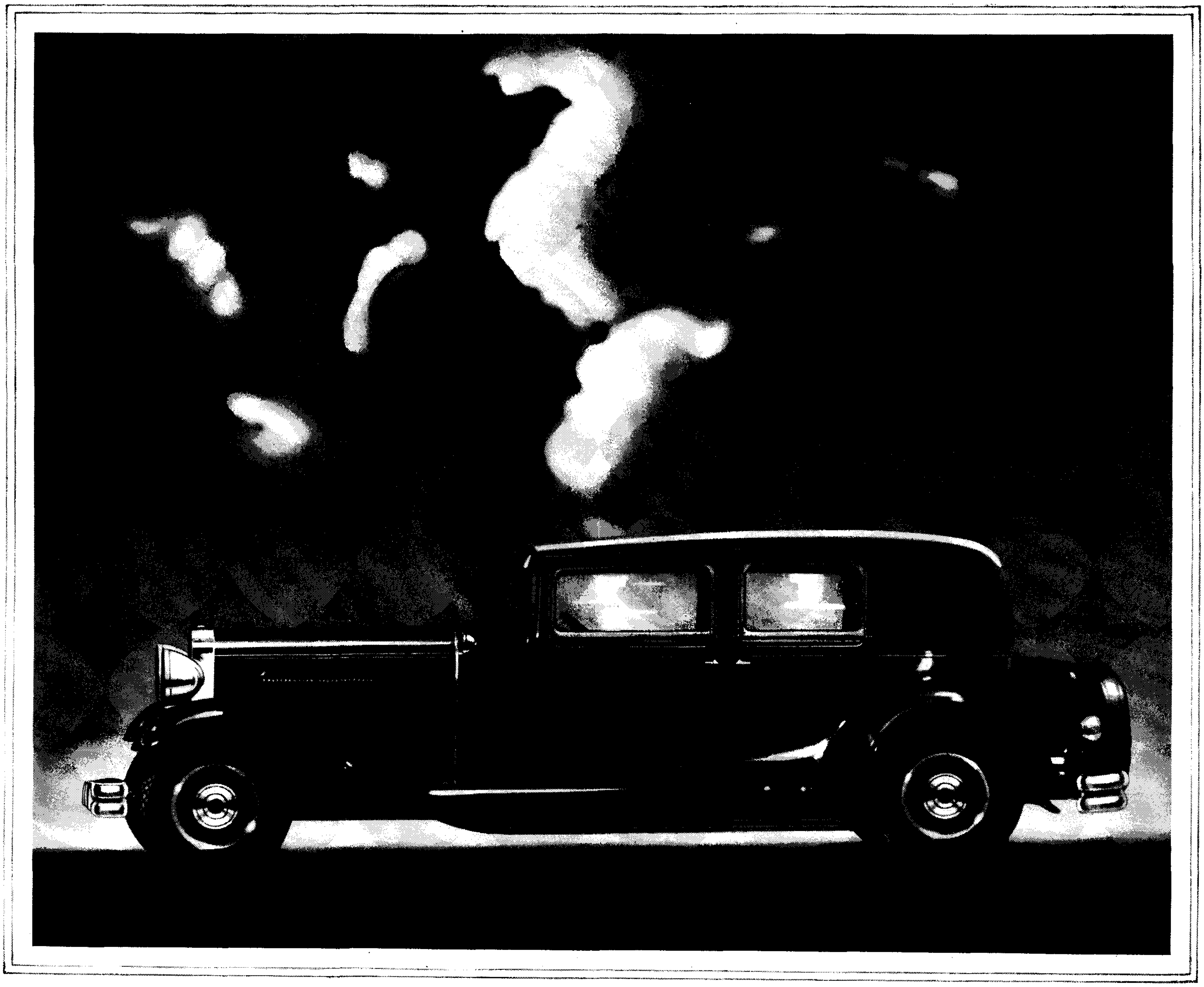
"You're going to wish me good luck, aren't you, Mr. Davis?"

"Indeed I am," I answered warmly, for what else could a man do? "A long life and a happy marriage. Remember what I told you the second day at sea?"

She smiled and turned to Cherry, and to show you what a hypocrite I am I even shook hands with him, forgetting for a moment what a snake in the grass he was to be stealing this winsome bride away from poor old Freddy. After a while, they disappeared down the gangplank, covered with flowers, and a lively crowd stood at the rail and sang sentimental songs. They waved back at us and were gone, struggling in the crowd, heading for a taxicab, and that is the last I saw of Helen Ford and her handsome radio singer. They were probably married within the hour, as their ship sailed for Australia the same afternoon.

I moped about town during the forenoon, low in mind, for pictures of Freddy came unwanted into my imagination. I saw him out there in Kuala Lumpur, ten thousand miles from home, reading a cablegram, and my heart bled

(*Continued on page 68*)



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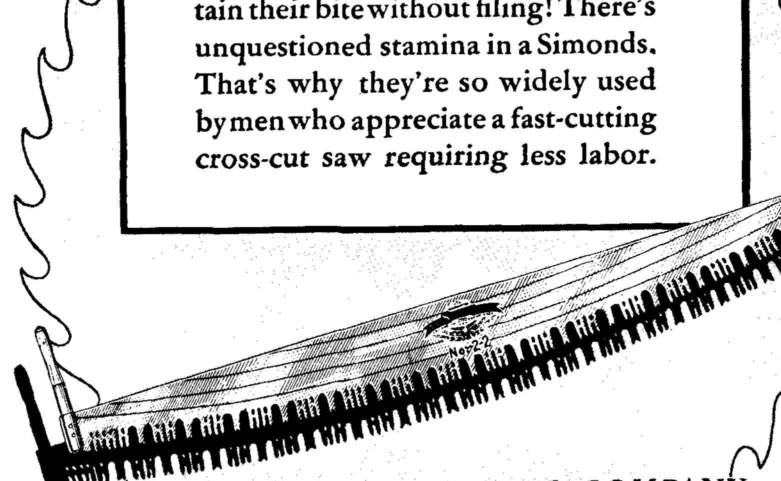

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Getting off at Manila

Continued from page 66

for the lad. The Admiral was scheduled to sail at five sharp in the afternoon, being late as usual, and clipping the Manila stop to one day. I went murkily down the pier at four and our passengers commenced straggling aboard, ready for the run to Singapore.

We pulled out on the minute and headed south to where you can fry an egg on the decks. The moon came up early, and though there was the usual dance I felt little like participating or looking on, so I filled a pipe and wandered out on deck. My thoughts returned to the gay young pair that had just left us on the first lap of their voyage through life, and presently I came across another solitary soul smoking in the moonlight. It was John O'Rorke, perched on a chair, tilted against his wireless house. I pulled up beside him and sat down, for John and I always got along.

"HAVE a good time today?" he inquired.

"No. I did not. I had a bad time."

"Spend some of your money buying foolish knickknacks?"

"I spent nothing. In fact, I even saved twenty-five dollars in Manila."

"Saved it?"

"Yes," I said. "Rose didn't get her twenty-five. She didn't show up at the dock."

He looked interested and I informed him of the brilliant scheme that died aborning, due to Mr. Tomilson's being a muddlehead. John remained silent for a moment and smoked on.

"So that was your radio?" he said. "I thought it was Tomilson's."

"Certainly it was mine. You don't believe Tomilson spends twenty-five dollars on anything, do you?"

"Then you have saved more money, Mr. Davis. You have a rebate of four dollars and eighty-five cents, which I will hand you if you step inside the office."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I didn't send your radio to Manila."

"You didn't send it? *You* didn't?"

"No."

I understood at once why no red hat greeted us, and was irritated.

"Since when have you been deciding about radiograms?" I asked. "Are you here to edit people's messages, or send them?"

"Walk inside," John said. "And don't be sore at me. There's no reason."

He sat down, hauled out a batch of yellow slips and began skimming through them. He wet his thumb and flipped the papers, picked out a slip, read it and handed it to me. It was another radio—an old one. It read as follows:

"Miss Helen Ford, Steamer Admiral at sea. Don't come to Kuala Lumpur. Please go home from first port. I am married. Sorry. Fred J. Beach."

I read it three times and then held it in a better light.

"What's it mean?" I asked, dumb-like.

"Isn't it plain?"

"Yes—but—"

"I got that radio the day after we left Honolulu," the big operator continued. "Let's go outside—cooler out there."

We returned to the chairs and tipped back against the wireless house in the beams of a silver moon, and I rapidly straightened out the affairs of Miss Ford. Freddy of Kuala Lumpur had obviously waved her out of his life a long time since.

"You see," John said, pulling away at his pipe, "it was quite a problem. First time I ever refused to send a message, and probably the last time. Tomilson told me why he wanted this Rose at the dock, but he didn't mention you."

I looked over at the square-jawed one and my annoyance vanished. It occurred to me that here was a regular man.

"I'll tell you something that may surprise you," he went on innocently. "I liked Helen a good deal. Maybe you didn't know that."

"Everybody liked her," I mumbled. "Nice girl."

"I would have married her in a minute," John said. "She couldn't see me at all. Didn't take long to discover that. Then comes this message from Penang, and here she is heading out to marry a man that's already got himself another wife. . . . What would you do there?"

I grunted.

"I thought it over and decided not to hand her the message, for it would only ruin her trip, and she couldn't get off and go home—not till we got to Japan, two weeks later. Why gum things up for those two weeks? This Freddy couldn't have been much of a fellow."

"And I've been walking around shedding tears over him for the past month," I said.

Mr. O'Rorke lighted his pipe and pulled at it until it glowed.

"I would have told you in a minute, if I knew it was you sending the Manila radio. I thought it was Tomilson. I wouldn't tell that blatherskite anything, for it would be all over the ship in two hours. I'm sorry."

"You don't need to be sorry, fellow. You're all clear with me."

"About Helen—well, I've been on a good many of these ocean runs and I've watched the young folks. The sea cures ills. When I first held back Freddy's marriage radio, I had a half feeling she might like me, as time went on, but that died. Then I figured there might be some other lad. Often happens on these long runs. And it did this time. . . . But suppose I handed her the radio when I got it. Sometimes a girl throws herself away on the first man she sees—to get even."

"Yeah," I said.

"Cherry's a nice boy. You don't like him, but he's all right. They'll get along. So you don't blame me now for not sending your message about the red hat, do you?"

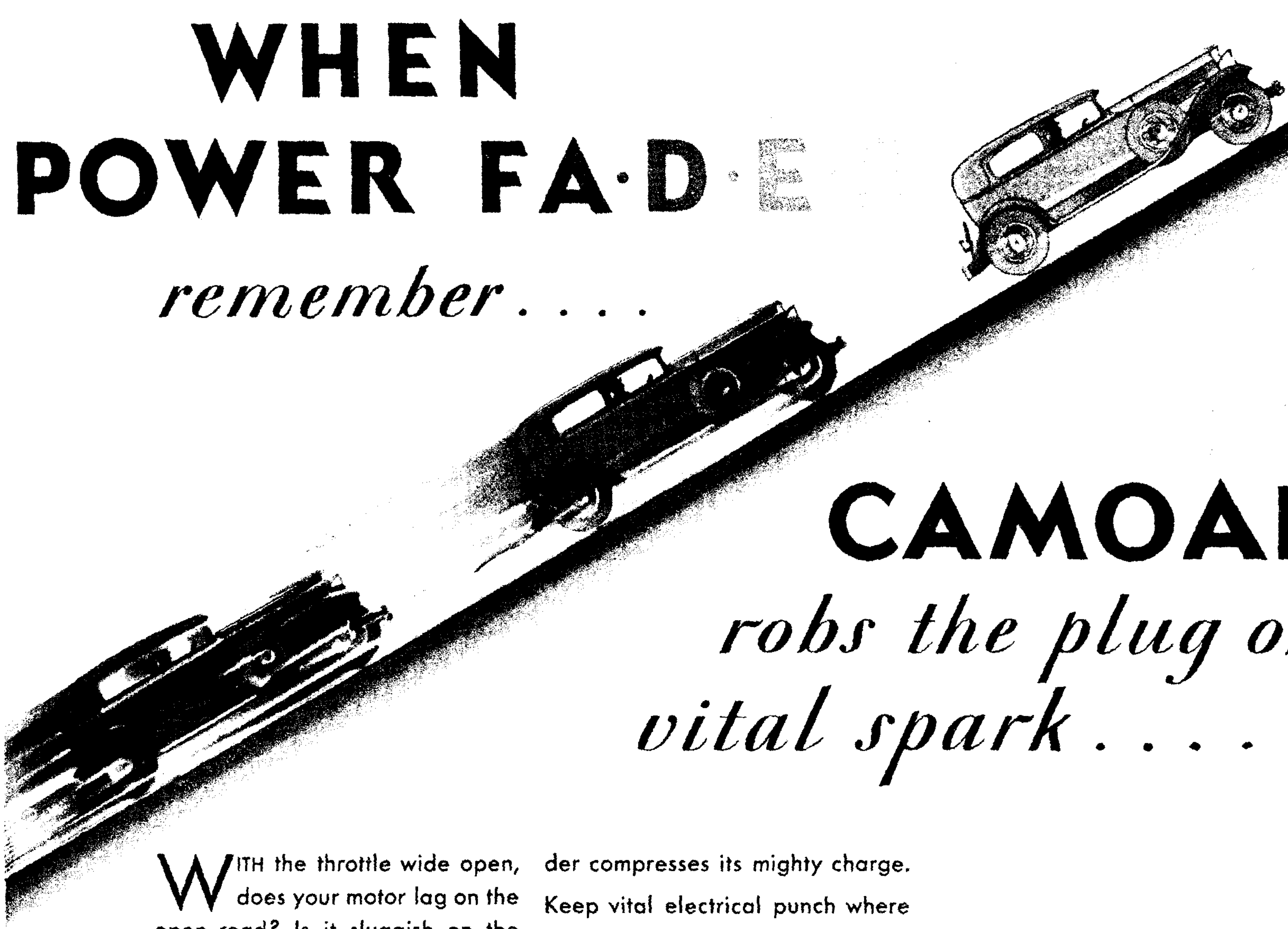
"No. You kept me from making a blunder. But what about Helen—does she know Freddy isn't going to die of heartbreak?"

"I gave her that radio today, just as she left the ship. She was feeling pretty sad, and I wish you could have seen the change that came over her. She sure was happy when she went down the gangplank."

HE WENT on talking and smoking in the perfect moonlight of a tropic night in the South China Sea, this big, raw-boned wireless operator, and I kept looking at him and thinking that here was a very regular guy indeed, more regular than the average run of men who fall in love with a girl and watch another man step in. Now and then, I'd murmur "yeah." I couldn't think of anything to say without showing I felt sorry for him. We must have sat there until midnight, smoking and looking across the shining sea, which is very beautiful on a moonlight night.

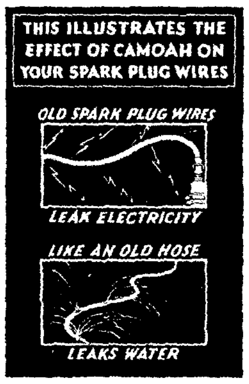
WHEN POWER FA·D·E

remember. . . .



CAMOAH*

robs the plug of its vital spark. . . .


THIS ILLUSTRATES THE EFFECT OF CAMOAH ON YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES
OLD SPARK PLUG WIRES
LEAK ELECTRICITY
LIKE AN OLD HOSE
LEAKS WATER

*CAMOAH—A word coined by Packard Electric Company research engineers to express the six causes (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat) of failure of Spark Plug Wires on high compression engines.

WITH the throttle wide open, does your motor lag on the open road? Is it sluggish on the getaway? Does it sometimes buck at low speed or seem to drag on the hills? . . . One reason is that full electrical punch is not reaching the spark plugs—CAMOAH* is making your spark plug wires leak electricity like an old hose leaks water.

WHERE THOUSANDTHS OF A SECOND COUNT

In modern engines, more than 10,000 volts of electricity stream with the speed of lightning from coil to spark gap every time a cylinder compresses its mighty charge.

THE SECRET LAC-KARD PROCESS
SEALS IN RESTLESS ELECTRICITY

Keep vital electrical punch where it belongs with genuine Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wire; replaced every 10,000 miles.

ASK YOUR GARAGE MAN

Thousands of dealers and garage men have Packard Spark Plug Wire in sets ready to install. Ask your garage man to inspect your wires. Insist on the genuine Packard Lac-kard product. Wide imitation exists, but remember that Packard Lac-kard is standard equipment on 75% of all American makes of cars. The Packard Electric Company, Warren Ohio. Canadian Sales Offices: 283 King Street, East, Toronto; 1108 McArthur Building, Winnipeg.

Packard
Ignition Cable Set
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"Success Breeds Imitation.. Be sure you get Genuine Packard Lac-kard. $2.00 to $4.75."

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SPARK PLUG WIRES

FOR FULL ELECTRICAL PUNCH

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New cars and used cars . . .
both demonstrated with Ethyl

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They know that the Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline will give the car a measure of performance beyond that possible with ordinary gasoline. The anti-knock characteristics of Ethyl increase power and pick-up and minimize gear shifting. The margin of improvement is just as great in small cars and old cars as in new and larger cars.

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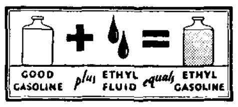

Knocks out that "knock"

✦ ✦ ✦

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

ETHYL GASOLINE

WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
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The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

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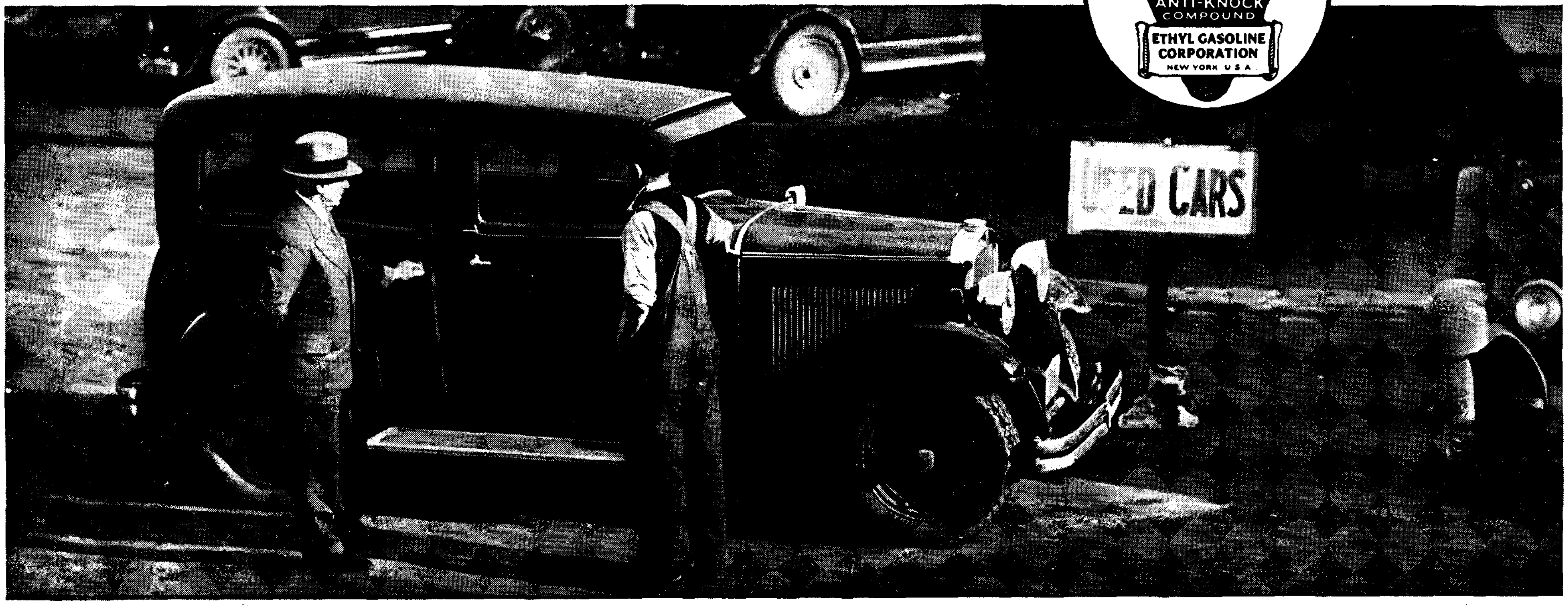

AND USED-CAR SALESMEN KNOW THAT IN OLDER CARS OF ALL KINDS ETHYL BRINGS OUT A PERFORMANCE IMPOSSIBLE WITH ORDINARY GASOLINE.

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 25

parted his knowledge to her—then came Sir Lionel Barton. . . ."

He paused again, significantly.

"We moved too late, Mr. Greville. An old schism in our ranks had made an enemy of one of the most brilliant and dangerous men in China—the exalted mandarin Ki Ming. He gave the Lady Fah Lo Suee his aid. But we wasted no more time. I succeeded in gaining admittance to their councils. It was by means of their organization that I intercepted Dr. Petrie's telegram to Sir Brian Hawkins. You know the use which I made of my knowledge. . . .

"Your present English Government is blind. You will lose Egypt; you have lost India. A great federation of Eastern States affiliated with Russia—a new Russia—is destined to take the place once held by the British Empire. You have one chance to recover. . . ."

THE man's personality was beginning to get me. I had forgotten that I sat, inert, listening to a self-confessed servant of Dr. Fu Manchu: I only knew that he was raising veils beyond which I longed to peer.

"What is it?" I asked.

And, as I spoke, a chill—not figurative but literal—turned me cold. I had detected Li King Su in the act of glancing toward a partially opened door which led to the bedroom. . . .

Definitely, *someone* was listening!

As if conscious of the fact that he had betrayed himself, "Dr. Amber" went on immediately:

"A counter alliance! But we are getting out of our depth, Mr. Greville. To return to more personal matters: The schemes of the Lady Fah Lo Suee were not approved by us. The authority she has stolen must be restored to those who know how to wield it. In other words, Sir Denis Nayland Smith's aims and our own are identical—at the moment—But he is marked down!"

"He knows it!"

"He may know it—but tonight he is walking into a trap! Since he left Norfolk—where he failed to arrest the prime mover—you have lost touch with him. He is following up a clue discovered by Inspector Yale. It is a false clue . . . a snare! He stands in the way: she is afraid to move until he is silenced.

"Here"—he handed me a slip of paper—"is the address to which he is going tonight. Death waits for him. . . ."

I glanced at the writing.

"The garden of this house adjoins the Regent Canal," Li King Su went on. "And it is intended that Sir Denis' body shall be found in the canal in the morning! Here"—he passed a second slip—"is the address at which Sir Denis is hiding."

The second address was that of a Dr. Murray in a southwest suburb.

"Dr. Murray bought Dr. Petrie's practice," the even voice continued, "when the latter went to Egypt. I must warn you against any attempt to communicate by telephone. The Lady Fah Lo Suee has a spy in the house! Take what steps you please, Mr. Greville—but move quickly! For my own part, I leave London in an hour. I can do no more. It is unnecessary to remind you of our bargain. . . ."

AT THE very moment of entering the lift that occult knowledge of *being watched* left me. It was the same—but intensified—as that which had warned me in Cairo, and later on the road to el-Khârga. Li King Su, on acquaintance, was a remarkable man. But some vastly greater personality had been concealed in the inner room. I could not forget that *Dr. Fu Manchu* had been seen a stone's throw from Babylon House!

Could I trust Li King Su?

Simple enough to test his statements. I had only to take a taxi to Dr. Murray's address.

But, I thought, as I walked out into Piccadilly, a mistake, now, might carry unimaginable consequences; better to consult Weymouth or Yale before I committed an irreparable blunder.

Dusk was falling. I saw that the lamps in Burlington Arcade had been lighted as well as those in the Piccadilly Arcade, which forms a sort of abbreviated continuation of the older bazaar and breaks through to Jermyn Street. Deep in thought I passed the entrance to the latter. A French closed car was drawn up beside the pavement.

I was level with it when an exclamation of annoyance checked me sharply—and just prevented my collision with a woman who, crossing before me, had evidently been making for the car.

She was a fashionable figure, wearing a fur-trimmed coat, and a short veil attached to her close-fitting hat quite obscured her features. She carried several parcels, one of which she had dropped almost at my feet.

Stooping, I picked it up—a paper-wrapped package fastened with green tape and apparently containing very light purchases. The chauffeur sprang down and opened the door of the car, as:

"Thank you very much," said the laden lady. "Will you be so kind as to hand it in to me?"

She entered the car. I followed with the dropped package and bent forward into the dark interior. Through the opposite windows I saw the sign above a popular restaurant suddenly become illuminated. I detected a damnably familiar perfume. . . .

I was enveloped. I felt a sudden paralyzing pressure in my spine—a muscular arm levered me into the car . . . and I realized that I had been garroted in Piccadilly, amid hundreds of passers-by and in sight of my hotel!

I SHOT up from green depths in which I had been submerged for an immeasurable time.

Green! . . everything about me was green!

What had happened? Where was I?

Great heavens! I was back in Limehouse! . . . But, no—this place was green and gold, but smaller—much smaller than the room of my long captivity.

It was a miniature room—something was radically wrong about it. There were two windows, draped in those heavy gold curtains which I remembered; a tracing of green figures was brushed across the gold. There was a tall lacquer cabinet and upon it stood a jade image of Kâli . . . tiny, minute. There were flat green doors and a green carpet; golden rugs. An amber lamp gave light. Upon a black divan was a second larger figure of Kâli . . . as large as a carnival doll.

But, no! This figure resembled Kâli only in her features: she wore a green robe and high-heeled black shoes. In one slender hand, a soft hand, nurtured in luxury, was a long cigarette-holder. I could see the smoke from the burning cigarette. . . . A doll—but a living doll!

The picture grew smaller yet. The doll became so tiny that I could no

(*Continued on page 72*)

A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR LIFE

$250 a month

beginning at

Age 55, 60 or 65

THE Phoenix Mutual announces a new Retirement Income Plan under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

What a $25,000 policy, payable at age 60, will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 60

A Monthly Income for Life of . $250.00 which assures a return of at least $25,000.00 and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, a cash settlement of $33,750.00

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A Monthly Disability Income of $250.00 and the payment for you of all premiums.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $25,000.00

Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $50,000.00

Or a monthly income as long as your beneficiary lives.

Send for the Facts

The plan above is for $250 a month, payable at age 60. You may arrange to retire at other ages than 60 if you wish. You may provide for yourself a Retirement Income greater or smaller than $250 a month. Plans for women are also available.

Other things you can provide for by this program are: Money to leave your home free of debt. An income for your wife in case she should outlive you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money for special needs. There is hardly a financial problem which cannot be solved by this plan.

A Retirement Income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is usually paid for in installments spread over a period of 20 years or more. Naturally this makes the individual installments comparatively small.

One of the great advantages of this plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first installment. From that moment on, you guarantee the fulfillment of your life plans.

Even though you should become totally disabled and unable to make another payment, your payments would be made by us out of a cash reserve provided for that purpose. Your home would be left clear of debt, just as you had planned. Your children would go to college, expenses paid, if you had planned it so. And you would have $250 a month to live on while disabled, even if your disability should last the rest of your life.

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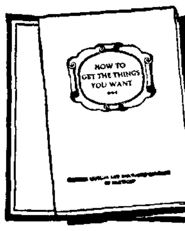
HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT

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MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

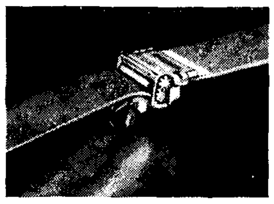
The NEW VALET BLADE is as fine as the jeweled parts of a precision watch

"THE Valet blade is a revelation in workmanship and shaving results. Eleven of our fifteen precision die-makers prefer the Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor." *Benrus Watch Company, New York.*

Benrus experts join the vast group of technical authorities who definitely and outspokenly recommend the new Valet blade. Men who know steel prefer this blade—made with exacting care by precision methods. Dermatologists prescribe it to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving.

The marvelously keen micro-edge—held at a friendly angle by the scientifically adjusted Valet AutoStrop Razor—glides through your beard and across your face lightly. It is made solely for this razor—the only one not requiring removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning.

Valet shaves are always the same — quick, comfortable and kind to the face. Automatic machine grinding, honing and stropping make every blade uniformly excellent. Accept the advice of steel experts and skin specialists—the most discriminating critics in the world—who pronounce this blade a triumph. Use the new Valet and look forward to your morning shave with keen enthusiasm.



The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(*Continued from page 71*)

longer discern her features. I was a giant in a microscopic room!

And then—the colors became *audible!*

"I am green," said the carpet. "We are gold," the miniature curtains replied. . . .

Raising both hands I clutched my head!

I was *mad!* I knew it—because I wanted to *laugh!*

The room began to increase in size! From the dimensions of a doll's house fashioned by gnomes it swelled to those of a gigantic palace! . . . I was a mere fly in an apartment which could scarcely have found ground-space in Trafalgar Square!

But, now—I recognized that green-draped figure on the black divan. It was *Fah Lo Suee!*

The mighty roof, higher than that of any mosque, of any cathedral in the world, began to descend: the walls closed in . . . huge pieces of furniture were pushed toward me. Fah Lo Suee towered above my shrinking body, her monstrous cigarette sending up a column of smoke like that of a sacrifice. . . .

I cried out . . . and *saw the cry!*

"God help me!"

It issued from my lips in squat green letters! I closed my eyes, and:

"So you are awake, Shan?" said a bell voice.

But I was afraid to raise my eyelids.

"Look at me. You are all right now—"

I looked.

My head was swimming and every muscle in my body ached—but the room had taken on normal proportions. It was a large room, filled with modern furniture, except that its scheme was severely green and gold and that there were Oriental pieces placed about.

Fah Lo Suee watched me . . . but the jade-green eyes were hard.

"You are better," she continued. "*Cannabis indica* produces strange delusions—but, as *we* use it—there is no drug so swift to serve our purpose."

I considered the situation. I was seated in a big armchair facing the divan upon which Fah Lo Suee reclined, indolently watching me. The damnable fumes of the drug began to leave my brain. Fah Lo Suee, slender, sinuous, insolent, was a woman—but a deadly enemy. I knew what Nayland Smith would have done!

PREPARATORY to a spring, I drew my feet together . . . a certain distance. Then! . . .

My ankles were fastened to the chair!

Fah Lo Suee dropped ash from her yellow cigarette into a copper bowl upon the low table beside her.

"The chief purpose of my visit to England," she said, speaking as though nothing unusual existed between hostess and visitor, "was defeated by Sir Denis Nayland Smith. My further plans are in abeyance—pending his removal."

My head ached as though my brain were on fire, but:

"He is by way of being rather a nuisance?" I suggested viciously.

Fah Lo Suee smiled, a smile of contempt.

"I could have dealt with him—alone. But one of my own people proved treacherous. In your pocket, Shan, you had two addresses. One was that of Dr. Murray—in whose home your brilliant friend is hiding; the other was that of this house."

She ceased speaking and clapped her hands sharply.

That gigantic Negro who had been the doorkeeper in el-Khârga—who had overpowered me at the meeting of the Seven, came in!

Fah Lo Suee addressed him rapidly. She spoke in a sort of bastard Arabic—the Nubian dialect; and I found time for wonder. I knew North Africa from the inside; but I had never learned that queer lingo of the Nubians. Yet this woman—who was Chinese—used it familiarly!

The Nubian went out. Fah Lo Suee removed the stump of a yellow cigarette from her long holder, selected a fresh one from a cloisonné box and fitted it into place. She ignited it with an enameled lighter.

A dragging sound made itself heard.

I saw the Nubian pulling a heavy trunk through the door and across the carpet. This trunk was vaguely familiar. Then, on the top, I saw white painted initials: L. K. S.

The Negro removed the straps and threw the lid back.

"Look," said Fah Lo Suee. "He was a traitor."

Li King Su lay in his own trunk—dead!

NOT until I found myself alone could I think my own thoughts uninfluenced by the promptings of those jade-green eyes. But when the door closed behind Fah Lo Suee, I began desperately to weigh my chances.

Nayland Smith was doomed! . . .

This was the thought which came uppermost in my mind. The clue upon which he was working, and which would lead him tonight to this house, was false clue—a bait!

And that our enemies did not spare those who crossed their path I had learned.

The trunk had been dragged from the room. . . . But I could still see, in imagination, that strangled grin on the dead man's face.

I tried to reconstruct the details of our interview in Babylon House. Had I detected, or only deluded myself that I had detected, a swift exchange of signs between Li King Su and someone concealed in an inner room? Had I merely *imagined* the presence of this other? . . . Or, had I been right in supposing someone to be there, but wrong in my natural deduction that he was a friend of the Chinese doctor?

Had the hidden man murdered Li King Su and caused his body to be removed in the big trunk? . . .

"The garden of this house adjoins the Regent Canal," he had said.

The Regent Canal! a gloomy whispering waterway, now little used, and entering a long tunnel somewhere near this very spot where I found myself a prisoner!

I bent forward to inspect the fastenings which confined my ankles . . . I was checked.

In the mad fantasies attendant upon my recovering from the effects of hashish, and afterwards under the evil thrall of Fah Lo Suee, I had failed to note a significant fact. . . .

A rope was around my waist, binding me to the heavy chair!

True, my hands were free, but I could neither reach my ankles nor the knots fastening the line about my body, which were somewhere under the back of the chair. . . .

A coffee table on which were whisky and soda and cigarettes, stood conveniently near. I was about to take a cigarette . . . when I hesitated. Reaching to my pocket I took out my own case and with a lighter which lay on the table started a cigarette.

At all costs I must keep my head. Upon me, alone, rested the fate of Nayland Smith—perhaps the fate of a million more!

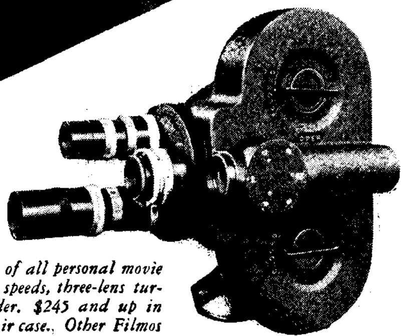
I smoked a while, sitting deliberately relaxed, and thinking . . . thinking. My bonds occasioned me no inconvenience provided I remained inactive. Short of a painful, tortoise-like progress

(*Continued on page 74*)

Record their graduation with your gift . .

FILMO

FINEST OF PERSONAL MOVIE CAMERAS



Filmo 70-D, "Master of all personal movie cameras". Seven film speeds, three-lens turret, variable viewfinder. $245 and up in Sesamee-locked Mayfair case. Other Filmos from $120 up. Filmo Projectors, $198 and up.

Scene from Paramount's campus musical romance, "Sweetie", starring Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie William Austin, being photographed with Bell & Howell studio cameras silenced for sound.

IN cap and gown your boy or girl takes the first important step in life. What will be more appreciated than a record of commencement in living moving pictures which you have taken with Filmo, the personal movie camera, your graduation gift to your son or daughter.

And as Filmo catches in graphic action that last great day at school, so will it record for the future that lies before the young graduate—the wedding, the children, travels, sports, and vacations. In years to come, your gift will have accurately preserved those memories of which the fullness of life is made.

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May we prove this by sending you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract, from which you can make 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer?

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Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 72

across the room, dragging the heavy chair with me, it became increasingly clear that to move was a physical impossibility!

The house was silent—very silent. Those heavy gold draperies seemed to exclude all sound.

For a long time I sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Then I heard something. . . .

One of the two doors opened.

The huge Nubian came in, carrying a tray upon which were sandwiches and fruit. He set the tray on the table beside me. His girth of shoulder was amazing; and as he stooped he gave me a wicked glance of his small, sunken, bloodshot eyes.

Without a word, he went out again, quietly closing the door.

Was I being watched? Having avoided the cigarettes and the whisky, was this a further attempt to dope me? I considered the facts. . . .

WHAT had they to gain? I was utterly at their mercy. *Secret* poisoning was unnecessary.

I ate a sandwich and drank a glass of whisky and soda.

Silence. . . .

The figure of Kâli on the lacquer cabinet engaged my attention. I found myself studying it closely—so closely that I began to imagine it was moving. . . .

Kâli—symbol of this hellish organization, the Si Fan, into whose power I had fallen. . . .

The door opened, and Fah Lo Suee came in.

"I am glad to see that you have called on your philosophy," she said. "You will need it. Unless you are prepared to face another injection of *F. Katalepsis*, you must give me your parole for half an hour. . . ."

She stood in the open doorway, one slender hand, its polished nails gleaming like gems, resting on her hip. Her eyes were mercilessly hard.

I can't say what it was in her bearing that told me; but I knew, beyond any shadow of doubt, that all was not going smoothly with Madame Ingomar.

"Naturally, I must decline."

"You mean it?"

"Definitely."

She smiled. Her passionate lips betrayed a weakness which was not to be read in those jade-green eyes. She clapped her hands. The big emerald which she wore on an index finger glittered evilly.

The huge Nubian entered. Fah Lo Suee spoke rapidly: and he crossed to me.

"Don't resist," she said softly. "It would be merely melodrama. He could strangle you with one hand. Do as I ask. I am being merciful. . . ."

My wrists were firmly knotted behind me. Those lashings which held me to the heavy chair were cast off. Then the black picked me up as one might raise a child and carried me out of the room!

"In half an hour," said Fah Lo Suee, "I will free you again—and we will talk."

Clenching my teeth grimly—for curses, execrations, torrents of poisonous, futile words, bubbled up in me—I was borne across an elegantly furnished lobby. Everywhere I detected an ultramodern note, in spite of the presence of old Oriental pieces.

Upstairs I was carried, and into a dark little room opening off the first-floor landing. I was laid down, prone, on a narrow settee. The Nubian went out and locked the door. . . .

Trussed as I found myself, it was no easy matter to regain my feet. But I managed it, and stood staring around me in semidarkness. The only light, I saw, came through a window which was reinforced with iron bars on the outside. And this light was the light of the moon.

The place seemed to be a small writing-room. There was a bureau at the end near the window, closed, a square, cubist-looking chair before it. The black and gold walls were bare. There was a closed bookcase, a low stool of Arab workmanship, and the narrow settee upon which I had been placed.

I contrived to get to the window.

It overlooked a neglected garden . . . and at the end of the garden I saw the canal!

Dropping into the chair, I began to taste that most bitter of all draughts which poor humanity knows . . . despair. I remembered Nayland Smith's story of the house at el-Khârga. . . . "A Buddha-like resignation began to claim me. . . ."

Nayland Smith!

While I sat here, a fiery furnace raging within, but nevertheless useless as any snared rabbit, he was walking into a death trap!

She would have no mercy. I had seen how she dealt with those who crossed her.

I bent down, resting my throbbing head on the bureau. . . .

Then, came sounds.

Somewhere a bell rang. There were voices. I heard movements—I divined that the house door had been opened and that some heavy burden had been carried in.

The sounds died away. Silence fell again.

How long I sat there, in a dreadful apathy, I had no means of judging. But suddenly the door was unlocked, and I started up.

Fah Lo Suee came in, carrying a long-bladed knife.

She stood watching me.

"Well?" I said. "What are you waiting for?"

She smiled, that one-sided voluptuous smile which was never reflected in her eyes; then:

"I am waiting," she replied—her bell voice very soft—"to try to guess what you will do when I release you. . . ."

SHE came forward, bent, so that her small, shapely head almost rested on my shoulder, and cut the lashings which confined my wrists. Her left hand grasped my arm as she stooped. Dropping to her knees, with two strokes of the keen blade she cut away the ropes binding my ankles.

Then she stood upright, very near to me, and met my stare challengingly.

"Well?" she said—in mockery.

My first impulse—for I had been thinking about Nayland Smith almost continuously—was to be read in my glance.

"It can never happen twice to me, Shan," said Fah Lo Suee.

She called a name.

The door opened—and I saw the giant Nubian looking in.

Fah Lo Suee gave a brief order. The Negro retired, closing the door.

"Does no more *subtle* method occur to you?" she asked, her voice softer than ever. "I am as ready to be lied to as any other woman, Shan—by the right man—if he only tells his lies sweetly. . . ."

And, face to face with this evilly beautiful woman, knowing, as I knew too well, that my own life was at stake, that possibly I could even bargain for that of Nayland Smith, I asked myself—why not? With her own lips she had reminded me of that old adage, "all's fair in love and war." With her it was love—or the only sort of love she knew; with me it was war. Perhaps, on a scruple, hung the fate of nations!

She drew a step nearer. The perfumed aura of her personality began to envelop me. Choice was being filched from the bargain. Those mad urgings which I had known in the green-gold room in Limehouse began to beat upon my brain.

I clenched my fists. I could possibly buy the safety of the Western world with a kiss! Tensed fingers relaxed. In another instant my arms would have been around that slender, yielding body; when:

"Greville!" came a distant cry . . . "*Greville!*"

And I knew the voice—!

I sprang back from Fah Lo Suee as from a poised cobra. Her face changed. It was as though a mask had been dropped. I saw Kâli—the patroness of assassins. . . .

She snapped her fingers.

Before I could move farther, collect my scattered thoughts, the Nubian was on me!

I got in one straight right, perfectly timed. It didn't even check him. . . .

AS HIS herculean grip deprived me of all power of movement, Fah Lo Suee turned and went out. She hissed an order.

The Nubian threw me face downward on the settee. Never, in the whole of my experience of rough-and-tumble fighting, had I been so handled. I was helpless as a rat in the grip of a bull terrier. My knowledge of boxing, as well as a smattering of jiujitsu, were about as useful as botany!

I honestly believe he could have broken any normally strong man across his knee.

One of the ghastly Burmans, with the mark of Kâli on his forehead, came to assist. I was trussed up like a chicken, tossed on to the Negro's mighty shoulder and carried from the room.

I had played my hand badly. On me the ultimate issue had rested . . . and I had failed. That swift revulsion, at sound of my name—that sudden, irrational reversion to type—had sealed the doom of . . . how many?

Helpless, a mere inanimate bundle. I was carried down to the room where the image of Kâli sat on a lacquer cabinet.

The Nubian threw me roughly on the divan, so that I had no view beyond that of the lacquer cabinet and the wall against which it stood. He withdrew. I heard the closing of a door.

I turned. . . .

In the big, carved chair which formerly I had occupied, Nayland Smith was firmly lashed! There were bloodstains on his collar. . . .

"Sir Denis! How did you know *I* was here?"

He glanced down at the coffee table.

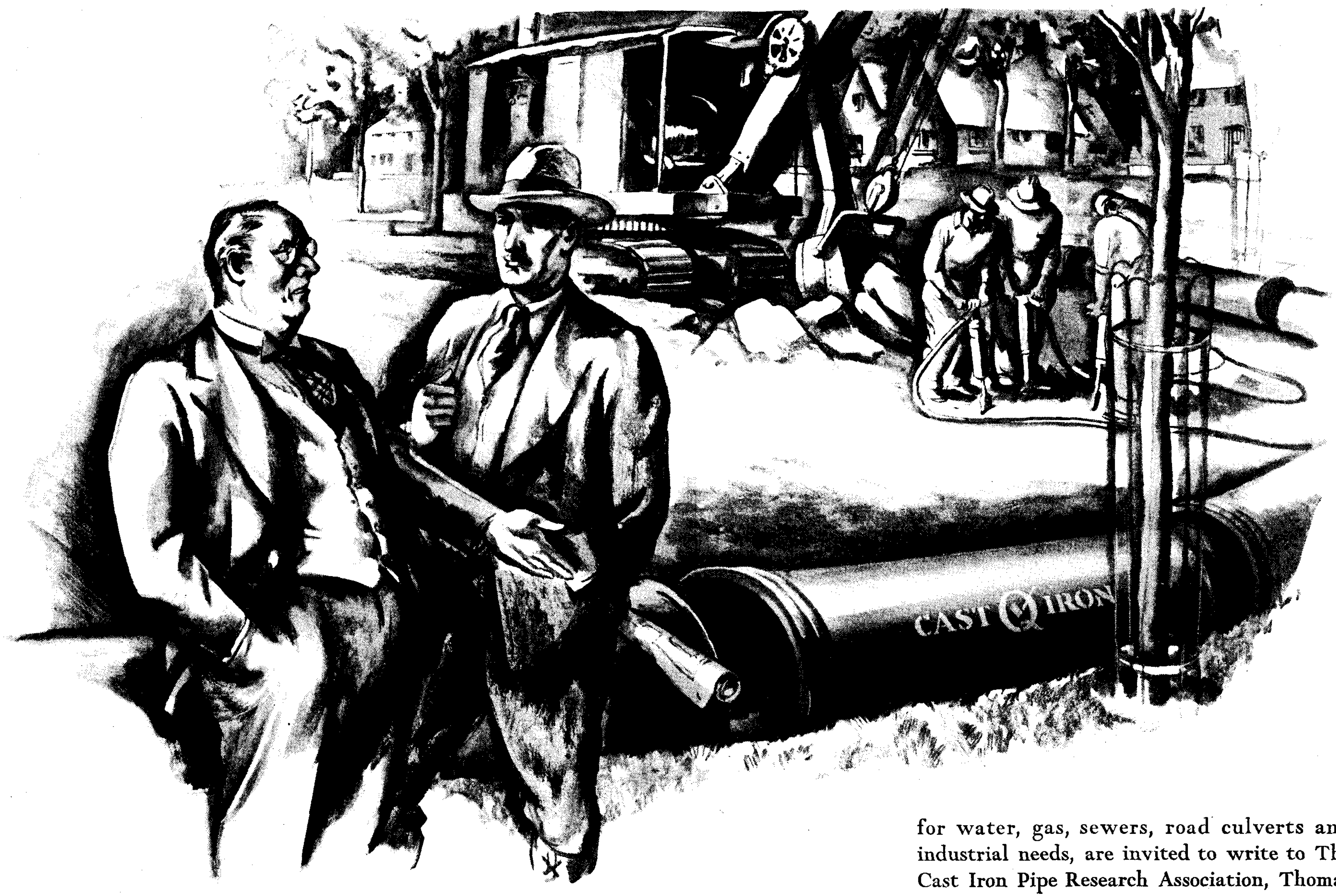
"You left your cigarette case!" he replied. "I shouted for you—but, a dacoit"—he indicated the bloodstains—"silenced me. . . ."

I stared at him. No words came.

"Weymouth and Yale," he went on, and the tone of his voice struck the death-knell of lingering hope, "are watching the *wrong house.* I have made my last mistake, Greville. . . ."

(To be concluded next week)

"Too bad they didn't lay cast iron pipe in the first place"



"THE main leaks like a sieve," says the foreman of the gang. "We're replacing the whole line with five miles of cast iron pipe that will last a century."

Not so long ago, they put down gas and water mains under a costly pavement and Brown built his home "out in the sub-division," now the fashionable "country club" section. Today they are digging up the fine long boulevard that passes his house, to replace short-lived water mains. Brown surveys the havoc, thinks of the taxes to come, and wonders why they didn't put down cast iron pipe in the first place.

Far-sighted engineers and city officials who plan wisely for the future, rely on cast iron pipe. For cast iron pipe lasts a century—no other material practicable for underground mains serves so long as cast iron. There is a definite reason for its long life. Water and gas mains of ferrous metal (iron and steel) with the exception of cast iron, disintegrate from rust. Cast iron pipe is the *only* ferrous metal pipe practicable for underground mains that rust will not destroy.

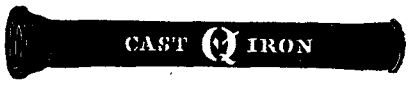
Many cities are now planning installations of water and gas mains to provide for the future needs of a fast-growing population. Such installations require thousands of feet, and sometimes many miles, of costly large diameter pipe. To risk these enormous investments in material and labor by laying short-lived pipe is a hazard to taxpayers' interests seldom contemplated by cities that build for the future. In 1929 more large diameter cast iron pipe was sold than in any previous year.

You serve the community and your own pocket book by taking an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid or to be laid in your city. Always look for the "Q-check" trademark. Taxpayers, city officials and engineers who desire information regarding pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs, are invited to write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

* * *

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trade-mark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.



Copyright 1930 by C. I. P. R. Ass'n.

CAST IRON PIPE

"FACE BRICK" BUILDS SALES ON FAMILY GOOD WILL

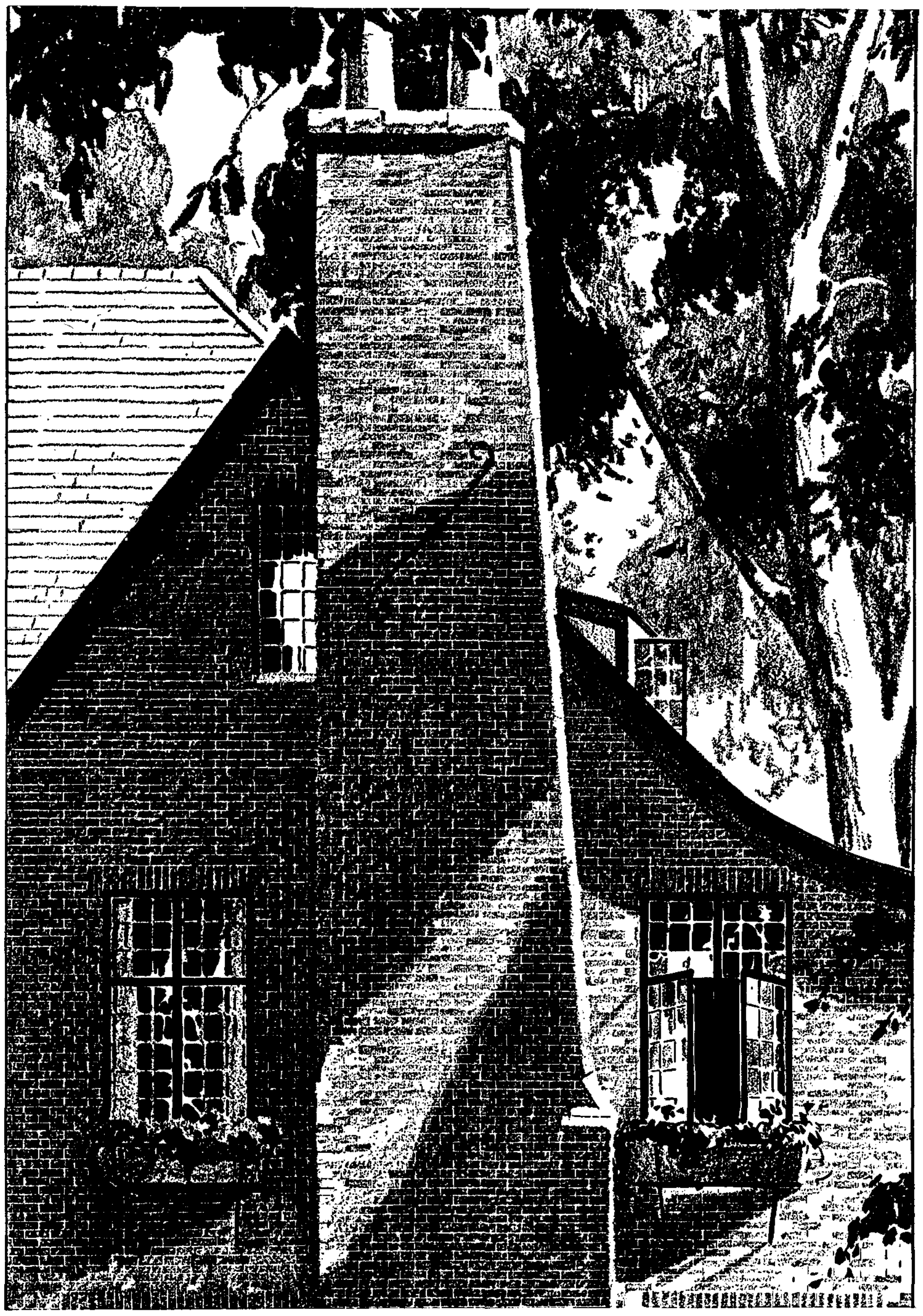
NATIONAL advertising today seeks to reach the whole family. In almost any collection of advertisements, the majority appeal to the family as a group. Many leading advertisers have made painstaking studies of home conditions to find how much family opinion influences sales.

For example, the American Face Brick Association recently investigated the buying and reading habits of 595 American Magazine families to determine certain important points regarding the sale and advertising of building materials.

The Association asked: "If you built your home, did the opinions and preferences of your wife, or other members of your family, influence the final selection of building materials?" And 65% of those replying answered "Yes".

Through similar investigations other national advertisers have found "Family Influence" the dominant sales factor, for automobiles and breakfast foods, for fountain pens and refrigerators, for watches and soap and soup.

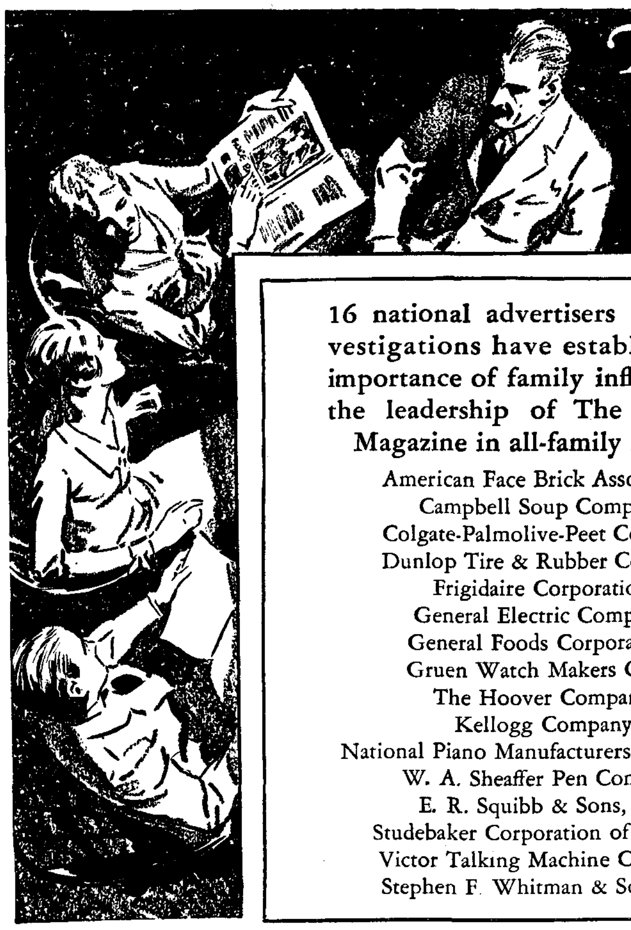
Building solidly on family good will, they say, is sales insurance.



AND FAMILY GOOD WILL ON

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY



16 national advertisers whose investigations have established the importance of family influence and the leadership of The American Magazine in all-family reading.

American Face Brick Association
Campbell Soup Company
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
Frigidaire Corporation
General Electric Company
General Foods Corporation
Gruen Watch Makers Guild
The Hoover Company
Kellogg Company
National Piano Manufacturers Association
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons, Inc.
Studebaker Corporation of America
Victor Talking Machine Company
Stephen F. Whitman & Sons, Inc.

ANOTHER significant question was: "If your family could take only one magazine, what magazine would the majority of the family vote to keep?"

In 62% of the 595 homes The American Magazine was named as the family favorite. It led the next magazine by 5 to 1.

This survey only confirms what other national advertisers have found: that The American Magazine offers advertisers the most effective and economical means of building up and consolidating toward their products, the good will of the whole family, in more than 2,300,000 homes throughout the United States.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

Be Your Own Business Prophet

Continued from page 11

the Academy of Political Science listened to Carl Snyder jeer at old-time methods of gauging business trends.

"The old pig iron complex"—that's how he described ancient methods, followed fifteen years ago, of measuring trends and futures.

All the business world watched pig iron production; when it fell off they said things looked bad; when it increased, hope soared. They were all wrong, but they didn't know it.

The pig iron gauge was about the only gauge anyone had at the time, however. Iron was the basis of much manufacturing. But pulling iron out of the earth was one thing; selling it to manufacturers was another. They could keep track of how much iron was mined. But they had no way of knowing how much iron was being bought and turned into manufactured articles. When unemployment increased, and labor became cheap, the mine owners raised great supplies of the imperishable stuff and stored it away. "Times are getting good," business "experts" would say. "Look at the increase in pig iron production."

The Worst Possible Gauge

The fact of the matter might be that pig iron production had been increased not because times were *good* but because they were so bad that labor would work for little more than food and shelter.

Mine owners might stop producing pig iron as times got better and wages went up, and sell what they had mined in hard times. But as soon as they began to shut down their production of iron a panicky feeling would sweep over business. Pig iron was absolutely the most erroneous gauge that could have been followed.

Today, we *trace* the pig iron. We trace it into the steel mills. We do better than that. We trace it into agricultural machinery steel. We trace it into building steel. We trace it into automobile steel. And we do even better than *that.* We go far ahead of it, and estimate not only how much pig iron is produced and how much steel is produced, for various purposes, but we also estimate how much will be *wanted* in the near future, normally, by the various industries.

Out of the old "pig iron compass" we've got something more reliable to work with. But talk about the job of putting the old ship captains' facts together!

Putting iron and steel facts together wasn't a job for outside experts, or even for the government. It had to be done, if it was done at all, by the iron and steel men, together. And thus we come to another point in our improvement on our old methods that bewilders the Europeans: THE IRON AND STEEL MEN COÖPERATE TO GATHER THESE FACTS. MORE THAN THAT, THE AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS JOIN THEM IN THE EFFORT. SO DO BUILDERS AND OTHER USERS OF STEEL.

Today, though you and I take it as a matter of course, the expert statisticians in these industries make public reports, which appear in the public press, of the exact steel situation, whether it's improving or declining. See what a long jump this is ahead of the "old pig iron days"!

Here in this steel record is one *real* straw in the wind that any business man may follow in the business fog. Even the smallest merchant may be guided to some extent by it.

There used to be a great secrecy about "hard times." Big business men might think they knew how business was heading then. But the small fellow didn't have a chance at the facts. For example:

This writer was a reporter on a newspaper in a Mid-Western city during the panic of 1907. Every reporter throughout America, he supposes, had the same experience at that time that he did. Not a word got into the newspapers as to the real conditions of business affairs; not a straw of news showed which way the wind blew. A run on the bank next door to the newspaper office went unreported, though everybody knew about it. The fact that banks refused to allow withdrawals of savings was not reported. The public, including small business men and merchants, was kept in the fog.

Looking back now, it is easy to see that the reason the small fellow was kept in the fog was that the big fellow, who could control banks, businesses and newspapers, was in the fog, too. He was going as blindly as anyone else. He didn't have any facts to show him whether times would be better or worse.

The very thickness of the fog made fear all the greater. The same sort of panic that overwhelmed the caveman in times of a solar eclipse, which he couldn't explain, struck the entire economic world. People put their money into tin cans and buried them. Indeed, one proof that we're beginning calmly to understand what happens during a business depression and realize why it happens is that savings bank accounts began to increase early this year, and at this writing are still mounting. There was no money panic.

We're learning how to make our way through the haze. You can find twenty items in any of the big daily newspapers (though perhaps the papers in the smaller communities may not publish so much detail) that will show any reader who knows their significance just how business is pointing. Trade journals, also a new thing in their exactness and their business probings, give true facts, in the form of cold and irrefutable statistics.

Getting back to steel for a minute, there are the reports of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the Iron Age, the Iron Trade Review, the U. S. Department of Commerce, and the reports of the United States Steel Company, not only on current production but on unfilled orders.

Death to Mystery

These reports, practically official and appearing at regular and frequent intervals in the daily press, help all citizens, from the man who is temporarily out of a job, up to the presidents of the great banks, to see what business prospects really are, and to lay plans accordingly. The secrecy of the old times is on the way out; the optimistic "hooey" and "blah" which was once, perhaps, only too potent in deluding average citizens, loses its power under the sharp drumfire of facts like these.

The end of secrecy is one of the greatest benefits that we have gained from this new use of business figures. Perhaps it is *the* greatest. The mystery is being "squeezed out" of "hard times"!

We had other delusions in the "pig iron complex" days. We thought, for instance, that when stock market prices fell, they pulled down all the rest of business with them. All experts now

(*Continued on page 78*)

She made my shaving what it is to-day..and Oh! boy! am I satisfied

THE other dawn—after a large evening—I'm bending the elbow—shaving. As usual the slaughter is complete—the air blue—and the cat's hiding under the refrigerator.

When in walks the wife with a grin and a bottle, which she hands me, saying—"Douse this on your grouch."

Well, to make a long story short, I did. And man—in ten seconds I'm cuckoo with joy—delirious with delight. A few drops on my face and the old epidermis is as supple as a babe's, fresh and cool—exactly like a half hour massage by my favorite barber.

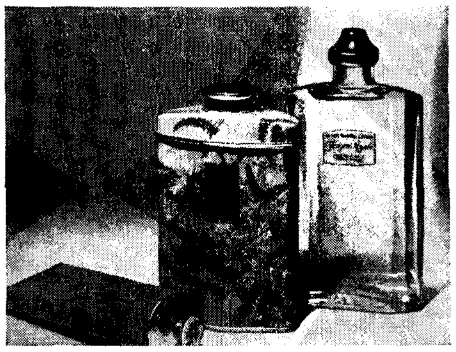
"How come?"—chortles I.

"Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion," says she, "by Houbigant, maker of the finest women's preparations. There's only one difference between our faces—that's the scraping you give yours with a razor."

She made my shaving what it is today—and Oh! Boy! Am I satisfied!

P. S. I forgot the Shaving Cream and the Talc—Fougère Royale, too. One's a lather mine—non-irritating, non-caustic. The other's the smoothest blend of invisible, he-man powder that ever finaled a shave.

Note to wives: If you want to break your spouse of his habits of grouching, and other shaving evils, just mail the coupon below for free, generous samples—mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern).



Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion

HOUBIGANT
PARIS
CREATOR OF TOILETRIES
FOR THE ELECT

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. C-3
539 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name..............................

Address..............................

City..............................

State..............................

MIKADO
POINTS *are*
Pressure
Tested

THIS scientific testing machine, an invention of our own laboratory, is your guarantee that the points of EAGLE MIKADO pencils will stand more pressure than you put on them—even when you write with a heavy hand. We prove this by hundreds of strength tests made on these pencil points every day.

Scientific tests also demonstrate absolutely that you will find EAGLE MIKADO pencils supremely smooth and durable—an aid and inspiration to better work.

Just try this pleasing yellow pencil with the cheerful red band.

Made in 5 degrees from soft to hard by The Largest Pencil Factory in the World.

5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

EAGLE
MIKADO
THE *YELLOW* PENCIL
WITH THE *RED* BAND

For best results with Eagle and all mechanical pencils, use MIKADO THIN LEADS. Sold in the hexagon YELLOW tube, with the RED BAND.

EAGLE PENCIL CO.
NEW YORK CITY

(*Continued from page 77*)

say that idea was entirely unfounded. We might as well say that breezes, created by falling houses and swaying trees, are the cause of a tornado. The beauty of collecting business facts and putting them together is that we can begin to see which facts come first and which come last in the march of business. They march in sequence; already our business scientists have proved this fact. They're working now on the problem of where each fact fits into the great parade.

Something has to happen first, before a second or a third thing can happen.

Jobs for Dollars

"The shoe business is going bad," announce the shoe dealers.

That means, you may be dead sure, that shortly the leather business will "go bad," as well. There's a lapse of time between killing a cow or steer and getting its skin turned into leather, but in due time the cattle business will follow the leather business into the doldrums.

What warning of danger comes first? That's the question experts are trying to solve in their studies of the growth of business depressions.

The first warning, as we have seen, isn't the drop in pig iron production, nor a drop in stock market prices.

Most experts now believe that "hard times" hit *dollars* before they hit *people*. The first sign, therefore, of a business storm, like the first little far-away puff of wind off the coast of Africa, foretelling a tornado in Florida many days later, is the difficulty of finding not dangerous and speculative, but good, honest and safe jobs for dollars at the very good wages of, say, six cents a year, per dollar.

Watching interest rates and watching also the busyness or idleness of dollars gives experts a measure of what is coming, good or bad.

Now, *none* of what has been described here is as simple as it seems.

Our scientists are just beginning to "get on the ball" in gauging business and its conditions. They frequently disagree. We have several great "business services" which serve business, nationally, on a commercial basis. Each of them seems to have its own method of putting facts together and drawing conclusions therefrom. Some of our universities, too, make their own calculations.

In addition, many of the greatest industries, as we have seen, gather facts which, in other days, were ignored. Today, for example, automobile makers know, almost to the last car, what the country can *normally* consume in the way of motor cars and trucks for the next five years.

It is a fact that the industries which best weathered last winter's business turbulence were those which kept the best statistics. The oil industry keeps statistics of its own, members thereof keeping few business secrets as to production, costs and so forth, from one another. It makes facts public.

The entire steel industry is constantly "adding itself up" to see, not only where it stands today, but where it will stand next week or next month. It makes facts public.

The railroad industry also is constantly measuring its current records. Every week you can read the total movements of freight of all kinds.

Coal statistics—"they're not very good," the experts tell you. The textile industry—"it hasn't even tried to pool its facts as to costs and production," they say.

Everyone knows that waves of grief overwhelmed certain sections of the radio industry. "No one knew what was going on in that industry," explained an expert. "No one, not even members of the industry, knew how many sets were being made, how many sets were on hand, or what the future looked like." More facts from every industry is what the business scientists still need. The Federal Reserve banks and other banks, too, for that matter, gather and distribute many facts. You'll find "business scientists," produced in our universities, in many of these institutions. In one group of over 5,000 million-dollar corporations over half have statistical departments maintained at great expense.

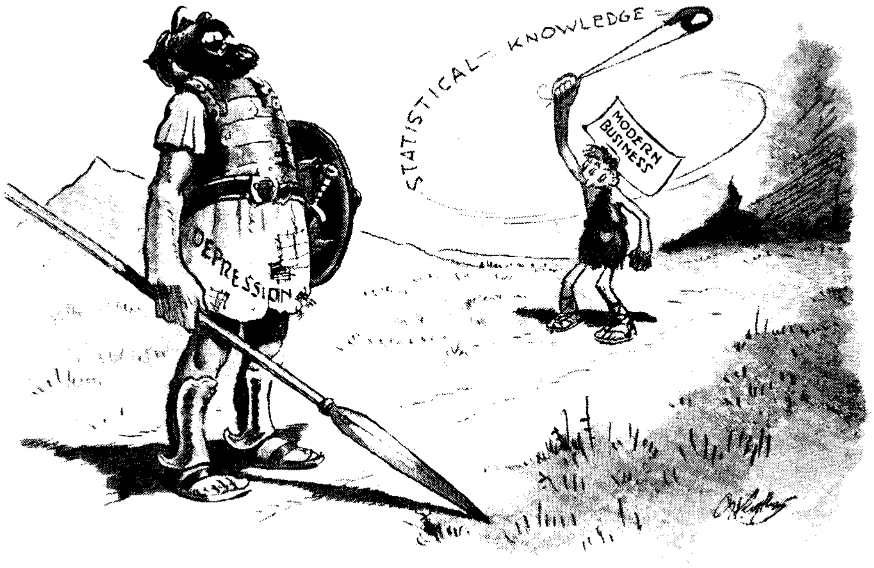
Toward Prosperity

The Department of Commerce issues a vast amount of business facts. A series of seventy-five extremely important business tables, of various sorts, come out of Washington weekly or monthly, for expert or layman to do with as he chooses.

The expert, with more experience and more facts, will do better with his storm guidance in 1940 than he is doing in 1930. But the point now is that he is today becoming able to understand what is going on, and something of what to expect during a business upset. He's beginning to see some order in what used to be confusion; he sees "cycles" and rhythm in what used to be looked upon as blind and unmeasurable fury.

Very well. If the business scientist is able to read some of the signs, what are the tokens that will show us our return toward full-blast prosperity?

(*Continued on page 80*)



The infant science of business statistics is already a force in the economic world

Go!

Electric Starting

NOW . . . simply touch a switch and go! Instantly and quietly, 22 horse power Evinrude Speeditwin whirls ten times faster than human hands could spin it. Starting is effortless, positive—the mere matter of a moment. And as you sweep along, carefree and cool, worry not about the next start . . . or the ones to follow that. The powerful 12-volt battery, which also supplies current a'plenty for electric lighting aboard, is being automatically recharged.

EVINRUDE

Five models this year, from 29 pound Fold-Light, world's lightest twin, to Speeditwin for 45 mile speeds on hydroplanes. A size for any craft, canoe to cruiser. A price for any purse —for instance, here's a remarkable value: Fastwin . . . . 14 horse power, 5 to 35 miles per hour; with underwater silencing, ball and roller bearings, full tilting over obstructions, torpedo streamline and auto-type carburetor . . only $190 f. o. b. factory.

Easy time payments as low as $35 down.

EVINRUDE DIVISION
Outboard Motors Corporation
Ole Evinrude, *President*
760-27th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send for FREE 24 Page EVINRUDE Year Book

Quiet Underwater Silencing

The conventional muffler, so practical on outboard motors in the smaller sizes, is no longer employed on the higher powered models of Elto, Lockwood and Evinrude manufacture. Underwater Silencers transform former deafening exhaust noises into a soft drone, without loss of power. Gone, too, are exhaust fumes — washed away in the foaming wake.

Only 29 Pounds

Sold by EVINRUDE Elto LOCKWOOD Dealers

FOLD-LIGHT! It f-o-l-d-s to only 11½ x 13¾ x 17 inches—stow it anywhere like a traveling bag. It's light—carry it anywhere; only 29 pounds. It's powerful—full 2¾ horse power, getting *efficient* speed from canoes, rowboats, yacht tenders. It's economical—runs 2½ hours on a gallon of fuel. It's the talk of all outdoor America and you should know *all* of its many features. Write for catalog.

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
Ole Evinrude, *President*
5602-27th St. Milwaukee, Wis.

FOLD-LIGHT

Smart women say . . . Know this shopping secret before you buy porcelain enamel

The life of porcelain enamel surfaces depends largely upon the *bond* between the china-like enamel and the metal beneath.

The porcelain enamel on your new kitchen range, your refrigerator, table top or kitchen ware, or in the tub of your washing machine . . . is fused onto a *sheet of metal.*

Produced in furnaces under terrific heat, the coats of enamel form a bond with the metal and give you a surface smooth as glass but with the strength of metal.

Porcelain enamel requires a base metal, having highly technical properties, involving uniformity, density, freedom from gases that form blisters, etc.

Ordinary sheet metal takes the enamel poorly. . . .

So when you buy a porcelain enameled product for your home, remember these two important points. . .

FIRST: *look for the Armco Triangle and the words,* "INGOT IRON"

For Armco INGOT IRON enameling sheets are specially manufactured and prepared to *take* and *hold* a coating of porcelain enamel . . . and today are used for this purpose more than any other sheet metal.

SECOND: *treat it with reasonable care*

Do not strike it sharp blows . . . . do not strain it by twisting. Do not wash it while hot . . . just use warm water and a sudsy cloth. Gritty cleansers should be avoided if you would preserve the clear lustre of the surface.

Then porcelain enamel will give you a lifetime of service, such as you can get from few if any other types of finish.

Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: *Middletown, Ohio*
Export: The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "Armco—Middletown"
PRODUCERS OF
ARMCO IRON AND STEEL **SHEETS**
FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

''BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON''

DOUBLE QUICK
RELIEF
WHEN PAIN STRIKES

BET-U-LOL
THE
DOUBLE-ACTION
LINIMENT

BET-U-LOL

WHY suffer from aches, pains, sprains and congestion—why stand the torture of sore, inflamed muscles—when Bet-U-Lol brings such marvelous relief? Try it. It soothes and quiets the most obstinate pain and helps your system to remove the cause.

BET-U-LOL

PENETRATES RIGHT TO THE SEAT OF PAIN

Bet-U-Lol isn't wasted on the skin's surface. Working by cutaneous absorption (not possible with ordinary liniments) it penetrates to the actual pain center. And, while it eases the pain, it quickens local circulation to end congestion and inflammation.

BET-U-LOL

DOCTORS EVERYWHERE PRAISE IT HIGHLY

Use Bet-U-Lol once and you will know why medical and osteopathic physicians prescribe it. The ideal external treatment for coughs and colds in throat or chest. Only 75 cents a bottle at any drug store. The Huxley Laboratories, Inc., 175 Varick St., New York, N.Y.

BET-U-LOL

Be Your Own Business Prophet

Continued from page 78

Here's where we come back to our charts.

I have talked with a dozen business statisticians lately. They are having an exciting time these days, for the disturbance of last winter gave most of them an opportunity to test for the first time their newly developed storm-measuring machinery. I sat in the private office of one of them not long ago when a young man came into the room, stepped over to a huge chart on the wall, carefully added a short section to a long, jagged, downward-stretching line on the chart and then walked out of the room. It was just like changing a pin in one of the old World War maps.

The expert hurried over to the board. The half-inch line turned upward!

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "This is just the time of the year when that line ought to turn upward and it's doing it." He showed me the charts of other years, on the same subject. "You see, we're not so far from normal. If that line keeps going up, it's a sign that times are getting better." The new mark showed an increase in the item "building in the metropolitan area."

All of the experts say that they see some of the early signs of returning prosperity. This increase happened to be one of them.

Here's one sign to watch for: easier money rates for business enterprises. You can find that rate in your newspaper every day. The item is classified as "Interest rates on four to six months' commercial paper."

A sign of equal importance is the amount of money at work, under the easier rates. That's easy to find in your newspaper. It is listed as "Borrowings from the Federal Reserve bank" in a statement issued by the Federal Reserve Board, weekly.

This item of borrowings is extremely significant. Banks that are members of the Federal Reserve system lend and invest their own deposits before they call upon the Federal Reserve bank for loans. It is not until they have put most of their own money to work that they turn to the Federal Reserve system for borrowings. Borrowing from the Federal Reserve system does not mean that a bank is in trouble; the chances are, on the contrary, that a borrowing bank is finding its business increasing, and that borrowing is a sign of returning good times.

Third, watch what is called the index of commodity prices. This shows whether manufacturers and wholesalers of a very large number of wares and products are having a hard time getting rid of their supplies. By the laws of economics they will cut these prices until their wares and products begin to move.

Be happy when the line merely "flattens out" on your chart, to say nothing of taking an upward turn, for you may be sure that when the line stops falling prospects are better and further production will follow.

The fourth item is "Industrial production." This item is the monthly boiled-down essence of hundreds of thousands of facts concerning steel, lead, zinc, cotton, iron, tires, motor cars, trucks, cement, lumber, coal, electric power, paper, silk, shoes and a large number of other products.

Straws and Compasses

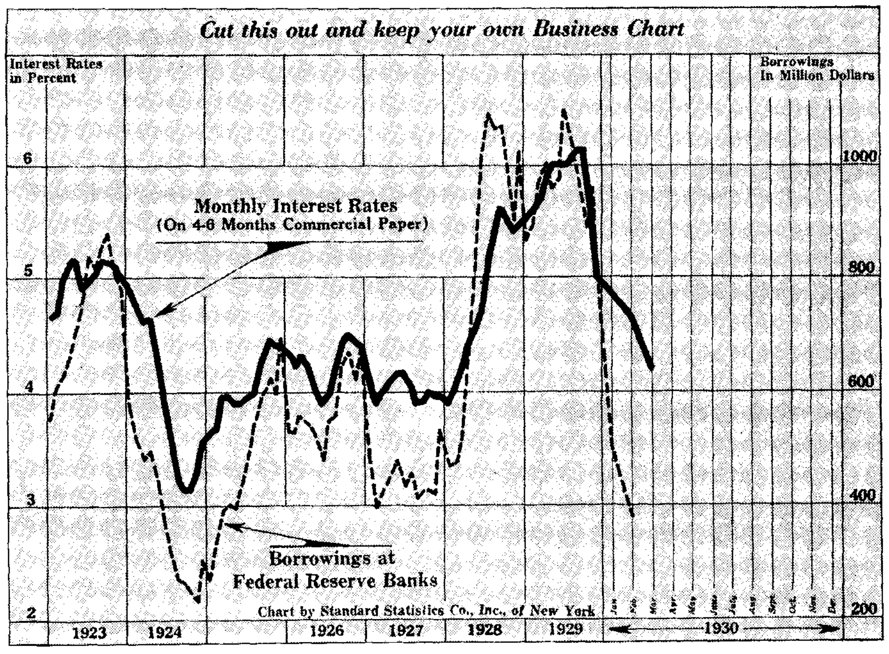
These four items are conspicuous and early signs of business changes, either for better business or for worse. You can keep track of them on the two simple charts.

You can't depend blindly upon them. No one means to say that a merchant or manufacturer, large or small, is justified in immediately launching out widely and blindly into bigger business by these four signs alone. Don't do that, on the strength of these signs alone. But let them help to show you when to get ready for better business.

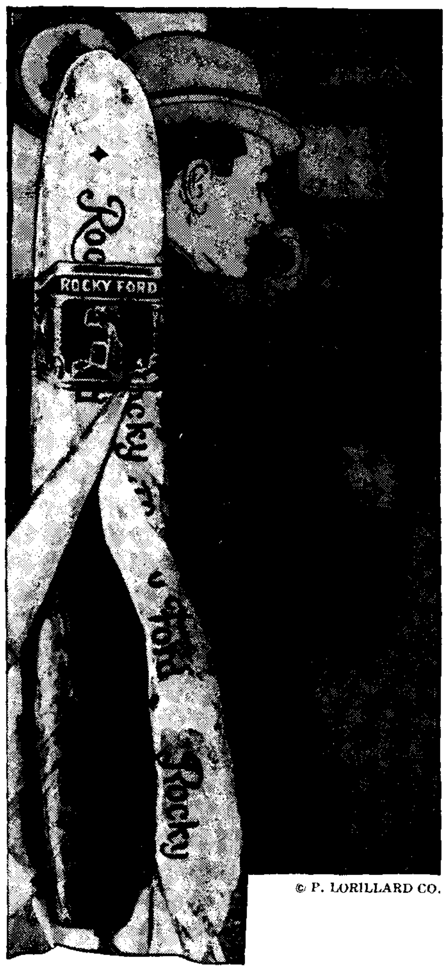
The day will come when, with more facts, and with better understanding of them, we may even be able to prevent business storms.

It's something, however, to be able to set these two scientifically prepared blank chart forms before readers and show them how they themselves may know the direction in which our great ship of business is moving. Never before, after a business depression, has such a thing been possible.

The charts are crude—as crude, perhaps, as the first lodestone compass. Crudely, too, they may show direction, but they *do* show it. One day, when scientists have even more data and facts to work with, such charts are bound to guide the ship of business as truly as those that check an Atlantic liner's course.



For continuing heavy line, watch daily, weekly and monthly reports of money rates. Reports of "Borrowings" appear every Friday morning



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A real long-filler cigar . . . As free of "scrap" as a 25¢ Havana. With an imported Sumatra wrapper.

What greater five cent value has this Efficiency Age produced?

. . .

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough

ROCKY
FORD 5¢
the better cigar

MY DEAR, I AM ABOUT TO TAKE YOU OUT IN MY LONGEST AND STRONGEST SUIT!
BRIDGE WARD
QUIET PLEASE

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-7
H. 8-6-2
D. 8-7-5
C. A-J-10-6-3

West
S. J-9-8-6-4
H. K-9-5
D. 9-6-3
C. K-8

East
S. K-10-2
H. 10-7-4-3
D. 10-4-2
C. Q-9-5

South
S. A-5-3
H. A-Q-J
D. A-K-Q-J
C. 7-4-2

IF THE above hand, given in Collier's last week, had been played at Auction, the bidding would have been quite cut and dried; South's one No Trump would have been followed by three passes.

It happened, however, to have been played in a game of Contract; and South opened with a bid of two No Trumps. His hand totaled 21 if valued by the No Trump count which reckons Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1 and two Tens 1. This, with all four suits stopped, would have justified an original three No Trumps; but that declaration is not included among the list of sound bids for a player who has an unstopped suit.

North had ample help for a partner who could bid two No Trumps; some might favor a bid of three Clubs instead of three No Trumps, but that declaration is generally considered an announcement of length and weakness—no help for the No Trump. Giving it that meaning comes in handy when a player has six worthless cards of a minor and no possible trick for the partner's two No Trumps. A player who has strength rarely gains by overcalling his partner's two No Trumps with three of a minor instead of three No Trumps, because the minor three-bid almost invariably produces three No Trumps from the original bidder.

The Play

West opened his only long suit by leading his fourth best Spade—the Six; with two other Kings, which in view of the bidding were probable entries, he had an excellent chance of taking some Spade tricks if East could help in that suit.

When a low card is the opening lead against a No Trump and the Declarer has Queen and one small card in dummy and Ace and one or two small cards in closed hand, he should play the Queen from dummy as it is his best chance to make two tricks in the suit. In this case the Queen play failed as East had the King. However, if dummy had played small, East would have finessed the Ten.

Before playing from closed hand to trick 1, Declarer can see that he is limited to one Spade. In addition he has four Diamonds assured and the Aces of Hearts and Clubs—a total of seven tricks. Two more could be made by successfully finessing Hearts; but that would mean putting dummy in twice without permitting the adversaries to obtain the lead, which would be impossible. However, a total of four Club tricks seems possible if the adverse honors are divided. Consequently South's sound scheme of play was to hold up the Ace of Spades until the third round so as to eliminate the Spades from the East hand if the adverse division were the dangerous 5-3, and then to lead Clubs.

In the actual play, when South led a Club to trick 4, West saw through Declarer's scheme. It was not likely that South had the Queen of Clubs because, if so, he doubtless would have led it. If West play small and North finesse, East will win with the Queen and have no Spade to return; then, as West's King must fall on the second round, the Club suit will be established for the Declarer. But if West play the King on the first round of Clubs, East will be able to block the suit by holding up his Queen until the third round, as East probably has three Clubs.

Consequently West played the King of Clubs on trick 4. Declarer could not permit that card to win and allow West to run two more Spades (his lead of the Six followed by his play of the Four had shown that he held five Spades originally), so North was obliged to win with the Ace of Clubs and then Declarer had to try for his two extra tricks in Clubs or Hearts.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-10-8-5-2
H. Q-10-7-3
D. J-10
C. K-3

East
S. 9-6-3
H. 9-5
D. 9-8-7-5-3
C. J-9-4

West
S. None
H. A-K-J-8-6
D. A-K-4-2
C. A-Q-10-8

South
S. A-K-J-7-4
H. 4-2
D. Q-6
C. 7-6-5-2

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Own Selection . . .
WITHOUT ATTENTION

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HEAR *what* you want . . *when* you want it! Command the vast wealth of recorded music for as long a time as you desire. Bid the players stop only when it is your will. Enjoy to the very fullest the possibilities of music in the home by selecting your own program and your favorite artists. Now, let The Capehart Amperion bring you hours of pleasure—without the trouble of tuning in new stations or even changing records—without the slightest attention or effort on your part.

Would you like an hour or two of dancing? Or do you prefer a symphony by Brahms? Perhaps a full five-act Verdi opera? The choice is entirely in *your* hands. This almost magic instrument has turned your dreams into reality! . . . No longer need you *depend* on radio alone, for The Capehart Amperion offers an unprecedented combination . . . a Program of your own best Records, played on both sides continuously . . . an hour of Radio when there's something on the air you want to hear.

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AMPERION

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Check Your Grip

Continued from page 17

glaringly when they meet foreign players like Cochet and Lacoste, who have labored painstakingly for years and accepted defeat after defeat to reach their goal.

There are no such weaknesses in the games of the French stars, nor were there any in the games of Tilden and Johnston, or any of the great stars of the past. They knew there was no royal road to success, and that the fame that was theirs came solely from their "infinite capacity for taking pains."

Among our young players of prominence today we have some, like John Doeg, who have great services and volleys but who are lacking in ground strokes. Others, like Coen, have beautiful ground strokes but no service. Still others, like George Lott, have the strokes but not the necessary match play temperament, and others yet again, like Shields, have everything but the seriousness of purpose essential to a world's champion.

The Association's Problem

How to overcome these weaknesses or deficiencies is a problem that concerns not only the individual player but also the United States Lawn Tennis Association. For we depend upon these players to bring back the Davis Cup, and so long as money is required to defray the work of the parent organization in promoting interest in the game, in staging its championships, and in sending teams of players abroad to promote international good will, the winning back of the cup is a serious consideration.

The nation holding the cup can be assured of a substantial profit from the challenge round. The nations that challenge assume all the financial risk, for they have to pay expenses for months in the preliminary play and shoulder a big additional expense in sending their players abroad.

If the United States, for instance, failed to reach the challenge round, there would be a big deficit, whereas even if it is successful in reaching the challenge round it can hardly hope to do more than break even financially for the entire campaign. Thus the treasury as well as the honor of the association must be considered.

If I were running the Davis Cup team I would pick out a half-dozen young players who show the most promise, taking into consideration not so much what they have done in the past but what they are potentially capable of doing in the future. I should consider their age also, for there's no sense in devoting a lot of time and expense to improving players who are nearing the thirty-year mark, and who have only two or three years more of their best tennis in them. The French players are still young men, and it would be unwise to expect that our young hopefuls can beat them in a single year.

When Tilden and Johnston were going great guns, France had better players than Lacoste and Cochet, but they were players who were nearing the end of their days and the French Solons knew that these veterans were unequal to the task of defeating the American giants and always would be. They wisely foresaw that they must look to the future, and from 1922 until 1927 they kept sending the same young players over here. And as you know, as they sowed so did they reap.

Following the example of France, I would keep sending these young players abroad each year whether they brought back the cup or not, or even if they failed to get into the challenge round. But more than that, I would see also that they had the best coaching obtainable.

Lacoste had the benefit of the splendid coaching of Darsonval, and for the last two years Karel Kozeluh, the great little Czechoslovakian pro, has been coaching the English Davis Cup squad. That is one reason why England's fortunes have picked up so in tennis, and why Henry (Bunny) Austin stands as the first English player of world ranking in many years.

Austin is one of the most finished stylists in tennis. There is nothing prettier than the way he strokes the ball, with perfection in every department—in the position of his body, his footwork, his grip, and the stroke itself, from the backswing to the follow-through. He is a model that every young player could follow with profit.

One of the most important considerations in the coaching of our young players should be their grip. Too little attention is paid this vital point, and as a consequence we see some of them using the "Eastern" grip, some the "Western" grip, others a half-Western, and still others a variety of grips. Frequently you will see a player using several types of grips in a single match. Obviously, this player is not likely to have a consistent game.

The Western grip is used almost entirely by players from the Pacific Coast. Playing on asphalt surfaces there, they have adapted their grip to the bound of the ball. When they come East and play on grass or clay, they find that the bound of the ball is different, and to meet the change they switch to a semi-Western grip. If they are not successful they switch back to the Western and in some cases they continually experiment throughout the season.

While there is a difference of opinion as to which grip is preferable, I am a firm believer that for grass and clay court play the Eastern grip is decidedly the better of the two. I have always used it myself, Tilden is also an ardent advocate of the Eastern, and the records of the leading men players will show that the majority of them use it. All of the French players use it, and it is my belief that only the Eastern grip can beat their type of game.

The Western Grip

The Western grip requires the use of a great deal of top spin, and top spin is used at the sacrifice of pace. And pace, or speed on the ball, is most vital to beat the French.

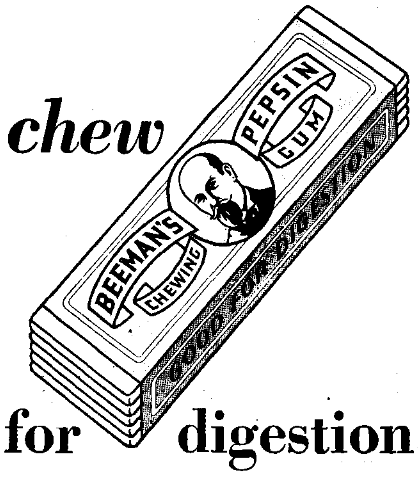
So, if I had charge of the Davis Cup squad, one of the things that I should work hardest on would be teaching them the Eastern grip. Once they had mastered it they could work on each individual stroke in all its detail.

In other words, they would be taught from the beginning, they would be taught to do everything right and to keep on doing it, and the result would be a full-balanced game, correct in form and offering no loopholes to the opponent. It might be several years before they obtained as good results as they did in their own way, for only practice makes perfect, but once they were on the right track there would be no stopping them any more than Cochet and Lacoste could be stopped.

It should be realized, though, that there is something more than correct form in the making of a great tennis

Listless after lunch?

chew



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HURRIED? Something on your mind? Eat too fast? Eat too much? Then your digestion needs help. Try Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum!

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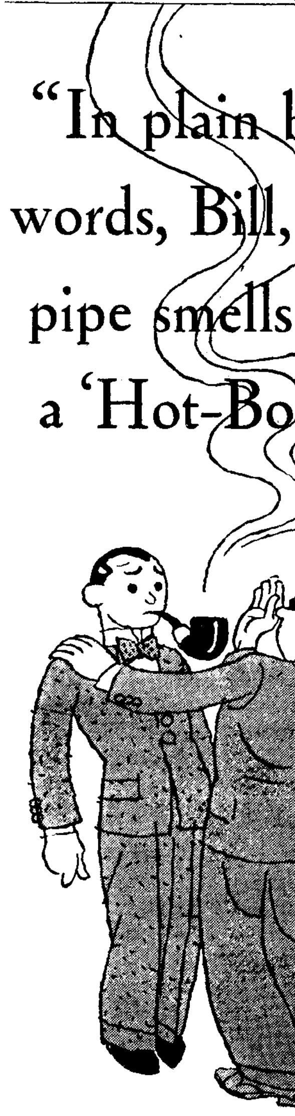
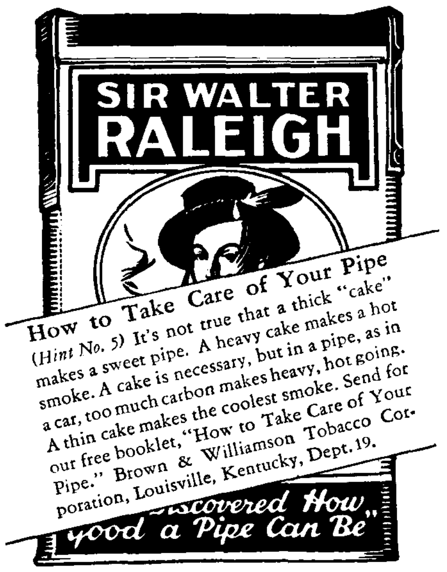
"In plain blunt words, Bill, your pipe smells like a 'Hot-Box'!"



ONLY an old and trusted friend would venture to speak so frankly.

A new pipe, or an old one carefully broken in with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture, changes everything. And why shouldn't it? Sir Walter is milder and more fragrant. And it has the body and flavor found only in the finest of Burley, skillfully seasoned and blended. What more could we offer any pipe smoker? What more could he ask?

TUNE IN on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 p. m. (New York Time), over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.



How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 5) It's not true that a thick "cake" makes a sweet pipe. A heavy cake makes a hot smoke. A cake is necessary, but in a pipe, as in a car, too much carbon makes heavy, hot going. A thin cake makes the coolest smoke. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 19.

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Delicious ice cream—fresh fruit flavors—your favorite fountain drink made exactly the way you like it—at your Rexall Soda Fountain.

player. The personal equation counts for considerable, and by the personal equation I mean nothing more than the player's mental make-up.

Of all our young players Shields is the most blessed in natural assets. He has the build of Tilden, standing over six feet tall, slender, with long legs and arms that give him mobility and reach, and in every department of the game he has beautiful stroke production. His service is one of the best two or three in the country; his forehand and backhand are both decisive and perfect in their execution; at the net he hits with deadly effect both overhead and on the volley, and his knowledge of tactics is unusually good for a youth who is barely out of his teens.

Another Big Bill

Here is the young man who might fill the shoes of Tilden if he cared enough about doing so to make the sacrifice that is demanded. So far, the New York lad has not shown that he does care, and so a potential world's champion lets his opportunity go unseized.

Doeg, with probably the best service in the world, and a fairly good volley, has the seriousness of purpose, but he is held back by a faulty forehand and his disinclination to sacrifice victories to the elimination of this weakness in his armor. So long as he continues to use the chop instead of the drive, I fear that he will not get much higher than he is now, and he will continue to do it until he resigns himself to suffering defeats so that he may give his whole attention to eliminating this weakness.

John Van Ryn of Orange, New Jersey, is a serious-minded young man who has no weakness in his strokes, but while he plays an excellent game I do not expect him to set the world afire in singles. Doubles is his forte and at the four-handed game he rates among the world's two or three best players.

The erratic tendencies of Wilmer Allison of Austin, Texas, have prevented him from going farther than he has. He is also handicapped by his physical limitations, for he is not strong enough constitutionally to stand habitually the terrific grind of a championship tournament.

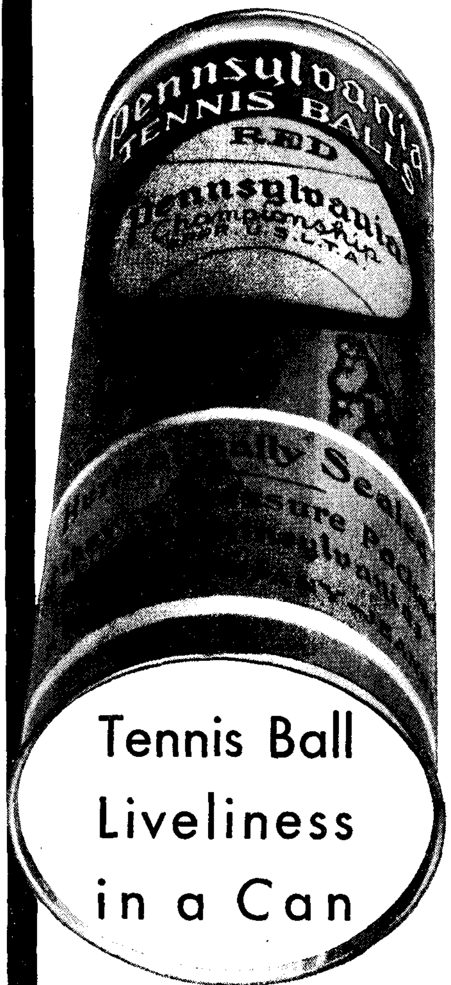
Coen needs a few more years of experience and a few more pounds of weight on his slight frame, together with a better service, before he can aspire to Davis Cup honors. He could also use a few more inches of height, though that is not vital.

Lott, the player who was expected to dethrone Tilden in our national championship last year, plays one day like a world-beater and the next day like a second-tenner. Inconsistency has been the plague of Lott's career. He has great natural ability, is a natural athlete and has good ground strokes, though his backhand could be improved. He has the best volley in the American amateur ranks and as fine a lob as any I have seen, but for some reason the Chicago lad doesn't cash in on his assets.

He hasn't the stick-to-itiveness, the concentration and unswerving determination or the will-to-win that marks the champion player, and until he does get it there will be something vital lacking in his game. It seems a shame, for Lott could easily be our national champion in another year or two and might be a world's champion.

But he probably would not be either under any circumstances, if Frank Shields could be made to see the light and to be guided by it. Here is our next Tilden if he cares to be. If he doesn't, I am afraid that we will have to wait a good many years before there is another Big Bill to bring back the cup and keep it here.

"I hear you had a wonderful week-end."
"Yes. You look rather low yourself."



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Pennsylvania
PRESSURE
PACKED
Tennis Balls

Ludendorff at Tannenberg

Continued from page 30

with treachery. Jilinsky had had no quarrel with Samsonov. Jilinsky was the immediate authority by whom both the army commanders were directed. It is Jilinsky who is playing the hand. Why then did he acquiesce calmly, nay, cordially, in Rennenkampf's delays, while at the same time he urged Samsonov ruthlessly forward? Obviously because he was deceived about the German fighting power. He had convinced himself that they could not withstand the double attack. Henceforward his aim was not merely their defeat, but their destruction, and this destruction would only be complete if Rennenkampf did not drive the Germans back before Samsonov was ready to cut them off. The reasoning was sound; it was the facts which were wrong.

But there can be no excuse for Rennenkampf's total loss of all contact with the enemy. However the strategic movements might be planned, it was vital to know where the Germans were. There were only four or five corps to be accounted for. Whatever was not in front of Rennenkampf might be moving to attack Samsonov. Rennenkampf had no less than five cavalry divisions—30,000 horsemen—none of whom had taken any serious part in the battle. Reconnaissances of even thirty miles would have revealed during the 21st and 22d at any rate the rear guards of the 17th and 1st Reserve Corps.

But Rennenkampf had lost the German army. He had no idea where they were or what they were going to do. He gladly assumed that the bulk had taken refuge inside the fortress of Königsberg and that the rest were hurrying back towards the Vistula. Even on the 26th when the circle of steel and fire was about to close round Samsonov, Jilinsky complacently ordered Rennenkampf to provide two corps for the investment of Königsberg, and to march on with the rest towards the Vistula. In fact Prittwitz' panic-stricken decision to break off the battle at Gumbinnen had created a deception of the Russian mind which no ruse, however carefully planned, could have effected.

Henceforward Samsonov will be left alone to face all the German forces in East Prussia and to engage his weary troops against an enemy incomparably superior in organization, communications, quality and morale, who may now bring to the decision 180 battalions against his 150, and who possesses artillery half as strong again in numbers and double his weight in metal. In these circumstances the great battle which followed could only have had one ending.

The Battle of the Centers

During August 23d the three corps of Samsonov's center (13th, 15th and 23d), advancing northwest, began to come in contact with the reënforced German 20th Corps. The three divisions which had been sent round by rail from Königsberg were not yet in position, and the 20th Corps, which had been facing south, partly by pressure, partly by design, gradually hinged back on its right through a quarter circle until two days later it faced east. It was as if a door had swung open invitingly. Into it the Russians marched. So far everything seemed to promise success. Samsonov was confident, Rennenkampf dawdling and Jilinsky unperturbed. Only their troops were exhausted and hungry.

The battle of the 23d between the Russian center and the 20th Corps was severe. All through the 24th and 25th the Russians, despite their fatigue and privations, fought well and their great numbers pressed heavily upon the slowly recoiling German front. By the night of the 25th the 20th Corps had completed its backward wheel. One of the reënforcing divisions had come into line on its left. No further withdrawal could be allowed; orders were given to fight it out to the death in the positions then occupied, and the battle of the two centers—seven Russian divisions against three and one-half German—was about to begin. (See map.)

Where is Rennenkampf?

The issue was awaited with deep anxiety at the German headquarters. A battle against odds of two to one, against an enemy whose quality had not yet been put to the proof, was in itself a grim event. Yet this battle was only one, and that not the crucial feature in the combination. Where was Rennenkampf, and what would he do? Although in the four days since the 20th his columns, spread fanwise, have only advanced fifteen miles, and that in a westerly direction, he has still the time to join his comrade on the battlefield. Three days' marches, if unopposed, will bring him to Allenstein; his clouds of cavalry could already have been overrunning the narrowing region between the two Russian armies.

What is there to stop him? The corps of Mackensen and Below, with the German cavalry division, though he does not know where they have gone, stand in his path. This powerful body, which the German accounts speak of as "the Eastern Group," is probably capable of warding Rennenkampf off until the battle with Samsonov is over. But then they cannot take part in that battle themselves. They must be either engaged with Rennenkampf or awaiting his attack.

Meanwhile as they face north and east the Russian 6th Army Corps guarding Samsonov's right will, as it advances, be traversing their rear, and if Rennenkampf attacks they will be taken between two fires, as well as fighting against double their numbers. So here is another possibility loaded with peril. All, therefore, depends on Rennenkampf—if even now he converges towards Samsonov by forced marches, the whole German army in East Prussia will be fighting simultaneously at odds of two to one. What then will Rennenkampf do?

It was this that tormented Ludendorff and his chief from the moment when at 2:30 on the afternoon of August 23d they learned from Hoffmann the whole situation. To leave "the Eastern Group" as a shield against Rennenkampf was to avoid the gravest risks but to reject all the prizes. On the other hand, to ignore Rennenkampf, to take the chance of his advancing and to bring them southward offered, first of all, the certainty of striking the isolated 6th Corps—not two Russians to one German, but two Germans to one Russian—thus intervening in the most terrifying manner upon Samsonov's rear.

On the night of the 24th Hindenburg, on Ludendorff's resolve, ordered both Mackensen and Below to go south by "enormous forced marches" and strike the 6th Corps. "From the point of view of the High Command," says Hoffmann, "the position that evening was the most difficult in the whole battle." Even now Ludendorff did not make up his mind finally—and who shall blame

Fair Weather Ahead?

THE unleashed power of the sea made even the bold buccaneers of old breathe thanks for the scrawled charts that pointed to safe harbors ahead. Just as today men prize the safe and tested methods which carry them past the reefs in business.

Caslon Bond offers just such known value to buyers of letterheads and business forms. Strategic mill location and scientific manufacture gives this paper a clean, distinguished appearance, excellent writing surface, easy erasing qualities, and sturdy strength for handling in office or shop.

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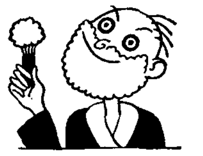

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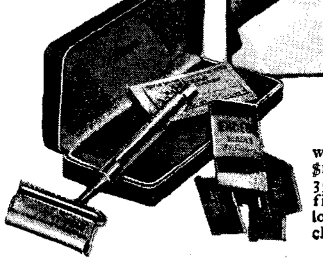

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him?—about Mackensen's corps. It should start south, but at any moment it might have to turn back and help the solitary German cavalry division in delaying the advance of Rennenkampf's mighty host. Still the orders were given, and the whole Eastern Group was marching southwards throughout the 25th.

At this moment there occurred the astounding event which, coupled with Rennenkampf's inertia, has given rise to accusations of treachery. The Russians had inadequate telegraph and signal arrangements and all their communications were awkward and tardy. But they possessed a small radio service; and their radio now began to talk. It began to talk—not in cipher but in plain Russian; it began to talk about the inmost secrets of the Russian High Command!

An Unusual Courtesy

With bland simplicity it proclaimed to the world in two uncoded messages exactly what Rennenkampf would do or not do, and exactly what Samsonov would do on the 25th and 26th. The German wireless station in the fortress of Königsberg listened to these amazing disclosures. In the early morning the first message told them that the Russian First Army would not reach the line Gerdauen-Allenburg-Wehlau until the 26th, thus making it certain that Rennenkampf's army could not take part in Samsonov's battles.

In the afternoon the second message revealed all Samsonov's projected movements. It showed that he believed the rearward wheel of the 20th Corps was part of a general German retirement and that he had only to pursue. This was immensely reassuring. It showed that Samsonov's attack on the 20th Corps would probably not take place until the 26th. "In addition to this," says Hoffmann dryly, "the order confirmed the information we already had as to the strength of the Russian forces, and apart from this we were very glad to know the exact objectives of the individual enemy corps."

Thus Fortune cast her mischievous foreknowing smile on General Ludendorff at this birth-moment of his memorable career. When he arrived on the 23d, as he believed and as the world has long believed, to restore order out of chaos, to retrieve disaster and stem the rout, she had presented him with a splendid opportunity ready-made and requiring only his nod of approval.

On the 25th when he hung on the double tenterhooks of Rennenkampf's menace and Samsonov's impending battle with the German 20th Corps, she reassured him on both accounts. Rennenkampf may for two or three days be disregarded, so that all the troops of the German "Eastern Group" may fall upon Samsonov's right, and Samsonov himself will not attack seriously until the 26th, by which time the whole of the Eighth Army—François on the right and Morgen's Division deflected to the threatened left—will be in line. Nor need he fear a trap. The movements described by the intercepted radio can be checked by the ordinary contacts and reconnaissances of the field and are found generally to correspond. This is the way to make war!

The German High Command passed the night of the 25th in comparative mental comfort. General von François, with his 1st Corps supported by various detachments equal to another division, was rapidly arriving on the German right. In order to help the threatened 20th Corps in what was expected to be a hard-fought battle on the 26th, Ludendorff demanded that he should attack the Russian left at dawn. François protested vehemently. Only part of his fighting troops had detrained. Very little of his artillery and none of his ammunition columns had yet arrived. The task set him was severe. Samsonov had guarded his left flank by a new Russian army corps—the 1st—which had now come up, intrenched upon the ridge of Usdau; and its left was prolonged almost to the Polish border by a guard division, a rifle brigade and two cavalry divisions. François, in attacking the 1st Corps as directed, would have to expose first his left shoulder and finally his back to the rest. He wanted to find the true flank of the enemy and make a still wider turning movement. Convinced at length that for this there was neither the strength nor the time, he fell back on a more solid objection. He disliked frontal attacks. Anyhow he would not make one without the fullest artillery preparation. "Remember what happened to Mackensen last week at Gumbinnen."

Ludendorff, determined from the outset to assert the authority of the new command over a competent but notoriously unruly subordinate, curtly insisted. Hindenburg, who presided at this fierce discussion, maintained an august silence. So severe was the tension that he himself felt it necessary to visit François and enforce the orders with his whole personal weight. Under this pressure François adopted a policy of passive resistance. He obeyed—but in such a manner as to make sure he had his own way.

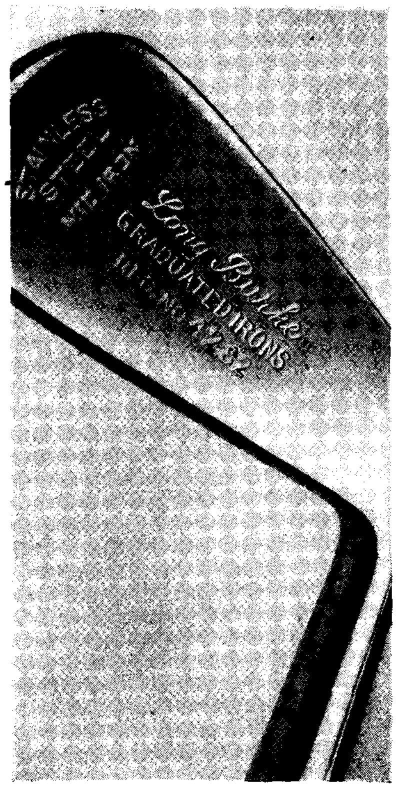
No one could say that he did not attack on the 26th, but in fact he so delayed his movements and restrained his troops that scarcely any progress was made. In fact he played with the army staff from dawn till dusk. That this was a calculated and deliberate frustration of their will and not merely the slothfulness of reluctance is proved by the fact that the wily François asked the 20th Corps on the night of the 25th whether in fact they were so hard pressed that he must make an attack without artillery support and before he was ready, in order to save them. The 20th Corps replied reassuringly that they were all right, that there was no need for him to compromise his preparations. Ludendorff passed the morning of the 26th in great impatience, but also in complete uncertainty as to what François was actually doing. It was not until the evening that he realized that he was being fooled. But by the evening other things had happened.

What Happened to the Russian Right

The two corps of the "Eastern Group" had collided with the Russian 6th Corps protecting Samsonov's right flank and rear. It was an encounter battle. The Russians had no apprehension of any serious danger. They thought that some portion of the retreating German army might be marching back parallel with, but at a considerable distance from them, while other retreating units would be following on behind them through Rastenberg. Samsonov's orders drew this picture for them. However, early in the morning of the 26th the Russian 6th Corps received the unexpected news that an enemy brigade was at Lautern and later that it was occupying Seeburg.

Full of ardor they attacked these forces with a division, and thus ran into the whole Eastern Group (two army corps and the 6th Landwehr Brigade) who were descending upon them from the north as fast as desperately determined men could march. The battle exploded immediately. The attacking Russian division found itself hopelessly outnumbered. It defended itself bravely till the evening. Its companion coun-

(Continued on page 86)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(*Continued from page 85*)

termarching to help it was involved in its ruin. The Russian corps commander became demoralized. During the night and the next day the whole corps fled southwards, and its divisions did not stop till they reached Olschienen and Wallen, twenty-one and twenty-five miles respectively from the battlefield.

The first of the blows which destroyed Samsonov had been struck. His right flank guard had been broken down; and this vital information was not imparted to him by the general concerned except in a confused manner and after a delay of many hours.

During this same momentous 26th, François' artillery had arrived, and he declared himself ready to attack at daybreak on the 27th. Hindenburg and Ludendorff proceeded to an eminence at the foot of the Gilgenburg lake, on which amid fir trees an aërial perch had been erected, whence a clear view could be obtained. They were enormously cheered at six o'clock by the news that the Usdau position had already been stormed. This, however, proved to be false. The fighting troops had mistaken the village of Meischlitz, 2,000 yards to the southwest, for that of Usdau, and the real attack on the latter did not begin till ten o'clock.

The Battle of Usdau

This engagement, which some have called the battle of Usdau, repeated upon the Russian left the disaster which the day before had befallen their right. The whole of François' artillery, strengthened by heavy guns withdrawn from the fortresses, opened terrific fire upon the Russian intrenchments.

The division on the right, followed by that on the left, quitted their trenches before it was even necessary to launch the German infantry assault, and streamed back southward in considerable disorder by the way they had come, in the direction of Soldau. Thus on two successive days both the flanking corps which protected the advance of the Russian center had been routed, and for Samsonov on the night of the 27th only one flickering hope remained—immediate retreat.

We will pass the night of the 27th at Samsonov's headquarters in the little town of Neidenburg. His right-hand corps (the 6th) has already been hurled back in shocking disorder by powerful forces which can only have come from Rennenkampf's front. His 1st Corps has run away from the Usdau position on his left. In the center, far in advance of these two faithless guardians, his valiant 15th Corps with the weak 23d on its left has been for three days in heavy action with the German center, and his 13th Corps, finding little opposition in front, has actually stretched forward as far as Allenstein. On both flanks rout, and in the center far advanced in danger's jaws, a doubtful battle and hideous lack of food. How did he react to these impressions?

It is inconceivable that an experienced commander would not by this time have realized the mortal peril which confronted his whole army. Immediate orders to the 13th, 15th and 23d Corps to retreat, and to his flank corps to attack, offered the only possible chance of escape. But a somber spirit of fatalism—characteristically Russian—seemed to have overpowered the doomed commander. He had been misled. He had supposed he had only a beaten foe to deal with. But the die had been cast, fate must decide; better perish than retreat. *"Russki avos"* . . . Perhaps there would be better news tomorrow. An awful psychic lethargy descended upon his weary being; and at midnight on the 27th Samsonov ordered his center corps to continue their attack. But, as Hindenburg remarks, "they were no longer seeking victory, but destruction."

At dawn on the 28th the whole German army attacked. The 20th Corps, reënforced on its left by the 3d Reserve and Goltz's Divisions, advanced in increasingly successful onslaught upon the Russian center. Mackensen and Below were moved westward with the double purpose of helping the 20th Corps and also reaching some position to defend the rear and flank against Rennenkampf, who had at last belatedly begun to appear. But the decisive action takes place upon the German right and here again there occurs one of François' grand disobediences. The 28th does not see Ludendorff at his best. He feels that the battle is won; he seeks no decisive victory. Provided he is secure against an attack from Rennenkampf, he is ready to be content with small results. His orders to Mackensen and Below, repeated on the 29th, prevented these powerful forces from taking any very effective part in the battle, or from closing the enormous gap which was open to the Russian retreat in the southeast.

No one can blame him for taking precautions against Rennenkampf. But it is his orders on the 28th to François which have the worst appearance in the light of further knowledge. François, pursuing eastward with vigor all through the 28th, had entered Neidenburg by nightfall. He was ordered by Ludendorff to change his direction to almost due north and advance in the direction of Lahna.

Now these orders implied the virtual abandonment of any serious attempt to round up the enormous masses of the Russian center. They, moreover, condemned François to plunging his corps into the forest area with the certainty that he would become dispersed, would not get far or do much. The order was sent in terms of exceptional impressiveness. It concluded with a solemn adjuration that the corps "could render the greatest possible service to the army if these intentions were duly carried out. All depends on the 1st Corps."

But General von François had quite different intentions. His advance troops were already halfway along the road from Neidenburg to Willenberg. This road running due east was in every way convenient for his purpose. It was in open country within good rifle shot of the edge of the forest. Along this road, therefore, during the whole of the 29th General von François hurried his troops, building up as he went a long line of posts and pickets to block in the Russian masses. By nightfall François' line was completed. With twenty-five battalions he had strung himself out over a length of thirty kilometers. By the night of the 29th, in spite of a further order to advance northeastward, he had this thin single line of posts between the Russian masses struggling to escape from the forests and whatever Russian troops might be set in motion against it from the direction of Warsaw. Again Ludendorff acquiesced in the decisions imposed upon him by this audacious officer.

Samsonov's End

We have now reached the last act of the tragedy. The British liaison officer in Russia, General Knox, had been attached to Samsonov's staff. In the morning of the 28th he motored up from Neidenburg to join the Commander-in-Chief. He found him by the side of the road poring over his maps, surrounded by his staff officers. Suddenly Samsonov rose, ordered his Cossack escort to provide horses for himself and his seven staff officers, and was about to ride off in the direction of the 15th Corps. General Knox prepared to mount and accompany him, but Samsonov took him

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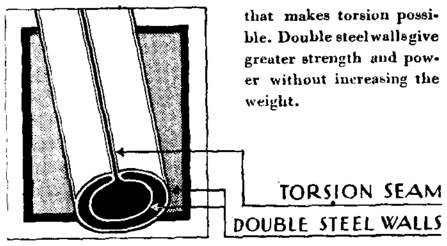

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aside. The situation, he said, was very critical. He did not know what was going to happen. He did not wish a foreign officer to accompany him. If the worst happened here, it would not affect the ultimate course of the war. With that he said good-by and rode off. Knox adds that both he and his staff were calm. They said, "The enemy has luck one day, we will have luck another." Knox went back with a long train of motor vehicles and just got through Neidenburg in time.

We may accompany General Samsonov a little farther. He spent the night of the 28th with the headquarters of the 15th Corps. Throughout the 29th the dissolution of the Russian center proceeded and vast masses of men in utmost confusion surged aimlessly about in the forest. At length the general and his seven staff officers are alone, night comes on, they dismount from their horses, they struggle eastward. The general, asthmatic, exhausted, broken-hearted, is supported by his officers. At last he can go no farther. Murmuring to himself "The Emperor trusted me," he turns aside from the others. He is alone. Three days before he had commanded a quarter of a million men. The officers hear a single shot; they search for his body; they never find it. They resume their journey and some escape to tell the tale.

The closing scenes continued during the 30th and 31st. All beaten armies tend to retreat along the path by which they have advanced. But as the Russians, whether as stragglers or in formed bodies, attempted to escape from the southern edge of the forest, they were met by the pitiless fire of François' cordon and driven back. Again and again by day and night the most desperate efforts were made to escape. Often bands of soldiers, following the cross held aloft by a priest, broke from the woods and rushed towards the German line; but none reached it.

92,000 Prisoners

To quote the regimental history of the German 41st Infantry:

"With morning gray a long enemy column of all arms came slowly out of the woods without any advanced guard and offered a target which would never have been permitted at peace maneuvers. Unfortunately fire was opened on it too soon by some excited riflemen; upon which both battalions and the machine gun company joined in. This last was for the first time engaged as a complete unit, and with all its six guns it opened continuous annihilating fire. A more fearful effect could hardly be imagined. The Russians tried to take refuge in the woods, abandoning vehicles and horses. The frightened and wounded animals rushed aimlessly over the country, wagons were upset, there was soon wild chaos. The units which were still armed sought to take position on the edge of the woods, but very soon they exhibited white cloths on poles and rifles, showing that they regarded further advance as useless and wished to surrender."

During the 31st they surrendered in enormous numbers. A single battalion of General von François' corps captured 17,000 prisoners. Large bodies of troops were seen assembling in various open spaces and alarm was caused at the German headquarters, until it was realized that they were only prisoners and that the bayonet glints were those of their German escort. The Army Command had no idea how many they had cut off in the forests. Hoffmann on the 30th put the number at 40,000, but Grünert was sure it did not exceed 20,000. Hoffmann offered to pay him a mark for every one under 20,000 if Grünert would pay a mark for every one above. Hoffmann expressed a well-founded regret that this wager was not accepted. In all 92,000 unwounded Russian prisoners and 30,000 wounded Russians were collected by the victors. Of these 92,000, 60,000 were the well-earned prize of François' corps.

By the evening of the 28th Ludendorff was so satisfied that the victory was complete that he was already building up a line against Rennenkampf, whose cavalry divisions were now at last approaching Allenstein and could almost overlook the battlefields where their comrades had perished. It was to be their turn next.

The Genius of von François

The glory of Tannenberg was during the war and for some years afterwards successfully appropriated by Ludendorff. It was the stepping-stone by which he swiftly rose to the effective control of the whole German war. Hindenburg made no personal claims. He was content to allow Ludendorff's statement to pass unchallenged. It was as follows: "General von Hindenburg had always agreed to my suggestions and gladly accepted the responsibility of consenting to them." But facts which are no longer in dispute prove first that all the movements which concentrated the Eighth Army against Samsonov had already been ordered by Prittwitz' staff on the initiative of General Hoffmann, and these movements were approaching completion at the moment when Ludendorff arrived at the Army Headquarters.

Secondly, they prove that the only orders issued by Ludendorff en route, apart from those relating to minor reenforcements, were to withdraw the headquarters of the Eighth Army as far back as Marienburg and to authorize the various corps to act independently pending his arrival. Both these interventions were unfortunate and led to loss of precious time.

During the course of battle Ludendorff on the 25th of August endeavored to force François into a premature attack which if checked would have enabled Samsonov's army to escape before disaster overwhelmed him. François disobeyed him with brilliant results. On the 28th Ludendorff resigned himself to the escape of the Russian center. In a fit of nerves he prevented the 17th and 1st Reserve Corps from effectually closing the gap to the eastward; and on the same day ordered François to advance in a direction which undoubtedly would have enabled the mass of the Russians to escape to the southeast. In fact Hindenburg, no doubt at Ludendorff's suggestion, telegraphed on the night of the 28th to Main Headquarters: "The battle is won; pursuit will continue. The surrender of the two Russian corps may well not be achieved."

But General von François disobeyed these instructions and at great risk, but truly measuring the quality of the enemy, ran out his cordon of posts and pickets along the Neidenburg-Willenberg road and thus entrapped the whole Russian center. The credit of the victory belongs in large measure to General Hoffmann, but its glory must forever be associated with General von François, who, though commanding only a single corps, acted with that rare alternation of prudence and audacity which is the characteristic of true soldierly genius, and who upon his justly founded convictions defied Ludendorff and gained for him a dazzling victory against his orders.

The third article of this series, The Man Who Saved Paris, will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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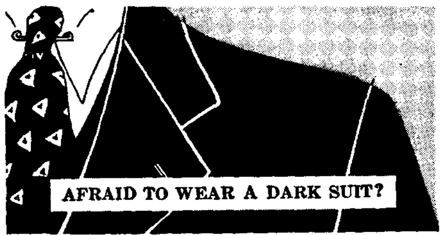
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PACKER'S Tar Soap

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 29

"Bring her up!"

Aunty was here? "Isn't that Mum's funny old friend that you used to go see, Ray?" Rose exclaimed, as the butler descended again. "My, they're all on your tracks, you see. You should've told that smart lawyer of yours to keep everybody off."

"Who is it now?" Pedro demanded suspiciously.

Again the door opened.

"Mrs. Thorp," said the butler, and Aunty walked into the room.

She paused for the barest second after the door closed behind her, and her eyes raked that room; she took in Rose and Pedro—that, she supposed, was the husband; she took in the white, tremulous girl standing against her high-backed chair, tears running down her face, quivering hands trying to stop them. To this girl Aunty ran; and in that comprehensive look, having seen that there was no need for play-acting, no need for "Miss Ray" and formalities, she took her in her arms, and had her sobbing upon her breast.

"WHY, Ray, my sweetie! Ray, my honey!" the elder woman cried.

"Aunty! You're here. Oh, you're all I want! You're just the only one I want! To think you're here!"

Aunty's arms tightened about her.

"I landed yesterday, honey. Don't cry so, now. Tell me. Sit down again, Ray, sit down." Then the girl was back in her chair, with the woman standing by it, holding her hand. And this woman was not the nebulous creature of the Poinsetter house. She was strong and strenuous and aware; her thin figure, her thin face, were informed with some power of the spirit that lighted and possessed her. And she was looking hard, mercilessly, at Rose and Pedro.

"What do these folks want, honey? Tell me quick!"

"As Ray's sister"—Rose began furiously.

"You've come for money! Just like your parents are writing and begging for money as soon as they can!" said Aunty, quiet and strong. "Quit! Ray, I tell these two people to quit your house."

Ray quavered:

"As she says—my sister—"

"She isn't your sister! She's nothing to do with you! Nor are her parents your parents, honey. You're quit of the lot."

"Fine tale! fine tale!" shouted Pedro. "And who are you to come here and order my wife and me?"

"Ray, tell these folk to go. If you say so, they have to go. Or that manservant of yours can call in the police."

Ray quavered uncomprehendingly:

"Darling, I can't turn out Rose and—"

"Ray"—the thin woman was electrified with the fury of her feeling—"they are to go."

And she went to the bell and rang it.

"You dare ring for a servant to show out my wife and me!" Pedro stuttered.

The butler came. Aunty looked at Ray, and Ray was silent. It was then the servant who took command. He had summed up Rose and Pedro; he saw Miss Ray Beaufort now too emotional, too wrought upon, to speak. He had Rose and Pedro out of the room, by some inimitable manner of his own—for they quailed before servants—and the door was shut behind them.

Aunty said: "You meant it—about wanting me?"

"Darling one, you're all I want most to see!"

"I have the right. They haven't. They're nothing to you. Nor the Bowfors. Ray, you and I—you and I . . . I'm your mother."

For quite a long time the room was hushed after this strange exalted woman had told that glorious news in a quiet voice. Pedro and Rose had been ushered out so quickly and so speechlessly that it almost seemed as if they still lingered there, questioning. But the door was fast shut. They had indeed gone.

Ray cried out:

"Oh, *Mother!* It's all such relief; so happy—so wonderful—if you and I belong to each other; and *they* don't belong to us at all!"

"Well, they don't belong at all. Sit down."

Ray began to think dreamily, comfortably. "Mrs. Thorp," the butler had said. That of course was her name; one had forgotten it; had heard it so seldom; she had just been Aunty of the Alfred Poinsetter house on Fifth Avenue. But she had a name; she had a personality; she belonged; she was a mother! And thinking back one recalled—

"I remember when I was a tiny, how pretty you seemed!"

"Never so very pretty all the time you knew me, honey. I was over thirty when you were born; and I was tired then; and unhappy; and poor. I've got to tell you. . . ."

"Yes, tell me, Mother."

"Well, I was just a poor girl; my father was a Baptist minister away out in Ohio. He died, and I went to Denver to work; and after a few years I met your father, John Thorp. And we married, and quarreled. We quarreled like cat and dog, God knows why. Whoever does just know why! He was poor and ambitious, and I didn't suit him and he didn't suit me. It ended one night with his throwing all the money he had at me—it was thirty-odd dollars, I remember—and quitting. I've never seen or heard of him since, nor tried to. I came up to New York to get domestic work—because I was a domestic kind of woman. And then I discovered I was going to have a baby. That was you, Ray. And I nearly went crazy with joy."

"GO ON. Go on. You were 'crazy with joy' like I am now. Oh, weren't you brave!"

"No. Women get extra strength. But the trouble was—what to do with you. You were born in a hospital. What to do with you so that you should be brought up in some sort of home atmosphere, I couldn't think. Then I remembered my old friend who'd married a traveling salesman called Bowfor. And she'd just lost her baby. And I thought I'd give you up—she wanted to have you—and you would have a real home and be brought up nicely. I paid her nearly all I earned every week for you till you were earning yourself.

"A year after she took you her Rose was born. But she said, and her husband said, the two babies would be playmates now, and it seemed to me nicer than ever. They were better then—the Bowfors. I guess all young couples try hard. . . .

"Well, and when you were older you used to come and see me at Poinsetter's, after I'd got that job. I've held down that job just to have a sort of nice little parlor and some dessert to offer you when you came along. Mary Bowfor never wanted me to come to her home after the first year or two. But if I'd known . . ."

She stopped.

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"Can we prove—all this?" Ray cried.

"Yes, my dear. When you'd left New York so suddenly, I went round to Mary Bowfor's, and asked for you. There was just hell let loose in that apartment, Ray, when I found they'd turned you out. Mary kept saying: 'Of course we don't mean it for good. We're just frightening her—the young madam!' But they couldn't pacify me. I'd have torn up New York for you, baby; only, two days after, it all came out about old Wittheimer's will. Oh, they were mad, Mary and her husband! And I saw they would be on your track as quick as they could get—so I went to that Mr. Westward."

"Yes? Yes?"

"He dealt with them, Ray."

She leaned down and kissed her daughter. "Two women like you and me are too simple. But a clever lawyer. . . . You should have heard him put Mary Bowfor and her husband exactly where they belonged. I told him everything; I gave him the date and place of my marriage and your birth; and every detail there was to know. And after a while, on Mr. Westward's advice, I took my savings—for I've saved since you paid your own board at the Bowfors'—and came over here, knowing you'd want someone with you—someone of your very own, when things came out, if they did come out. Because of course there were all those portraits of you in your Court dress"—she thrilled to her pride—"and sooner or later you'd get people who used to know you trying to blackmail you."

SHE went on: "You know, honey, I was going to come here and see what it was best for you that I should do. I'd have acted your old nurse or the family housekeeper—"

"Mother! You'll act nothing but my mother!"

"Well, that is what I did on the spur of the moment, honey, to fix Rose and Pedro. And I guess—I fixed them!"

"You fixed them!"

"But there's a lot I won't be able to fix, baby?"

Silence.

Her mother went on speaking tranquilly after a while of that bitter silence: "That was a wonderful fur coat you sent me from Paris; and a wonderful check, baby. I could just have loved you to death for remembering. I knew you meant it for good-by; but it was lovely."

"I wouldn't have meant it for good-by if I'd known—"

"Ah, no, honey. No. Trust you for that!"

"Oh, Mother, I'm happy!"

"No, you're not happy, honey. But . . . honey, Lord Times?"

"What of him?"

"There have been photographs in the society papers—Mr. Westward showed me—you've been 'snapped' together—you and Lord Times. And of course I remembered that evening in New York. You remember, Ray?"

"Will I ever forget it! Oh, if I could forget!"

After a moment or two, Ray said:

"Where are your things, darling? Where did you stay last night?"

"A boarding house in Kensington." She gave the address. "So nice. So comfortable; and paid for out of your big check from Paris, Ray."

Ray lifted her head from her mother's breast; and rose from the couch.

Her mother looked up at her as she stood for a second, smoothing her hair with the palms of her little hands, fighting down some overwhelming distress. And she thought: "She's got older, my little girl. She's got sadder. My baby's just a wise unhappy woman. I've got to help! Lord, I've just got to help! And yet what can I do?"

This new Ray, who had taken even the astounding news of her parentage with comparative calmness, walked across the room now, rang the bell.

The butler came.

Ray said: "My mother, Mrs. Thorp, has arrived from New York and will be staying here. Order the room near mine to be got ready; and send Helène to this address to fetch her luggage."

THEY still sat in the drawing-room of the Queen Street house, and Mrs. Thorp was pouring tea. Her hands moved with a sensitive enjoyment among the fine china.

The mother's heart was glad; but also it was fierce and it was sad. For old Frank would not be forgotten. She had sensed the peril of him, months ago, when her girl appeared in furs and real silk stockings. She knew now that she had refused to think overmuch; refused to face such direness of decision. She had tried to trust; and feared horribly; and resigned herself. There had been so little she could do, and so little that she knew. . . .

"Honey . . . about your Lord Times? . . . Does he know all this—about you?"

"He knows, through Rose and Pedro."

"Tell me, my baby. Don't mind telling me. We've told each other so little. Does he mind?"

"There's one thing, Mother, that he will never forgive. . . ."

"And that?" said Mrs. Thorp stoutly but with a faint heart.

Then the name was spoken between them:

"Old Frank Wittheimer."

Her mother said very slowly: "Well. . . you mean, his leaving you all that money You mean. . . ."

"People will never believe. No one will ever believe! Mother, I never—never—"

"You hush, my honey."

Then there was a long silence between them, and in this silence Ray felt, thought, knew, with a desperate clearness, that penalties are swift, heavy, inescapable, remorseless; penalties for the simple defiance of youth, the appetite, the hunger, the bravado of youth. "Has everything to be paid for?" she cried suddenly. Her mother said slowly:

"Everything; and often more as well. You've got to face it—face it—like women do. Listen. I've often been sorry that your father and I . . . that I left him and lost him. If one could see into the dark—but one can't. I have a feeling that I wish your father were here now, Ray. He would be older now; as wise—wiser than I've become. He would help us. It is my fault that we've lost your father, Ray."

"NO ONE shall blame you, Mother! Not even yourself!" She cried this strongly, holding her mother strenuously in her arms.

"Ah! my honey!"

"Mother, we won't stay here! You don't want to stay here, do you?"

"Tell me what you want, Ray."

"To run away. Not to look into anyone's eyes, and see—see—"

"I know. Where do you want to go?"

"Paris. My little quiet house, with canaries in it, and trees in the courtyard; and old iron gates that you shut after you. You can just look through them at the world outside; but if the world's unkind you needn't let it in. It's sweet."

"It sounds sweet; keeping out the unkind world— When do you want to go, then?"

But through her quiet words and movements, her serene looks, she knew that her girl was, somehow, almost mortally stricken; wounded; winged.

(*Continued on page 90*)

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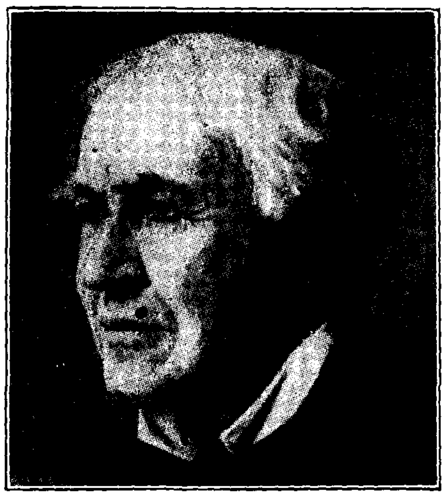

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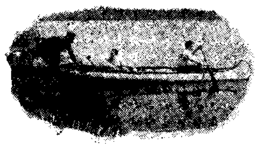

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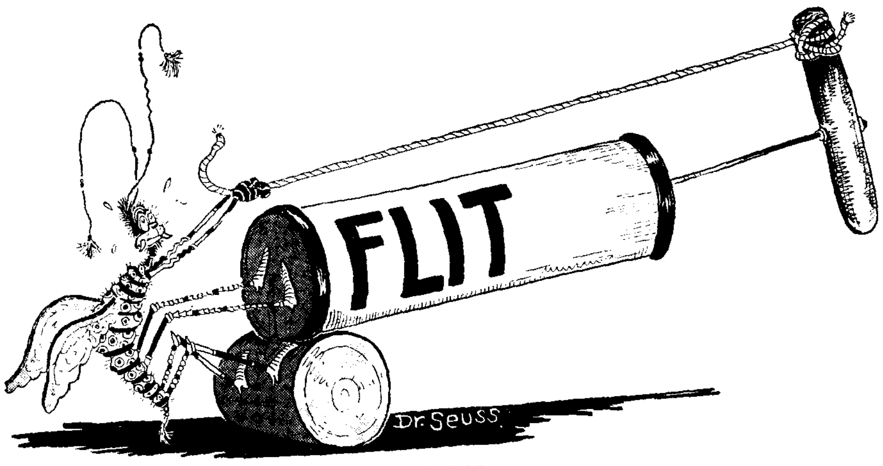


The Suicide

Advertisement

(*Continued from page 89*)

She had indeed to be carried away wherever she wanted most to go.

"Today. Now. Order the car, and go to the air-station—"

"Fly!" Mrs. Thorp's eyes grew bright as a girl's.

Ray nodded. "And Helène follows with our things."

The elder woman walked to the tall narrow windows and looked out into the narrow leisurely street. Her movement was an expression of her mind, which said to her: "No solution to all this is here! Not in this room—this house! Where will help for my Ray come from? It will be from out there—out in the world. Whom shall I turn to? I wish that young man were here—" And George Westward's thin-lipped face and acute eyes seemed to rise before her.

She thought, with a grasp of resource, what a few weeks ago would not have been possible to her dulled and disciplined mind:

"I'll cable. I'll tell him he's needed—our man of business to deal with everything; with such folks as Rose and Pedro. . . ."

And behind her Ray was crying urgently: "Come with me, darling. Let us go."

She turned and answered:

"Very well, my baby. We'll go."

At the time that London was dining, and over many dinner tables the news of Una's engagement to Dukery was being discussed, Ray Beaufort came again to the quiet house in the courtyard with her mother.

BUT when George Westward received that cable—dispatched from London after conference with the young butler, without consulting Ray, before Mrs. Thorp left the Queen Street house—he had already gone far in the unraveling of his client's tangled family skein. The Bowfor family he had dealt with summarily.

"Miss Thorp," he said sharply, speaking of Ray, "was an adopted daughter merely; her board and lodging being paid—I have the figures. And you yourselves turned her out. That finishes this matter."

Westward also seemed to have some legal persuasion in the matter of the press, which soon dropped the Witt-heimer sensation. Thus far—good, thought Westward. "There's still the young folks, Rose Bowfor and her husband," had hazarded the curiously quiet, excited elderly woman who called on him, as Ray's mother; and whom he remembered at the Poinsetter house. "We'll deal with them when we come to them," Westward had answered, sharp, hard, and confident.

Yet, he had not been really sharp and hard after all. He had shepherded the elderly woman—with her face of one embarking on a daring mission—onto the steamer as carefully as he had, a while before, shepherded her daughter. There had been, too, in her cabin, fruit and flowers with George Westward's card attached.

A brilliant thoroughness in all affairs, minute and great, was not the least of Westward's talents as a rising lawyer. He never delayed in examining any dangerous possibilities, however remote, and tying ends was a professional mania with him. There were loose ends flying all over this Bowfor-Thorp-Wittheimer affair. For instance, the marriage of the Thorps. . . .

Westward had every detail that John Thorp's wife could rake up out of the past; he had the beginnings of John Thorp, the character, the aims, the relationships—all of it tabulated. One never knew whether a lost man were better alive or dead; resurrected or left in peace. As soon as he turned his back upon the pier after the big ship had slid slowly out into the river, Westward commenced his hunting.

This was how, before that ship had docked at Southampton, George Westward, three thousand miles away, made the thousand-mile rail journey to Chicago, and walked by appointment into the expensive offices of one of the richest and dourest men in that city. He walked into the offices of one John Thorp, railroad contractor, whose business lay between Chicago and the West, rather than eastward. And looking into the face of that spare, square, grim man, Westward said to himself: "So, this is the little girl's father."

And this was not a father to be mislaid or lost; this was not a discovery to go to the debit side of the Bowfor-Thorp-Wittheimer affair; this was John Green Thorp with a million dollars and more behind him, and the respect of men; his feet firmly on his own ground; a good, grim, fighting sort of father for any little girl.

"Except," Westward thought, "that he's tough. Just as tough as they're ever turned out anywhere, is John Green Thorp." So he got at once, in the brief unvarnished way that Thorp used himself, to business:

"I happen to have the affairs of your family in my care, Mr. Thorp."

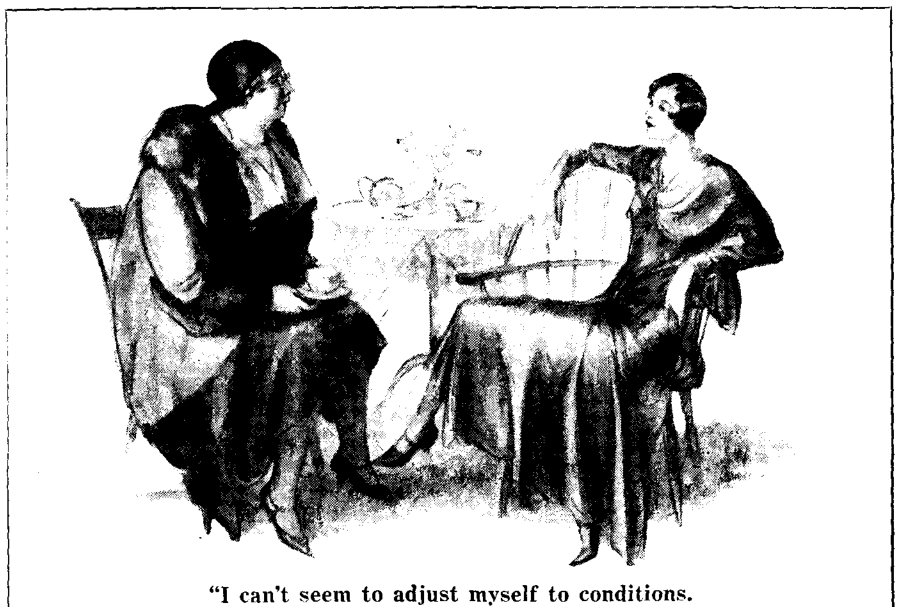
"My 'family,' eh? I'm no family man."

"I speak of your wife and daughter."

It was at the word "daughter" that the change came instantly over this railroad man.

"Daughter! What d'you mean?"

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorp. I mean



"I can't seem to adjust myself to conditions. I'm afraid I'm a square peg in a round hole."

just that. She is in England; for the London season; was presented at Court in June; and her mother has just sailed to join her."

John Green Thorp jumped from his chair.

"Eh, young man?"

Then Westward went back towards the beginning of things, remarking: "I am informed that you did not know you had a daughter, Mr. Thorp."

"I did not know." And he added grimly: "I'm not going to believe it now."

"Indeed, Mr. Thorp? But I have proofs. . . . Let me add that Miss Thorp is a lovely girl, and a matter for congratulation to any father."

" 'Father,' " Thorp repeated slowly.

And he sat down again, staring at his visitor.

" 'Father.' I had never thought I'd be called a father now."

"Well, I suppose you will feel that you have missed a great deal by making your own child's acquaintance so late."

"I'm not going to own any child until—"

"May I talk, Mr. Thorp?"

"Talk your durned head off and get it over."

Westward ran through the proofs of the Thorp marriage; the break-up of the ménage; the parting of the ways. "That was so, I think, Mr. Thorp?"

"That was so. As far as it goes, you're right." And then suddenly he broke out, crimson under his leathery skin: "But come to the baby."

"It was like this, Mr. Thorp. . . ."

WESTWARD, so skeptical of human emotion, yet read the real, the startling, the rock-bottom emotions when he met them. He acknowledged and respected them. This man in the fifties whom he saw sitting before him, his tough fists clenched on his desk and trembling, his leathery face suffused with the red flush that even shot his eyeballs, was moved to a passion that came from deep in him; that was fervid and true. He wanted to doubt this daughter from some anger that still grew like a poisonous root in him; he did not want to doubt her, in the loneliness and coldness of his solitary middle age.

"Well, then," he gritted, well, yes. I guess she's mine. That cold puritan I married never played me up except by her narrowness and her bigotry and all that sort of stuff that a man like me just can't stand. I guess the kid's my kid—"

And he stopped because his breath stopped, and his voice had swelled to a revealing crescendo of joy.

"You are naturally pleased to hear of her," Westward murmured sympathetically.

"I don't say so! . . . But—guess she's my kid, and it's like that stubborn wife I had never to let on—"

"Mrs. Thorp had lost sight of you."

"Oh, ah. So she had. I left her all the cash I had, and quit. We were mighty sore at each other. But if I'd known of a baby—"

"Of course."

"And you say my wife's been caretaker or something at the Poinsetter people's—I know of 'em; had 'em on this railroad often; and the kid was in Bracey's Department Store. And now they've heard I'm John Green Thorp of Chicago, and they've trailed me, and want—"

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Thorp. They don't want you as far as I know."

"Don't want me, eh?"

"Not certainly from any material reason if at all," said Westward calmly. "I think I mentioned to you at the beginning of this talk that your daughter is quite affluent."

"Eh? So you did! I'd forgotten it. Married well, then?"

"Miss Thorp is not married."

"Well, what d'you want to tell me?"

"Your daughter was left a large fortune by the late Mr. Frank Wittheimer of New York."

"Eh? What're y' telling me! That old rapscallion! That old hog—"

"You must allow me to give you the further details," said Westward just as brusquely.

THEY were at luncheon at John Green Thorp's club. The talk had extended thus far, thus long. Westward had taken it upon himself to lay the whole case with the utmost candor before his host. And to this candor—in which a human sympathy had graced the purely legal side for all the young lawyer's cynicism—Thorp was slowly responding. He revealed himself:

"I'd given up women. That wife of mine just soured me with them—"

"You didn't understand her. A dear, delightful woman."

"Maybe. Maybe. She was younger and harder when I had her than since you've known her, remember, young fellow. And I was younger—but not harder—no, not harder. Of course I thought—when I thought about it, which wasn't much—that she'd get the law to presume me dead, and marry again, perhaps. Not that I cared. She was a strong young woman and I gave her all I had, and out she went! . . . Of course, the kid puts a different face on matters."

"Kids do."

"Now, young fellow, just tell me as man to man—"

But the father stopped again because his breath stopped; and first he avoided Westward's eyes and then met them pugnaciously.

"Old Wittheimer. As man to man, tell me perfectly square what you'd think—and say—if you weren't talking to her father—"

"I've told you. I believe what Wittheimer himself told me the night he made his will."

"You do?"

"I do. And so do you."

"And so do I. And so's everybody else going to believe it, too!"

A clenched fist struck the table.

"Now then, Mr. Thorp, that's the reason I came to see you, unauthorized by my clients—"

"I'm grateful to you!"

"Your gratitude is not the point, and my clients' consent should have been. However . . . I have behaved unprofessionally to that extent. Your daughter, Mr. Thorp, has been rather the victim of newspaper sensation as I've told you. Her new friends abroad won't be too kind, perhaps. . . ."

"DARN it, Westward, I'll go over and show 'em that she's not alone in the world. She's got a father back of her!"

"Exactly. I'm sailing for Europe myself in two days to see her, because there really is a great deal of business for her attention concerning the Wittheimer estate."

"I'll sail with you. Gosh! fancy me with a real live ready-made daughter. A beauty, you say?"

"A beauty, I think you'll agree."

"Gosh! Well, it's possible even my wife and I—"

"That's your affair!" said Westward.

"A child makes a big difference!"

"Sentimentalists," said Westward in a grave voice, "have told me so."

"Huh! Call me a sentimentalist!"

"Who isn't?" said Westward wisely.

On the eve of sailing in company with John Green Thorp, Westward received the cable from London, and handing it to his companion he said: "You see? We're wanted."

"We're . . . certainly . . . wanted."

(Continued on page 92)

Poor Jim!

"TIRED out every night—half asleep all day—never has pep enough left to enjoy himself—he's sure skidding!"

No need for it, Jim. *Can* wake up with a grin and wallop the old job over the fence. *Can* put yourself across both in work and play—*can* be a success—*can* be happy and well—and so easy!

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Mother's Day

Sunday May 11th

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

FLOWERS

(*Continued from page 91*)

Westward followed Times down to Sussex on a clear hot August day, unheralded. It was late afternoon when the big car he had hired swept up the avenue of beeches, and he could see afar off, on a wide-stretched lawn, the white-flanneled figure of his English friend, all alone. They said: "'Lo, Edward," and "'Lo, Westward," quite casually; but their thoughts were not so casual. Their thoughts were back to the finishing episodes of Times' New York visit. "I'm just over to see a client," Westward explained, "and they told me in London that you were not up north yet, so I came down to have a look at you."

"Glad to see you. I don't know that I'm going north at all," said Times, a trifle grimly. "I may go off for the autumn and winter to Kenya."

"NICE to be you idle rich," said Westward.

"Have a drink?"

"A quick one. And then, since you just seem to be killing time, I want to drive you back to town to dine with me."

"*You* stay here and dine with me," said Times gruffly.

"Can't. Got a date with a man you might be particularly interested to meet. I thought we'd be a stag party of three."

"Can't."

"Damn it, Edward, I'll be hopping off again any minute."

"Then, as you like."

"You're an eager guest!" said Westward; and they sauntered together towards the house.

In the library, where drinks were ready, Westward mentally surveyed the field. And he decided, very carefully, to say:

"Can you tell me anything about little Miss Beaufort, Edward? I called at her Queen Street house—"

"She's left town."

"They told me there that she had gone to Paris."

"So I believe," said Times.

"I'll have to go over," said Westward. "I have her affairs in hand, as you may or may not know. Of course you've been meeting her again?"

"Frequently."

"A very interesting little story altogether?" Westward hazarded.

"For those who are thrilled by the bizarre."

"I hear she had a very successful season," Westward veered.

"I suppose so. American debs usually enjoy it."

"I have often recalled," said Westward agreeably, "how we first met her on the Storm King Highway. Well, much water under the bridge since then! She is a very rich woman now."

Times was quite silent.

Westward asked agreeably: "And what are you going to do in Kenya? Farming—or just lions?"

TIMES had dressed at his club, and was on his way out again to meet Westward and the stranger. And he was angry with himself—because he was angry with the universe—for so casually accepting the young lawyer's invitation. He was in no mood for agreeable dinners; for strangers from Chicago. He had had the sort of blow that leaves a man blank of any feeling more lively than sardonic rage and desperation.

Since he had walked out of Ray's house, he had telephoned once, to be told: "Miss Beaufort has left for Paris, for an indefinite time." There seemed, however, nothing indefinite about this to him. It confirmed, it sealed, the end of all things in which she and he were concerned. He was not following her. It was over. . . .

But now here was Westward with his gossip and his comments . . . "she is a very rich woman now." A friend better avoided at this crucial moment! Heartily Times cursed the blankness of mind out of which he had agreed to dine with him. He went, with an iron-set face and the look in his eyes which his few enemies knew, to the restaurant in Jermyn Street beloved of epicures, which Westward had selected.

And they were sitting at a corner table with a comfortable effect of seclusion, he and Westward, and this steel-gray stranger with his leathery face and his eyes looking all over Times as if for some reason he must have interest in *him*; and cocktails had been drunk, and caviar and melon eaten, and the headwaiter had hovered before them to welcome them but faded unobtrusively away again with his unfailing flair for guessing when men were too absorbed and abstracted to wish his pleasantries; and the *entrée* was being discussed, before Westward awoke Times with a bland suddenness, observing: "We must drink to this meeting before we proceed further; because I must tell you, Edward, what I have forgotten to mention so far: that Mr. Thorp—a railroad king—"

"No! No! Mr. Westward!"

"—a railroad king," Westward repeated gaily, "is the lucky father of Miss Ray Beaufort, whom you have often met. She is really Miss Ray Thorp . . ." and Westward raised his glass, smiling.

Times drilled his face carefully. "Life holds no more surprises for me," he said; and drank.

Westward went on: "Thorp and I are going over to Paris together. Mrs. Thorp is already there. They are in an awfully attractive house which I was able to find them through other clients of mine. . . . possibly you know it?"

"I know it," said Times, in a louder, sharper voice than he knew.

NOW Westward, being the painstaking builder of detail that he was, and having in the last two or three hours added the details about Times to the structure his mind had already raised, asked himself: "What next?"

John Green Thorp took the immediate problem from him with perfect simplicity, by asking:

"You knew my girl pretty well, Lord Times?"

So Times, desperately uncaring now, answered this direct man of business, as simply as he had been questioned:

"At one time I thought I did."

John Green Thorp smiled a little.

"I guess," he said quietly, "there've been a good many misunderstandings around this girl of mine."

"Inevitably," Westward murmured.

"Not where I am concerned," said Times in a hard voice. "Miss Beaufort—Miss Thorp, I ought to say—told me a great deal, very frankly."

"Ah, but only I am qualified to tell the real story," said Westward, "because I had it, as I told you, Mr. Thorp, from old Frank Wittheimer himself." And he turned to Times, with the studied elaboration of his unnecessary explanation. "Of course, I mean the story of how Miss Thorp became rich."

"Tell your friend," said Thorp.

"You will find it darned interesting, Edward," said Westward with gentle determination. And so, while John Green Thorp watched his face, Times had to listen to all of it; to Old Frank's revelations to Westward in New York; to his terrible wistful gesture of sublimation towards innocence; to that final despair of his when he found himself touching purity; to a girl's offer of the extreme gift . . . all this Westward indicated rather than told—though Old Frank's confidences were given verbatim—with an extreme yet candid delicacy that offended neither father nor lover.

And at the end his talk was flowing away easily into the banalities of money matters, of disposal of the Wittheimer house; into technical legal jargon and details; while the two men with him could adjust their emotion-charged minds to these saner trivialities of every day; could cover up decently and control those emotions that so highly charged them.

But while Westward's lightly-managed talk flowed on, Times interrupted it:

"Thank you, Westward."

The two young men looked then into each other's eyes, and both smiled a little. Thorp looked at them both, and smiled too.

He addressed himself to Times:

"If you've no particular plans for a day or two, why don't you run over to Paris with your friend and me, Lord Times?"

"I am going to Paris, Mr. Thorp. By the night boat. That's quicker than waiting to fly in the morning."

And for a moment there was an electrical silence.

"My—my girl will be glad to see you, Lord Times?"

"I don't know," said Times steadily and humbly. "I can only try."

John Green Thorp cleared his throat; he coughed. "I may be going on much the same business as you, young man. I want to get reconciled to my wife. . . . I'm old. I've learned wisdom. I want to get everything right; everything that's been so wrong for so long. I feel myself nervous, though. And I've written a letter—mailed it as soon as I stepped ashore to the London address and I guess it got sent on. I wrote to explain myself, and give her warning."

"There's no explanation that will do for me," said Times soberly. "I'll go without warning."

"You're young. You're young, boy. The young'll go into anything, and brazen it out. We old fellows—we're nervous."

Times got up, and held out his hand in turn to each of them. "So long."

"So long, Edward."

"So long, boy," said John Green Thorp. But he called with a rising excitement: "You may find us with you!"

Times went out thinking: "God! Why must there be a long beastly dull dark night before I can see her!" And in the morning he was in Paris; and Thorp was with him.

THERE had been a great awakening that morning in the house with the flowery courtyard. The old iron gates, wrought like lacework, might keep out the world in general as Ray had said, but somehow the world had crept in, pleading, appealing, attacking with all the forces of old love, mysteries revived, hopes re-born, life to be lived anew. "Such a big letter I've got, honey!" Mrs. Thorp called through the half-open communicating door that led to her daughter's room. They had wanted the half-open door so that, every waking moment, they could talk—and talk—and talk. So much to say! So much unhappiness and so much happiness, so strangely mingled!

"I've got a big letter!" the elderly woman cried to the young one, both sitting up in bed, both in nests of pillows, hiffon negligees; flowers beside them and sunlight streaming in. Then she opened her big letter, remembering suddenly, before the seal was broken, that mpatient handwriting, so that the words were stricken on her lips. And for a long while she sat there against her pillows reading and re-reading, unil she lifted her eyes, and saw Ray in he doorway between the rooms; so lender; so pretty; so vivid; and yet. . . . Oh, my baby, she's so unhappy!" The mother thought this even while the girl cried out: "Mother! What's happened to you!" and the curious, half-scared, half-rapturous thrills that shot through her lighted her whole being.

"Happened to me, my honey?"

"Has a miracle happened?"

"Miracles are happening very fast. . . ." and she faltered: "You've got a father. He's alive. He—he—he must be a fine man! He's a rich man. Oh, I do wish poverty didn't teach one so . . . that money matters. You—you've two real parents all at once. Isn't it almost too strange for you, honey?"

And the big letter, which was crushed in her tremulous hands, she smoothed out, and handed to Ray.

Ray curled up on the bed, reading.

Helène came in.

Helène was smiling; delighted; mysterious; cunning.

"Mademoiselle, Milord Times is downstairs to see you, mademoiselle! And with him is an older gentleman who asks for madame."

Then it was madame who cried: "Show him up at once, Helène; the older one, I mean: to me here! And, Ray, my darling. . . ."

BUT Ray was out of the room, on the landing at the head of the stairs, clutching her chiffons about her; pale as her mother was rosy; swaying a little; eyes round like full moons. So, without considering or thinking, she was suddenly halfway down the stairs, and only paused because she was met square by a rebellious, pugnacious-looking, eager elderly man, determinedly ascending, ignoring the protest of the charming old butler who pursued him. This elderly man met the girl, commanded huskily: "Stop!" put two hard hands on her soft bare arms, and stared into her face voraciously. Then as if by some mysterious alchemy his own face was transfigured, his look was at once scared, reverent, glad, proud, adoring: "Is this my daughter?"

And she whispered: "I suppose so . . . Father."

"Gosh!" he said huskily. "I've—I've missed something all these years. Your name's Ray, they say, dear." His words halted in humility and confusion. "Ray, there's someone down there to see you, and you don't want exactly to—to—bother with Dad yet. Ray, where—where's your mother?"

But Helène was standing at an open door, inviting him in; and he ran in like a boy and saw his wife sitting up in a gilt bed, soft as her daughter with chiffons and silk, seeming very bright and lovely. So he came in, this man of authority, and the same thought seized them both, to be stammered out: "We—we've never seen each other—like this, before. So—so nice, John." Laughter and tears in it! And: "Gosh! you—you've never looked so pretty, girl. We—we—well—we're both damn' fine people compared with—with what we were, maybe—"

Helène closed the door, looked down, and saw that the staircase below was empty. . . .

TIMES was standing in the morning room, and the canaries were singing in the sunlight when Ray came in, and stood on the threshold. And just for a moment, they considered each other, proud hurt eyes and proud repentant eyes crossing like the gleam of swords. But neither pride nor repentance could hold between them, there was so much else; so much more of joy and passion. Times had crossed the room to her in a moment; in a moment she was in his arms; they kissed. The world was theirs. And both together, recklessly, rapturously, forgivingly, in a moment, they cried, divinely impatient to have it uttered: "I love you!"

THE END

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Ten Years of Woman

AFTER ten years of suffrage, women are getting recognition as successful politicians if not as angels. We have had a couple of women governors, one of them excellent and one pathetic, and a few women congressmen, mostly widows of popular congressmen, and a scattering of women in other elective offices. But so far suffrage has not brought to women any large share in the loaves and fishes of politics nor has it ushered in any notable uplift in government.

The nomination of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick in the Illinois Republican senatorial primary is perhaps the juiciest morsel in the ten years' record.

Mrs. McCormick a few weeks ago won a bitter fight. Senator Charles S. Deneen was, for many years, the respectable Republican boss of Illinois. Deneen had been beaten more than once by "Big Bill" Thompson, Chicago's expensive mayor, but Mrs. McCormick had a real fight. It took a first-class politician to lick the crafty Deneen this time.

Mrs. McCormick was against the World Court and for the Hague tribunal. That probably did not mean much to the voters. Neither Geneva nor the Hague is within commuting distance of Chicago or Peoria. The World Court was money in nobody's pocket, or out of it for that matter.

The Illinois primary was decided on other more practical issues. A woman won, not as an idealist nor even as a woman. Mrs. McCormick merely showed that she could play a winning hand in a very hard-boiled political game. This is really important.

Woman suffrage has not done much to elevate the tone of politics. Generally the women in Congress have been like the men they succeeded. Few have been conspicuous for ability or for leadership. Mrs. Ruth Pratt, New York's representative, stands high in the group of really able members of Congress, but not many others have counted for much on Capitol Hill.

Texas' woman governor, "Ma" Ferguson, was just a skirt behind which her husband, "Jim" Ferguson, could operate, "Jim" having previously been thrown out of office. In Wyoming, Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross was counted a good governor, but her administration was not marked by any achievement peculiarly feministic. Seattle's woman mayor, Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, was a municipal reformer, but she was not reëlected.

Since the votes of men and women are not counted separately, it is impossible to say just how men and women have differed, and yet no one would say that politics is better now than it was ten years ago.

Look where you please and you won't find that the electorate, male and female, has picked out better officeholders than we had before the Nineteenth Amendment.

This does not imply that woman suffrage has failed. Suffrage for women or men was an act of justice which can neither succeed nor fail. Whether men or women vote stupidly or wisely, for good measures or bad, is beside the point. The right to vote is inherent in our kind of government. When suffragists said that women would clean up politics they promised altogether too much.

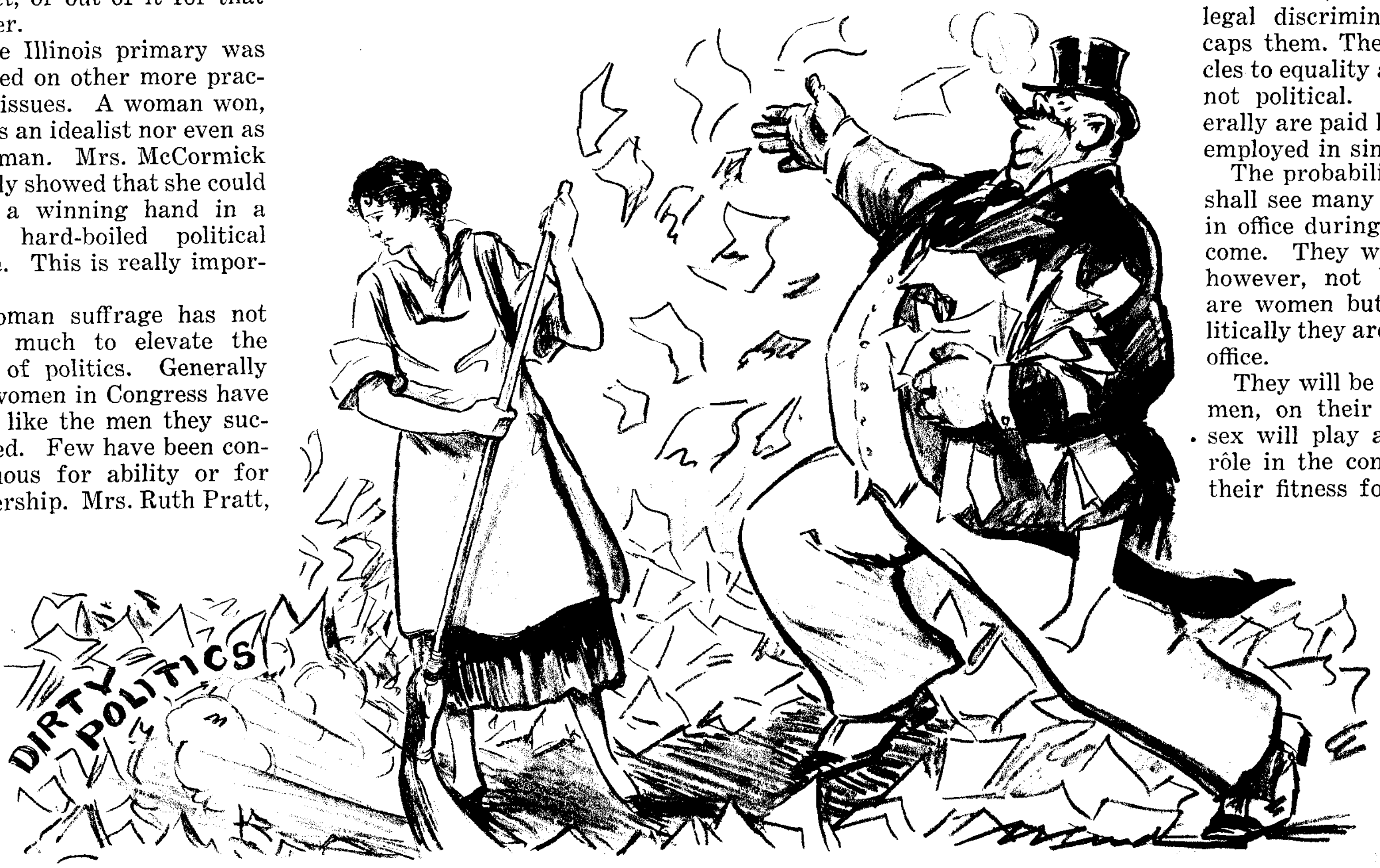
If ten years of voting have shown anything at all, it has been proved that women and men in politics behave much alike. It is said, for example, that women feel differently from men about prohibition. Yet among the recent college polls the girls of Barnard, a part of Columbia University, voted five to one against the Eighteenth Amendment. Geography seems to be more important than sex in these matters.

Middle-class women have more leisure than their husbands and it was thought that they would devote some of their leisure to public affairs. They do, and yet it is still true that chambers of commerce, trade unions and other such associations exercise more political power than the women's clubs. The leadership of the dry movement is in the hands of the Anti-Saloon Leaguers rather than in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Women lobbyists still appeal to men legislators for action, and not much more persuasively than before suffrage was won.

There is no cause for disappointment or disillusionment in all this. After all, male and female, we are people and there is no genuine sex cleavage in politics. Women still suffer from a few lingering political disabilities, but no important legal discrimination handicaps them. The chief obstacles to equality are economic, not political. Women generally are paid less than men employed in similar jobs.

The probability is that we shall see many more women in office during the years to come. They will be chosen, however, not because they are women but because politically they are qualified for office.

They will be rated, just as men, on their records, and sex will play a diminishing rôle in the consideration of their fitness for office.



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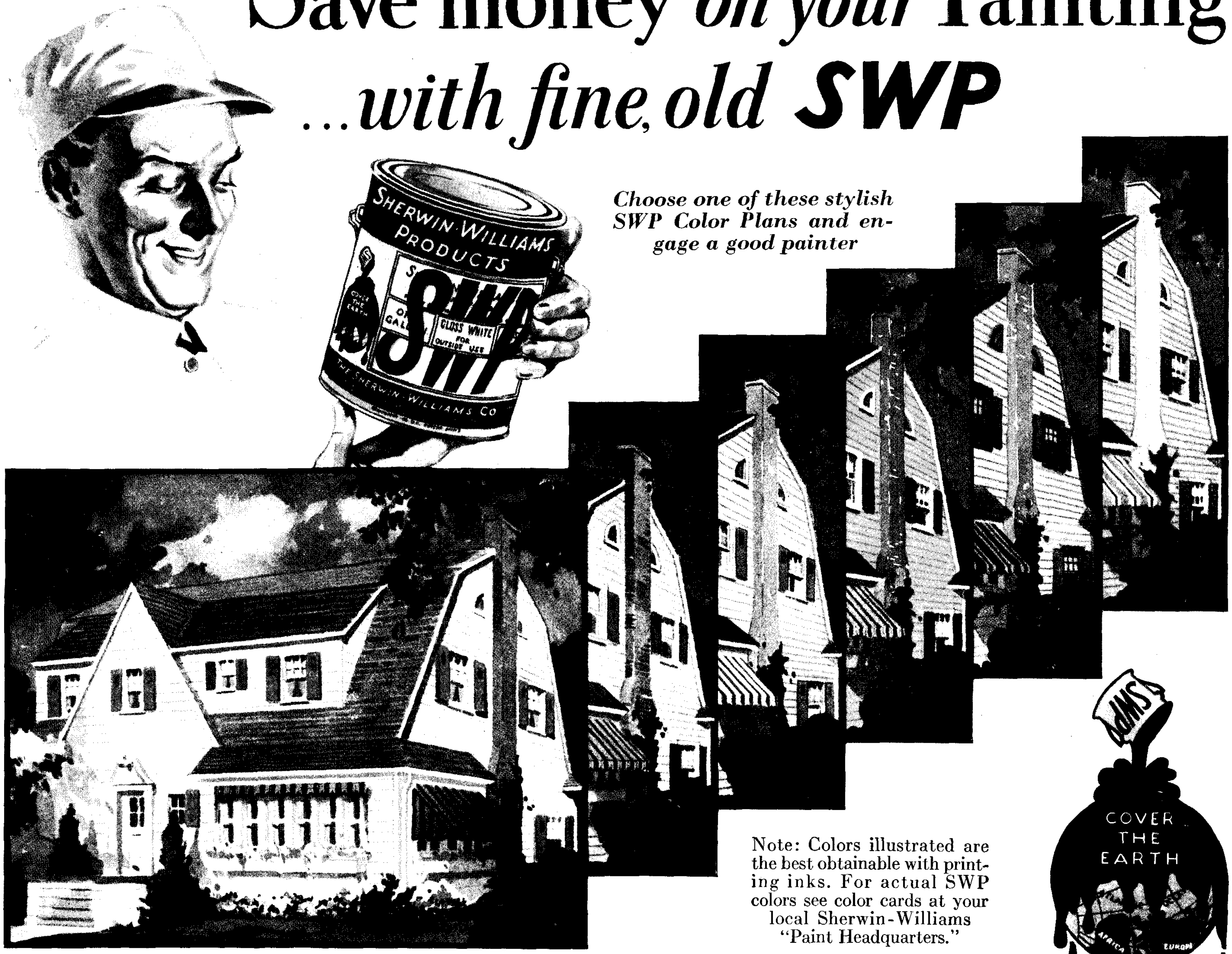

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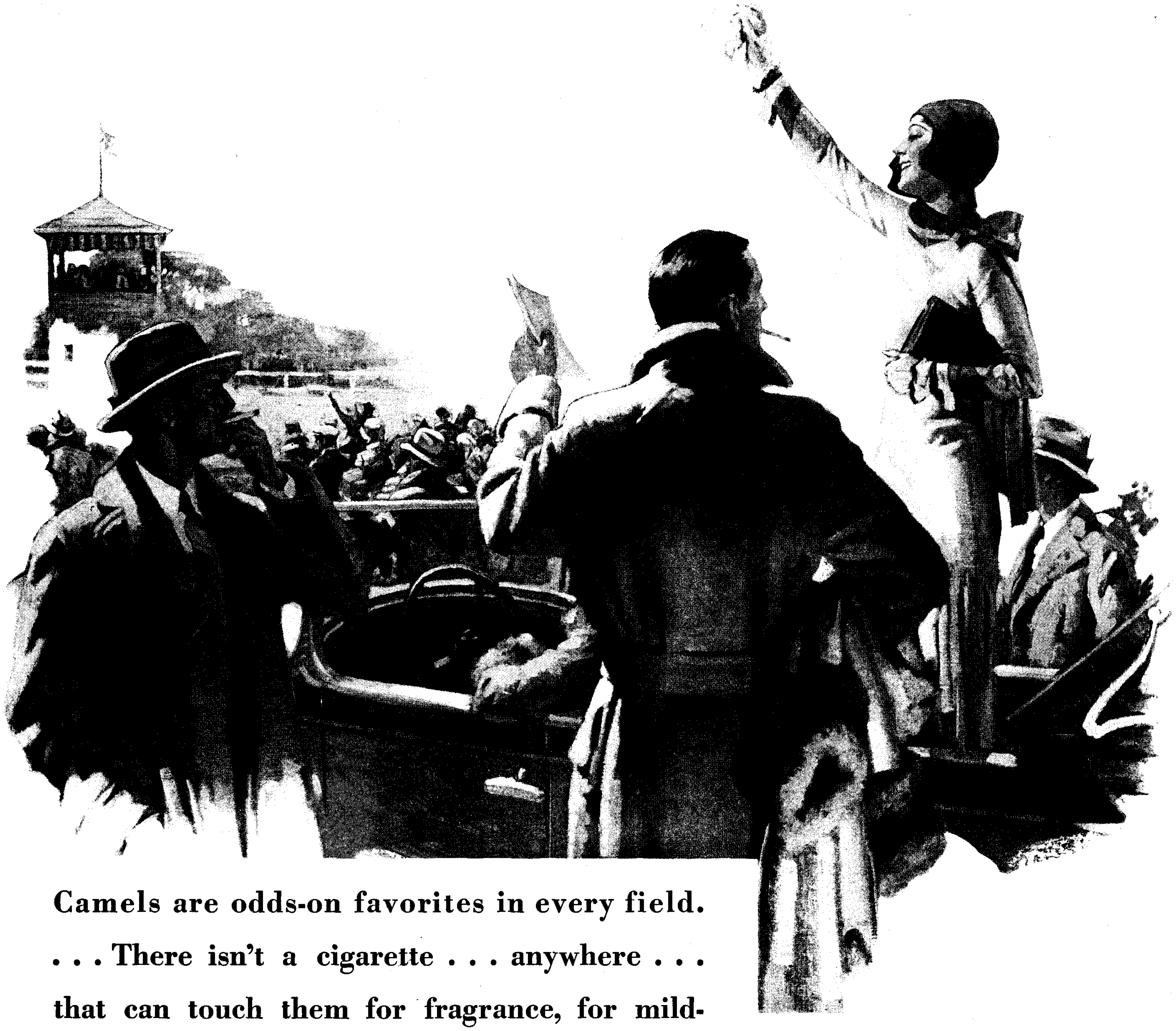

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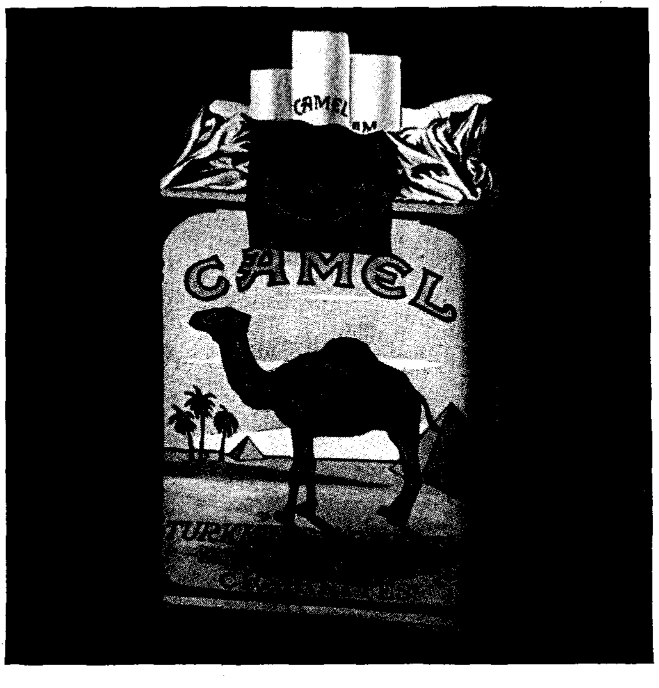

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